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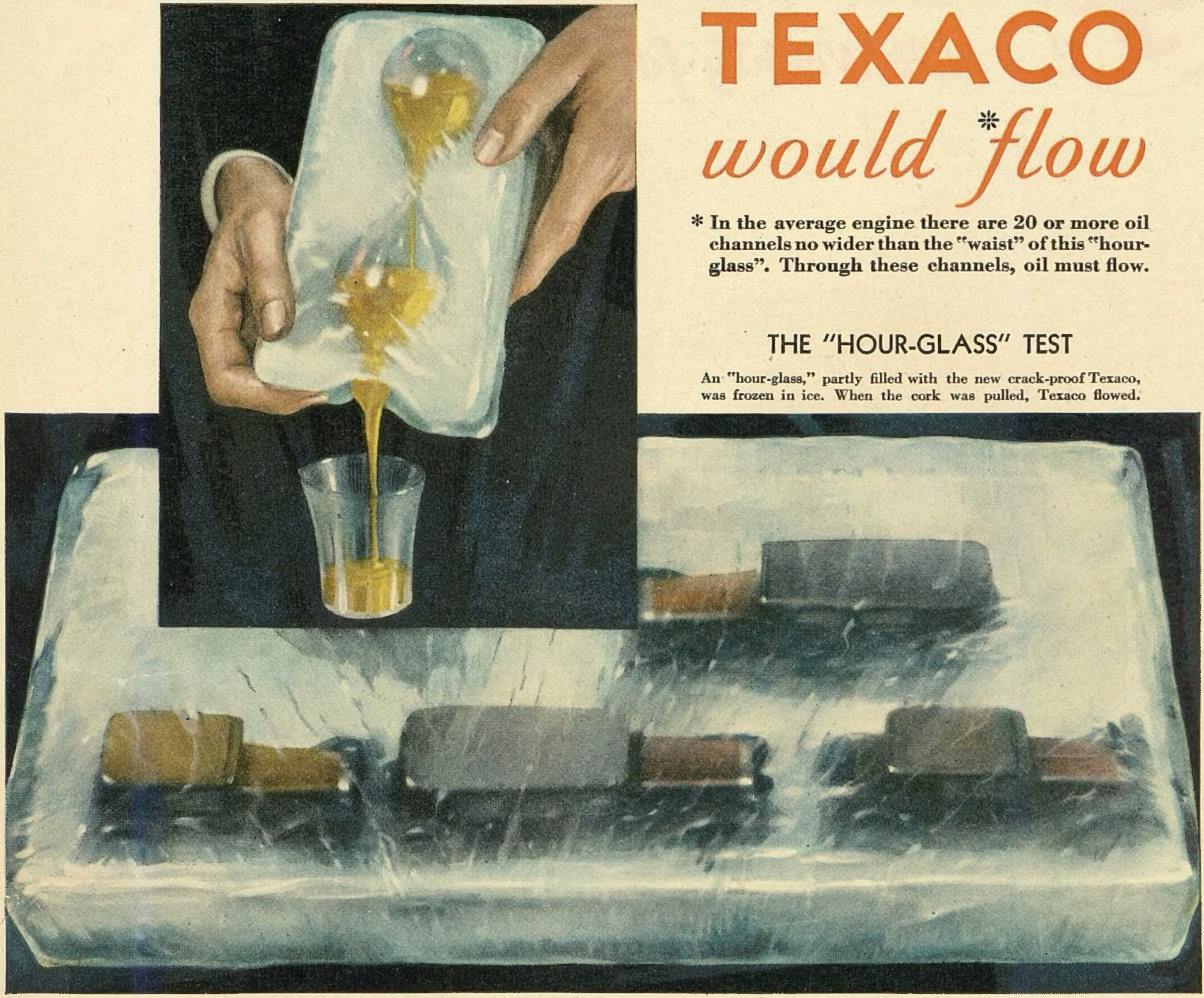
EVEN IF YOUR CAR WERE FROZEN IN ICE

TEXACO would *flow

* In the average engine there are 20 or more oil channels no wider than the "waist" of this "hour-glass". Through these channels, oil must flow.



THE "HOUR-GLASS" TEST

An "hour-glass," partly filled with the new crack-proof Texaco, was frozen in ice. When the cork was pulled, Texaco flowed.

IN **winter,** many oils not specifically refined to resist cold, thicken hard as grease. They will not flow through the narrow lubrication channels of your car till thawed out by the very engine heat and friction they are supposed to prevent. With such oils in your crankcase, every cold start means engine wear—scored cylinder walls and roughened bearings.

The new Texaco Motor Oil flows instantly, even when water freezes, because it is free from paraffin wax. At the first thrust of cold pistons the new crack-proof Texaco surges through every lubrication channel—through bearing clearances of a few thousandths of an inch!

Texaco is not only "frost-proof" but "crack-proof." It is as immune to the heat of an all-day drive as it is to the cold of an all-night stand. To protect your car from winter wear—to protect yourself from winter troubles—fill with the new Texaco today. Available in all our 48 States.

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Refiners of a complete line of Texaco Petroleum Products, including Gasoline, Motor Oil, Industrial, Railroad, Marine and Farm Lubricants, Road Asphalts and Asphalt Roofing.

THE NEW TEXACO MOTOR OIL

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"CRACK-PROOF" • LONGER-LASTING

She wants to know but she *"hates to ask"*

Then why not send for this booklet of facts?

The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene

It will tell any young wife what she wants to know...

NOW and again a young wife does enter her married life with knowledge of the necessary facts clear and true in her mind. But she is the exception—not the rule. For most women are faced with a problem at that time, a problem which they cannot solve unaided.

Naturally they hate to ask others. And when they do, they are more than likely to be disappointed by the information they receive. It is all so confusing, so conflicting. Isn't it better, then, to send for "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene" and read the facts for themselves?

Danger in poisonous antiseptics

Of course there is always a reason for a situation like this, and the reason in this case is the kind of antiseptic to be employed.

The whole question of feminine hygiene centers upon the antiseptic. Ask the doctor and trained nurse. Much as they approve of surgical cleanliness, you will find that they do *not* approve of caustics and poisons. Nobody knows better than they the dangers which are involved. Nobody has seen more than they the damage which has been caused.

Zonite is safe as pure water

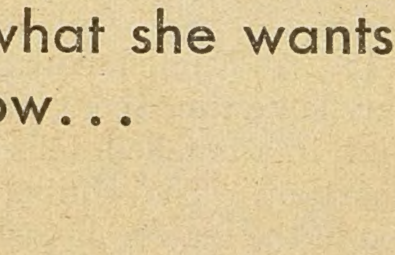
The truth of the matter is that until recently the only antiseptics strong enough for this purpose were caustic and poisonous. In their desire for absolute daintiness women persisted in using bichloride of mercury, for example, and all too many of them learned what mercurial poisoning is. Others used various compounds of carbolic acid. They too were in danger, in danger of hardened membranes, interference with normal secretions, areas of scar-tissue.

But *Zonite* is different. With the coming of Zonite, danger completely disappeared from the practice of feminine hygiene. Zonite is non-caustic. Non-poisonous. As safe to use as pure water. Safe to use regularly. Yet Zonite is a powerful germicide, *far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body*. No wonder women everywhere are grateful for Zonite.

Zonite booklet tells all facts

Send coupon below for the free booklet which gives all information about feminine hygiene in a concise, frank way. It is a thorough education on the subject. Read it—and there will be no need to ask anybody. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1



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☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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JAN. 31, 1931

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 8
No. 5

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

$5,000 FOR THE SCHNEIDER CUP—MORE NEEDED

When you turn the next page you will come to an article by Al Williams, former lieutenant in the United States Navy and holder of the American speed record for airplanes.

Williams flew 266.6 miles per hour over a timed course in 1923. No American, as far as official records show, has even approached that speed since. Our best record for 1930 was 202 miles per hour.

In 1929 an Englishman, Squadron Leader A. H. Orlebar, flew a timed course at 357.7 miles per hour.

That, in a nutshell, tells why Williams' article is important. The United States has not progressed in the matter of fast airplanes since 1923. On the contrary, we have gone backward. Meanwhile Great Britain and one or two other nations have left us far behind.

For four years we, as a nation, have not been enough interested in air speed even to enter the international Schneider Cup races, in which the world's fastest pilots compete for the highest honors with the backing of their governments. The last time American flyers were entered in this event was in 1926, and then we were licked by Italy.

Now Al Williams, single handed and without the backing of his government, wants to enter the Schneider Cup races of 1931.

To the proprietors of Liberty this seems so praiseworthy an ambition that they are going to give him $5,000 provided he can raise the rest of the money he needs for his project.

There are no strings to this offer. It doesn't imply that Williams must sell stories of his preparations and his race to this magazine or to newspapers allied with it. He can sell what he may write to the highest bidder, and the more he gets for it the better Liberty will like it.

This is not simply a sporting proposition. It is far more important. The value of speed in combat planes is evident. The fast "ship" has it all over the slow one both on water and in the air.

A nation whose fastest planes are 90 miles an hour slower than those of other nations is just putting itself under an impossible handicap for aërial combat, and it is assumed that a large part of the next war will be in the air.

We think it is an outrage that our government is so supine in this regard. We think it is absolutely necessary that the development of air-speed in the United States be encouraged—and obviously, if the government won't encourage it private initiative must step in.

That is why we are giving $5,000 to start the ball rolling.

A great handicap to the success of this venture is that there are only about two months in which Williams or his friends can raise the necessary funds. If they are not forthcoming in that time from makers of planes and engines, oil companies, and others who may be presumed to be interested, it will be too late.

The thing probably can be done for $250,000 or at most $300,000. Much of the preliminary research work was done in 1929 for an American entry which didn't get across. But even so, if the United States is to be represented it will have to be arranged very quickly.

We think the public, as well as the manufacturers, ought to help. Americans recently raised $4,000,000 for a race between sailing vessels that can't go anywhere, and move at a snail's pace under the most favoring winds. Here is a contest that means infinitely more—and we sit aside, while poorer but "harder" nations go in.

Great Britain, Italy, and France have already entered planes for this year's Schneider trophy. Al Williams is ready and willing to go it alone.

He has tried it all alone twice before and has had two failures. If he can raise the money, we sort of feel that this third time he's going to win.

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endorse olive and palm oil method
to keep that schoolgirl complexion

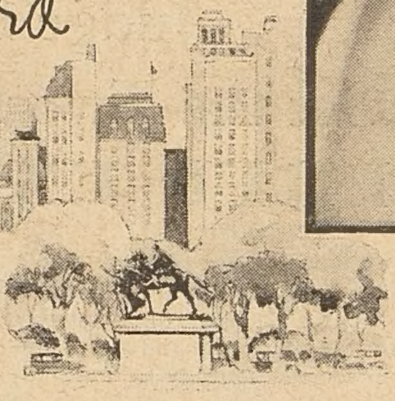
Pierre, Rose Laird, Dumas, Robert, members of world-group of more than 20,000 beauty experts who declare Palmolive essential to complexion care.

Look at the lovely faces one sees on Fifth Avenue, at the smartest restaurants, in the theatres of New York. That Schoolgirl Complexion is, indeed, sweeping New York!

"Other soaps may irritate," says Rose Laird. "Palmolive is safe and protective. Its vegetable oils make soap and water safe for all skin, however sensitive."

Rose Laird

ROSE LAIRD
Whose charming salon looks out on the spot where Fifth Avenue meets Central Park.



DUMAS
Beauty specialist of the Savoy-Plaza, New York, recommends Palmolive to his patrons.

PIERRE
Of the fashionable Plaza district, says: "Don't experiment with beauty. Use Palmolive."

ROBERT
Whose Fifth Avenue salon is extremely chic, is another New York beauty specialist who emphasizes the value of Palmolive.

NEW YORK, our most sophisticated capital, is adopting a simple rule of complexion care, on the advice of its well-known specialists in beauty culture.

Pierre, whose 57th street salon invites only the elect. Rose Laird, with her exclusive patronage and her reputation for performing marvels. It is such specialists who've taught New Yorkers how to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

Their method is simple

These beauty specialists—and others (indeed, more than 20,000, when one includes the thousands all over Europe)—find in Palmolive Soap a skin cleanser and beauty protection that just can't be equaled.

They like, first of all, its olive oil content. They like the gentle but thorough fashion in which it cleanses—and the soft, smooth, fresh feeling it gives the skin. "The glamourous freshness of youth," they call this much-desired texture.

Use your hands to make a fine lather of Palmolive and warm water (not hot water—that's hard on the skin). Massage this in, then rinse it off and you'll find you're rinsing away dirt and impurities that would otherwise cause serious skin blemishes. Rinse first with warm water, then with cold. Use this treatment as a base for make-up . . . and you'll keep that schoolgirl complexion.

New Yorkers are taking this advice seriously. So are smart Parisiennes. So, in fact, are millions of women the world over. You'll find it both an inexpensive and delightful treatment, since Palmolive, as you know, costs only 10 cents the bar.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company

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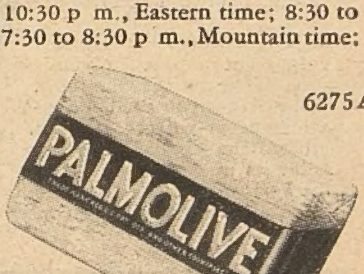
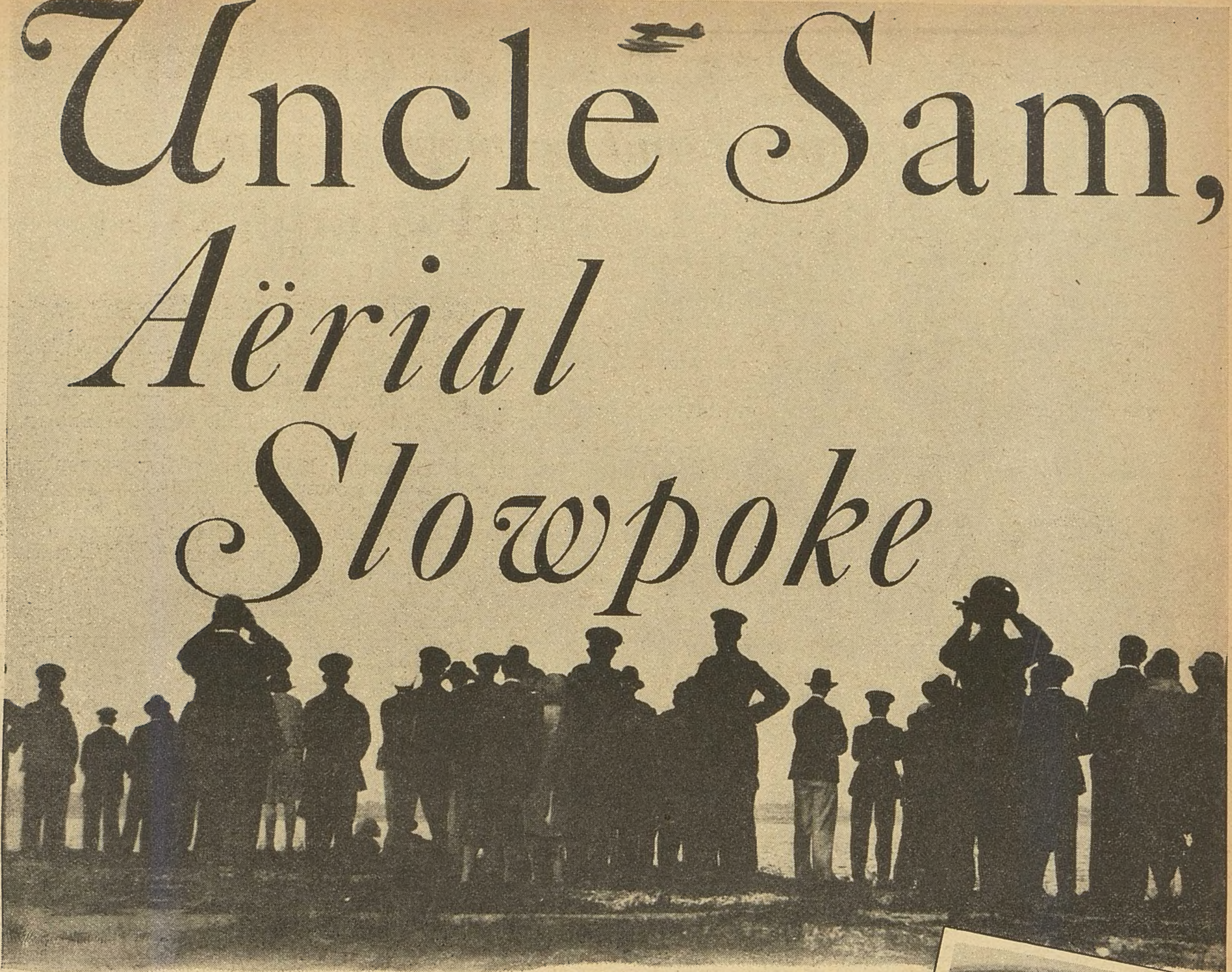


Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Retail Price 10c

Uncle Sam, Aërial Slowpoke



© Wide World

Above, speed on the wing. A Schneider Trophy ship on a trial dash as Britons see how they rule the air.

America's Fastest Flyer Tells Why We Need More Speed in the Air

By

AL WILLIAMS

(Reading time: 16 minutes 13 seconds.)

THIS article made such an impression on the proprietors of Liberty that, having read it, they decided to offer Mr. Williams $5,000 as a contribution toward the expenses of his entry in the next air races for the Schneider Cup. A detailed statement concerning this offer appears on the editorial page.

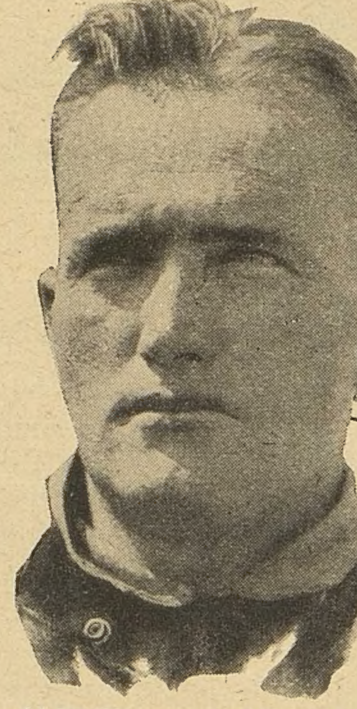
IT has been my privilege to be associated with attempts to bring American aviation up to the goal for which it was devised—Speed. Speed is the only reason for aviation. Without the necessity for speed we can all take a train. Whether we want it or not, aviation has taken its place in the world of transportation, for better or for worse. The justification for its present hazards lies in speed.

It is too late now to say it will never be safe, that it will never be practical, or that it can't do this or can't do that. That glorious fellow, the War Bird, spoiled whatever it was Langley and the Wright brothers had intended. When the first airplane in the World War brought back the first news of an enemy troop movement it definitely established a logical and vital reason for its being. The Langley aërodrome was designed purely as a vehicle for travel. The first War Bird showed how useful it could be for other purposes.

When the airplane became the eyes of a fighting army

© Acme-P. & A.

Squadron Commander Orlebar, chief of the record-breaking British speed pilots.



Al Williams, holder of the American speed record for airplanes and author of this article.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

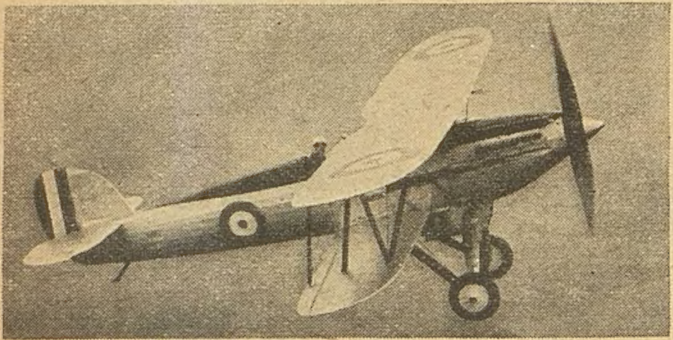
UNCLE SAM, AËRIAL SLOWPOKE
Continued from page seven

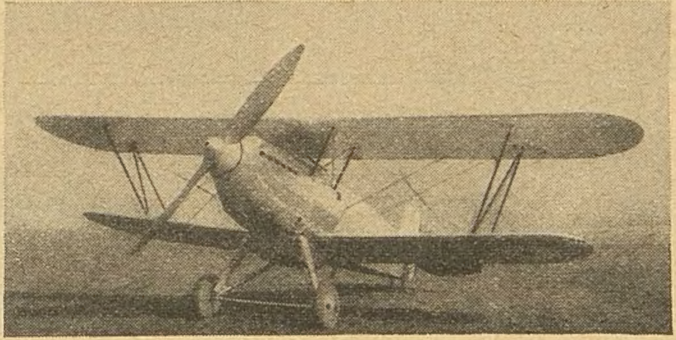
it immediately took its place alongside the war tank, the regiment of infantry, the battleship, the siege gun as a fighting unit. For more than four years of intensive development the original object was forgotten.

Today it is even possible that we could scrap civil aviation in America—that is, the carrying of passengers for hire—for the next twenty-five or thirty years and not greatly feel the loss, save that loss be reflected on the military. Its going would not wreck the country. I would even go so far as to say that America would wind up its affairs as a premier nation if we scrapped the air mail. If my letters are two days late I can put up with it; that they are two days ahead of time makes me feel a little more alive and progresive.

On the other hand, if we were to scrap the aviation branch of our military system of national defense while other nations retained theirs, that would be positively disastrous. Were I asked to fight in an army or a navy confined to the ground or to the sea, reduced to a maneuverable speed common to their elements and against an enemy flying high, wide, and handsome above me—an enemy to whom my every move was plain, from whom I would have to run and hide like a mole in the ground, who could strafe me with impunity—well, I leave it to you.

Every nation is striving for supremacy in the air—not because it would help its citizens move faster from one business office to another or because these same citizens get a kick out of an air ride, but because military operations have shifted their vital efforts from the land and the sea to the air. The fastest attack is the best attack; the swiftest retreat is the only retreat. Aviation supplies both to fighters. The battle ground of the air knows no sea coasts, no trenches. The variety of its offense makes it that much more deadly. A regiment cannot swim out to sea and take a warship, and neither can a battleship take an enemy possession; but a bombing squadron launched from an airplane carrier or from a land aërodrome can readily destroy commerce, strategic positions, and army corps two or three hundred miles either side of the old sea coasts. The only coast line which aviation recognizes is where the surface ends and the air begins and it is a matter of vertical measurement. An airplane is only a long-range gun, after all, and the bomb it carries is a shell on wings.


The fast-climbing Fairey Firefly.


The Rolls-Royce-powered Hawker Hornet.

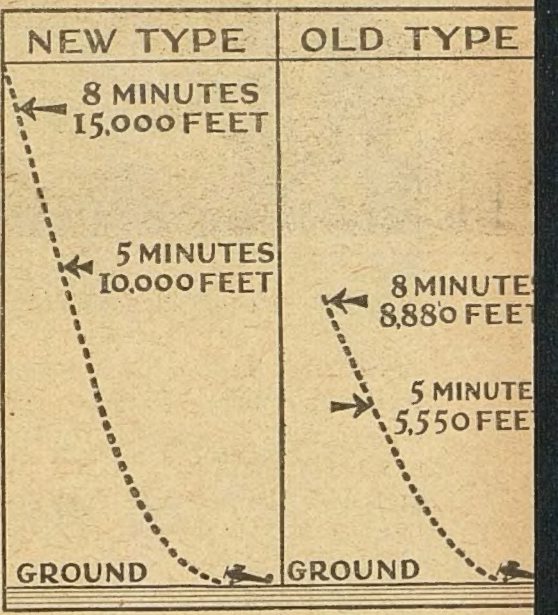
Photos from Aëro Digest, New York

I have spent thirteen years of my young life battling with this thing called flying. It has been a gloriously interesting job but, I am sorry to admit, not as fruitful as I had hoped. I thought I had succeeded in putting my disappointment behind me until some time ago I read that Italy, France, and England had agreed on rules and terms for the next International Schneider Trophy race. The knowledge that it was scarcely possible for me to have a ship entered or that America would toe the starting line revived for me four years of bitter fighting and disappointment. My reasons for wanting an American entry in the Schneider race were public. If I had wanted to fly the ship myself, that reason was private. The main factor is, we should be there—I had almost said even if we were carried there.

Here, in brief, is what the winning of the Schneider Trophy means. First, it isn't the mere capturing of a bronze or silver emblem or the morally stimulating effects of victory on a nation. Rather is it that behind the winning of this greatest of races lies all the concentrated thought and effort of aëronautical science and progress any nation can muster. The workshops that prepare the Schneider entries are the research laboratories of aviation. The race itself is but the proving ground. Of necessity the best engine from the workshops of each national competitor goes into that competitor's entry. So do the most efficiently designed propeller, the last thought in streamlining, the best in cooling systems, oil systems, new fuels—all that can make an airplane perfect. Logically, the winning plane in such a race becomes the most perfectly designed in the world. It gives necessity a chance to mother invention.

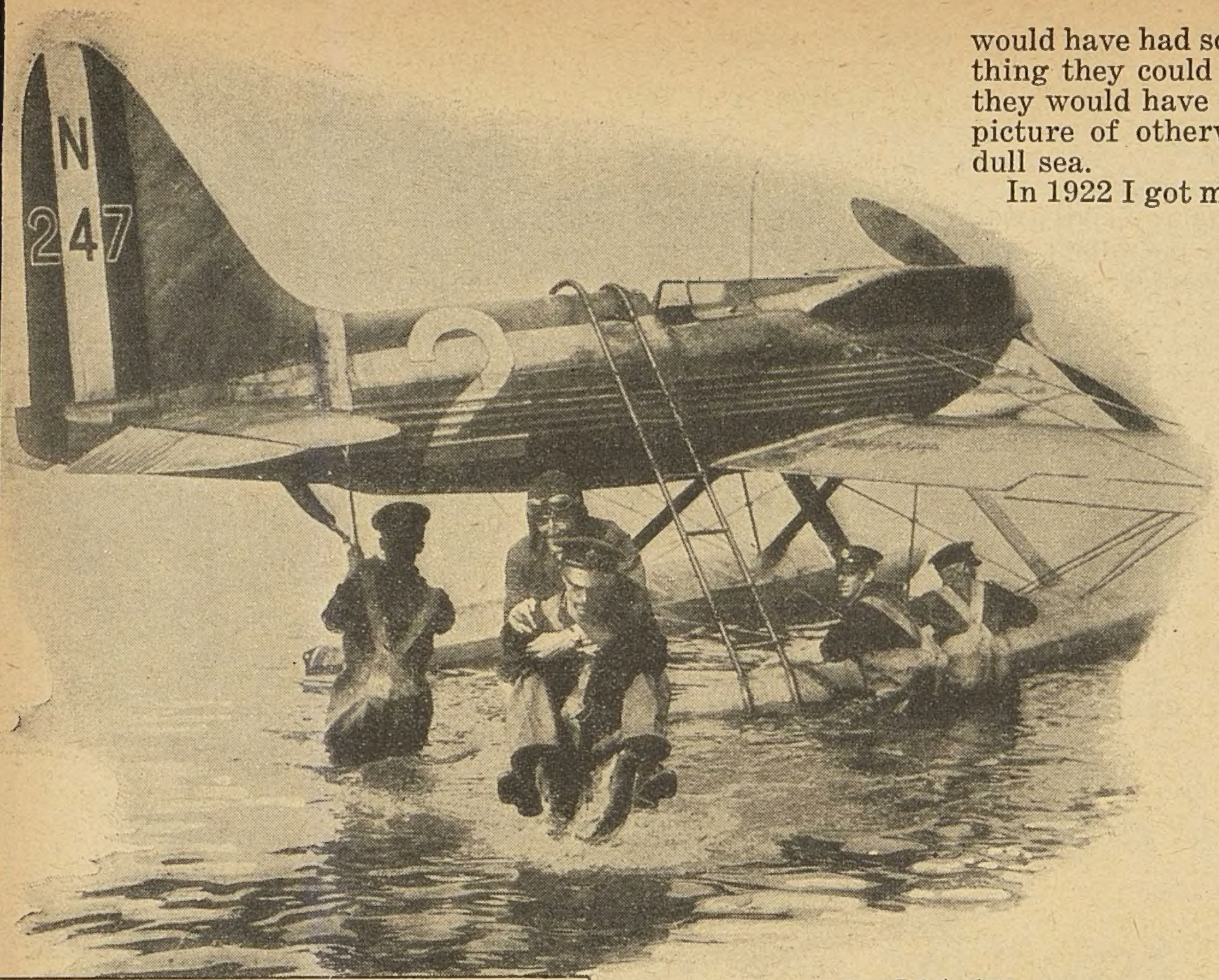
IN 1927—not to go back too far as yet—Great Britain won the Schneider race at 281 miles an hour. In 1929 she won it again at 328 miles an hour. Thus, in this laboratory of competitive aëronautical engineering, England had increased her efficiency in the air by forty-seven miles an hour. That addition in speed has been the history of the Schneider race since M. Prevost won the race for France in 1913 at the then high speed of forty-seven miles an hour over a closed course. In 1929 Squadron Commander Orlebar of the Royal Air Force flew his Super-Marine Rolls-Royce over a three-kilometer course at 357 miles an hour—or exactly 310 miles an hour faster than the first world's seaplane record of M. Prevost.

Before we, the great American public, dismiss this as a fine performance equal, say, to the winning of the Nobel Prize for literature or some kindred international honor, let me explain wherein it might possibly be to us even more vital than the performance of a Bobby Jones on the links of old St. Andrew's. Orlebar's edge on Prevost happens to be in itself forty-four miles an hour faster than the present American speed record which I cannot any longer feel honored by holding. His landing speed was twice as fast as Prevost's top air speed. We in America got highly excited at the National Air Races in Chicago in 1930 when an American racing ship covered this course at 202 miles an hour. I have heard many pilots express the desire to take our present "fast" ships to England and European countries to knock off some easy records for themselves and a little glory. I neither encouraged nor discouraged them. We hop around over here from city to city with the wind and cheer a new record. "So-an-So, flying 195 miles an hour, 200 miles an hour, breaks record."



How the new British fightin planes, built to intercept enem bombers, eclipse the old in clim ing speed. A result of Schneid tests.

A short time ago the British government placed a routine order among various manufacturers for 200 ships as replacements in the Royal Air Force. Some of the specifications called for ships capable of 200 or more miles an hour. The specifications for the faster ships were kept secret. I happen to know they called for more than 240 miles an hour at 10,000 feet. I wish to emphasize that these are standard fighting ships of the line—not freaks. And when the British said 240 miles an hour they didn't ask the manufacturer to furnish a forty-mile-an-hour gale. Sometimes combat fighters haven't time to wait till a favorable wind comes up. The British who ordered



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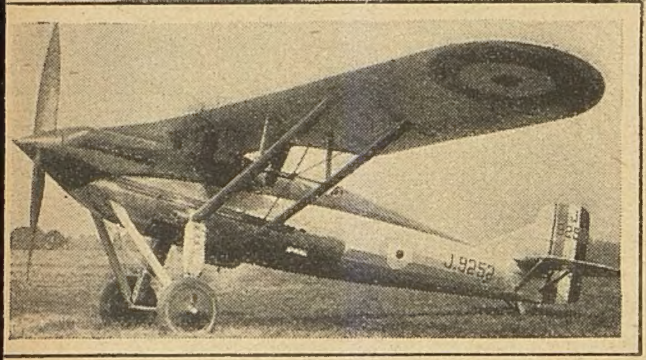
Squadron Leader Orlebar being carried ashore after his record-shattering flight of 357 miles an hour at Calshot. The plane in the picture, therefore, is the world's fastest.



Aëro Digest photo

The Westland Wizard II

these ships happen to be the winners of the last two Schneider races. Here we have cause and effect.

In brief, then, the nation that wins the Schneider Trophy has enough engineering information to build the most efficient fighting air unit. It is acknowledged that Great Britain actually does possess the most efficient air force today. It is a simple matter for an engineer to take a 350-mile-an-hour specially designed racing ship, modify it, mount guns in it, and add it to the nation's defense system. Witness what the British did with the Super-Marine Rolls-Royce.

Their Fairey Firefly, Hawker Rolls-Royce-powered Hornet, and Westland Wizard look to the layman like direct copies of the great racer. As a matter of fact, they *are* copies, modified for routine air fighting. When England spent its two million dollars for the Schneider race, this was the return Parliament demanded before the appropriation was signed. The returns on the investment were manifold. All of which is apparent if you remember what I said about the order for 200 ships of the line; the slowest of them faster than our fastest.

IT was incident to all this that the great British public, which never grudges its military leaders money necessary for national defense, received at the Schneider race itself a thrilling show for its money and actually saw how its money had been spent. They turned out one million strong to cheer it.

On our side of the water some private syndicates, composed of wealthy sportsmen, built several racing yachts to compete against Sir Thomas Lipton. The amount spent, I believe, was in excess of four million dollars. We were victorious. I don't know how spectacular the race was, but I believe it was possible to sleep on the deck of the winner at the most exciting point of the contest. Maybe I'm a bug on this, but if only part of that syndicate money—say one quarter of it—had been devoted to the building of three racing ships for America's entry in the International Schneider Races, the sportsmen sponsors would have had something eminently worth while—something they could hand back to their country. Certainly they would have had a race out of it—not a slow motion picture of otherwise useless craft waddling home in a dull sea.

In 1922 I got my first opportunity to see what was over the hill as far as speed in aviation was concerned. This was my original assignment to fly a so-called super-speed ship. Before this I had hopped around from field to field—I had rolled ships, dived them, played with them, and thought aviation a lot of fun. I learned how serious it could be when I started training for my race. Among a few of the things I learned was that the diving we kids used to do for fun at the stations could be transformed into honest-to-goodness straightaway over the surface. The realization came to me that all this was really what we had been trying to do in an indefinite way—to go fast.

AT Detroit, in September, 1922, I saw Russell Maughan take the Pulitzer cup at 206 miles an hour. Les Maitland followed at 199 miles an hour, Harold Brow took third at 193, and I found a fourth place waiting for me at 188. I lost the race but I learned a lesson. From that day on I wanted, humanly enough, to fly the fastest ship in the world. What flyer doesn't?

The following year at St. Louis I was lucky enough to win the Pulitzer Trophy. My speed had jumped from 188 to 243 miles an hour. That was a fifty-five-mile-an-hour gain under my belt. One month later Harold Brow and myself took our racing ships down to Mitchel Field, Long Island, to see what we could do with them. We were under orders from Admiral William A. Moffett, Chief of the Bureau of Aëronautics, to see what was in them. The order was speed. After two days in which the world's record was established and broken and reëstablished five times, Admiral Moffett cried halt. By that time we were taking our ships up to 9,000 feet and sticking them on their noses and diving them straight down with each pilot standing on the rudder bar. The object was to hit the starting point at the very end of the dive for level flight and get across the time course with every ounce the old boats had in them. When it was called off—much to our sorrow—Brow had squeezed 265.5 miles an hour out of his ship and I had managed 266.6. All that was in 1923. Please don't laugh when I tell you that this last figure is still the American record. That wasn't a true speed. The ships we flew had an actual straightaway of 248, 249 miles an hour. The rest of it was push.

In that year Dave Rittenhouse and Rutledge Irvine took our old 1922 Pulitzer ships, put pontoons on them, and went to England to win the Schneider Trophy. Dave took all honors and for the first time brought the Schneider cup over here. His speed was 177 miles an hour. At the end of that year America was supreme in the air. While that supremacy made us feel good and perhaps careless, it got Europe on edge. The nations began to build ships. However, neither England, France, nor Italy built them fast enough, for in 1925, on our home grounds at Baltimore, Jimmy Doolittle flew his Curtiss racer at 232 miles an hour to hold the trophy. Later Jimmy took his ship across a time course at 245.

That year saw America's finish in the air. Europe had been watching us. When the 1925 race was over she was wide awake. Then began a scramble for everything that America had discovered in the air. Engines, props, wing structures, wing radiators—everything that went into a racing ship—was bought and shipped to the various nations by their governments; studied and improved and

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[UNCLE SAM, AËRIAL SLOWPOKE
Continued from page nine]

welded into new and better racing ships to compete later against ourselves. We did nothing. Official interest in higher speed development died.

When the Italians came over in 1926 to take the Schneider cup home, they found the job about as difficult as taking apples from a child. We had the pilots, we had the ability—of course we had the money; but we didn't have the ships. George Cuddihy, Frank Schilt, and Tommy Tomlinson were licked before they got in the air. How far America had progressed can be gathered from the fact that George Cuddihy's fastest lap of 243 miles an hour was only eleven miles an hour more than Doolittle's 232. Mario di Bernardi, for Italy, turned his fastest lap in 248. Later, on the straightaway, he jerked that up to 257.

Since then I have twice tried to get that Schneider Trophy. It was a conceit of mine that the trophy belonged here. It had been knocked into me as much by the traditions of the navy as by my flying associates. We all wanted it. By 1926 I had definitely decided no help could be expected from the government. The watchword here, in this richest of countries, was economy.

Fools step in where angels fear to tread. I got the idea that if private citizens could be found willing to spend millions for valueless yachts some could be found to build an invaluable racing plane. I found them—not enough, but enough to try. To do this I went with my hat in my hand from office to office, from city to city. I promised not to divulge the names of those who helped me. I can say, however, that they include some of America's biggest men. Twice I did this. In 1926 and in 1928. I built two ships.

I WONDER now where I found the optimism for my program. Without money to start with, without organization, with nothing but a huge ambition and good health, I set out to compete against the combined resources of three powerful nations. Neither ship was built in time. The first I later flew at 280 miles an hour. The Schneider race of that year was won at 281 miles an hour. The second ship I got off the water after two weeks of effort, flew for a few seconds, was gassed, and passed out in the cockpit. Some kind angel saved me. I later found that my ship—a racing ship where every ounce counted for or against—was 880 pounds overweight. Had I gotten that ship into the air I could not have landed it and lived.

That was one time when failure was fortunate. These two attempts of mine weren't complete failures. I did learn that to build and fly successfully a racing ship capable of competing against the best of foreign nations money and organization are needed. With the lessons I learned we can now build three ships at a cost of not more than $750,000. We have here in America corporations in whose laboratories and engineering shops the desired engine could be built without fuss and—for this purpose—at cost. We have other corporations to handle in the same way the fabrication of the airplane itself. I know that a direct order for, say, a 3,000-horsepower engine given to our most resourceful engine builders would produce exactly what was asked for.

It might have occurred to someone, in checking over the various speed records I have quoted, to ask why the great variety. For instance, I have said that the ship which Lieutenant Brow flew for the navy in the Pulitzer race of 1922 at 193 miles an hour won the Schneider Trophy race of 1923 in England at only 177 miles an hour. When we flew the Pulitzer race we flew landplanes. Turning these planes into seaplanes, that is, adding heavy pontoons instead of light wheels, of necessity slows them up—in this instance sixteen miles an hour.

BUT the fastest ship in the world is a seaplane ninety-one miles an hour faster than the best landplane record ever made in America and 155 miles an hour better than our landplane record made at the Chicago National Air Races in 1930. This apparent contradiction is explained by the fact that the competition of the International Schneider Trophy has brought seaplanes to a perfection landplanes can't hope to attain for many, many years to come unless their design is also put under the pressure of competition. Applying this to practical flying, the Schneider cup competition development has so refined float design that the ordinary service seaplane today can make the same speed as a landplane equipped with wheels. Competition alone can force the designers of landplanes to retract the landing gear and make an outstanding effort to catch up. Competition can shorten this period of development by years. If we are amazed at Orlebar's 357 miles an hour, thank the Schneider competition for our amazement.

We, as a nation, seem perfectly willing to spend all kinds of money sending our athletes to Europe to take the boys over at the Olympic games in tennis, jumping, quoits, and what not, including throwing the javelin. This fosters international friendship. It also proves to us that we can lick them in these pastimes. In the greatest competition the world has ever known, the Schneider race, we permit the European nations to fight it out among themselves, either because we can't or dare not compete. As for the qualifications of the competitors, I am sure that an Orlebar or a Dick Atcherley or a Waghorn possesses at least as manly qualifications as, say, a Bill Tilden. Also, I might add, the penalty for poor performance is slightly greater.

There are hundreds of young men in America dying to get into the charmed circle that these European pilots have built up among themselves.

They can because we have the brains and the material. They don't because we haven't now the ambition. When and if some of our wealthy sportsmen take the rubber off the bank roll to add glory to their country's achievements in the air, then we will have them over there—of course to win.

THE END

In Liberty Next Week—

George Bernard Shaw

TALKS OF

Civilization, Death, and the Talkies

Bogart Rogers

OFFERS

September 23d

THE STORY OF AN AMAZING CRIME—AND ITS SOLUTION

TWENTY QUESTIONS

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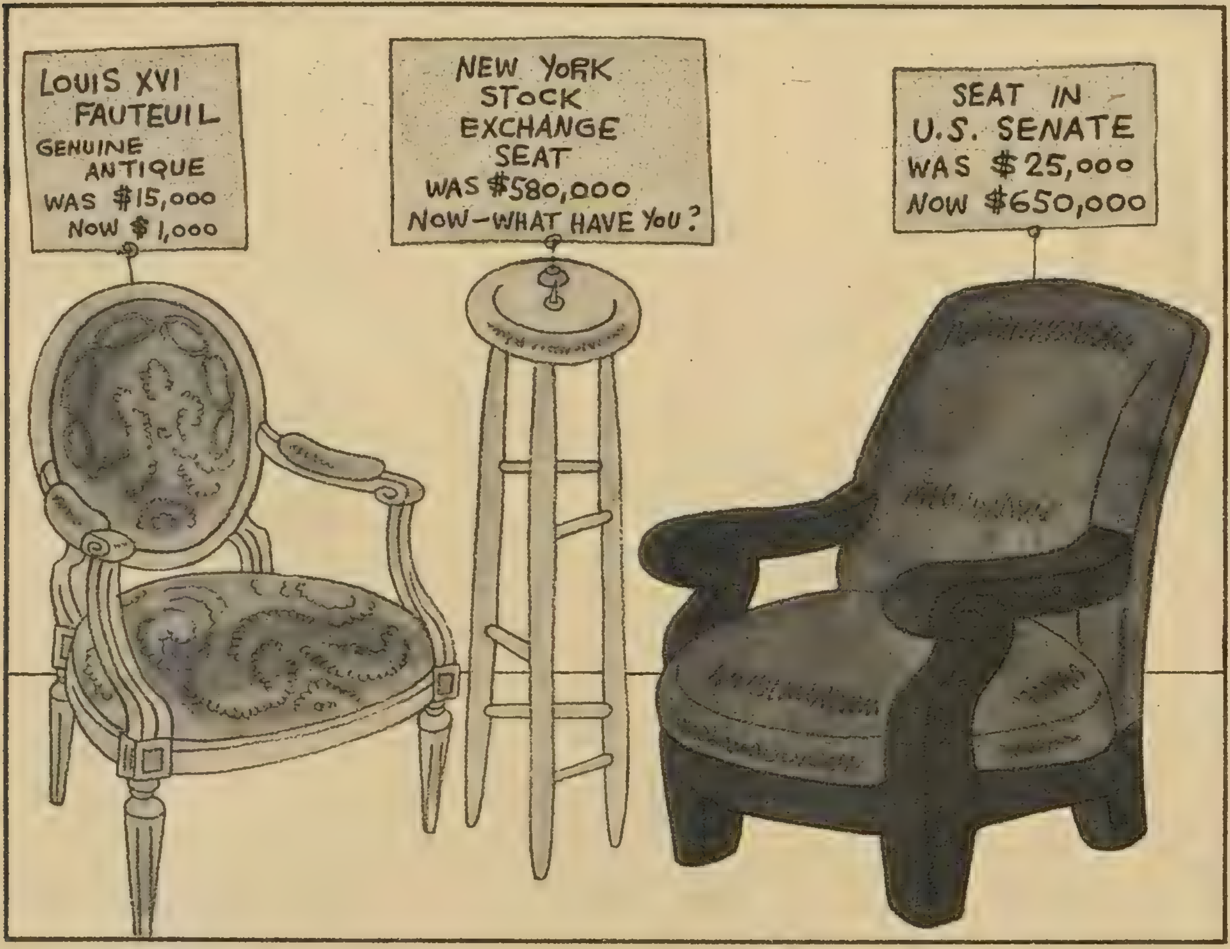
1—What is a lampoon?
2—What state borders on only one state?
3—What is a chinquapin?
4—What is rigor mortis?
5—What is a "closed" shop?
6—What four states meet at a common point?
7—What is an allegory?
8—What is the source of "The quality of mercy is not strained"?
9—What is a bibliophile?
10—What is rhinology?
11—What is a burgomaster?
12—What is atavism?
13—Who is the oldest member of the United States Supreme Court?
14—In what state is Pike's Peak?
15—How long is a span in English measure?
16—How many guns constitute the Presidential salute?
17—How many cubic inches in a standard United States gallon?
18—What state was the last to be admitted to the Union?
19—What is another name for the pansy?
20—What is a guerdon?

(Answers will be found on page twenty-six)

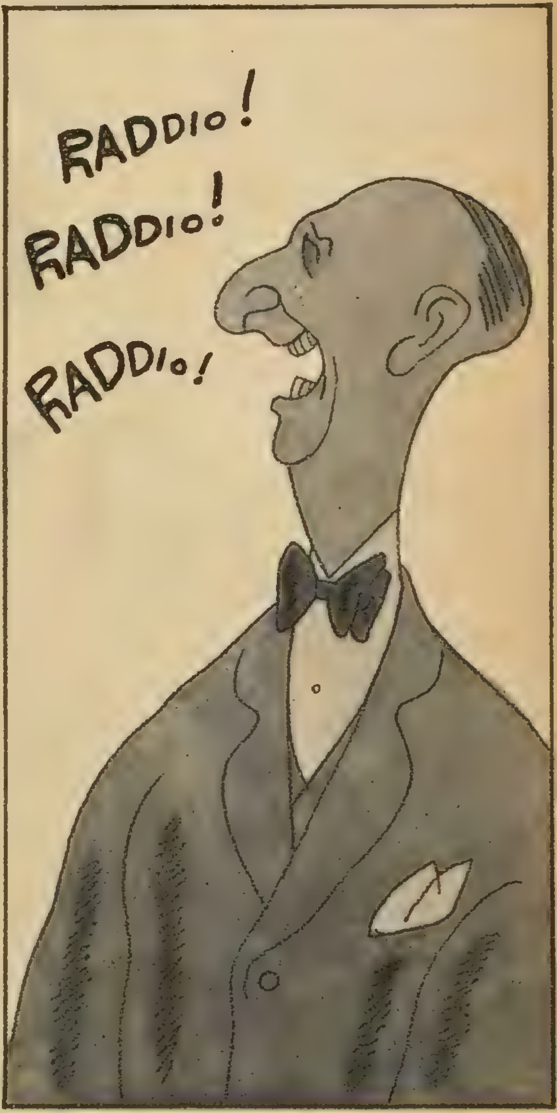
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

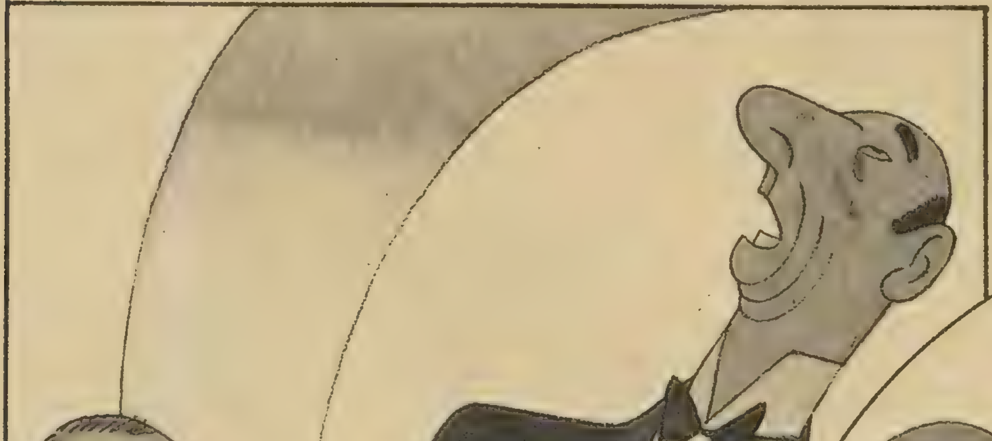
By RALPH BARTON


LOUIS XVI
FAUTEUIL
GENUINE ANTIQUE
WAS $15,000
NOW $1,000
NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE SEAT
WAS $580,000
NOW—WHAT HAVE YOU?
SEAT IN U.S. SENATE
WAS $25,000
NOW $650,000

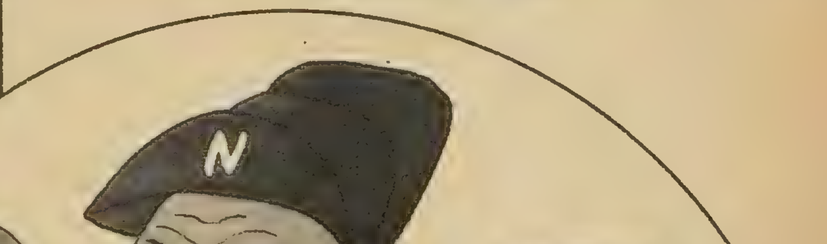
INEXPLICABLE TREND in the prices of certain celebrated seats.


RADDIO!
RADDIO!
RADDIO!

AL SMITH, having inadvertently pronounced the word *radio* correctly, takes an evening off to get back into form.


RALPH BARTON

DREAM OF THE HAPPY FUTURE when light wines and beer will be permitted. A man who has learned to drink under Prohibition enters a restaurant and orders a glass of claret.


E PLURIBUS UNUM
N

HALF OF EUROPE wants another war, and half a United States of Europe, making a grand total of 480,000,000 people who don't seem to learn anything by experience or example.

Son-in-Law

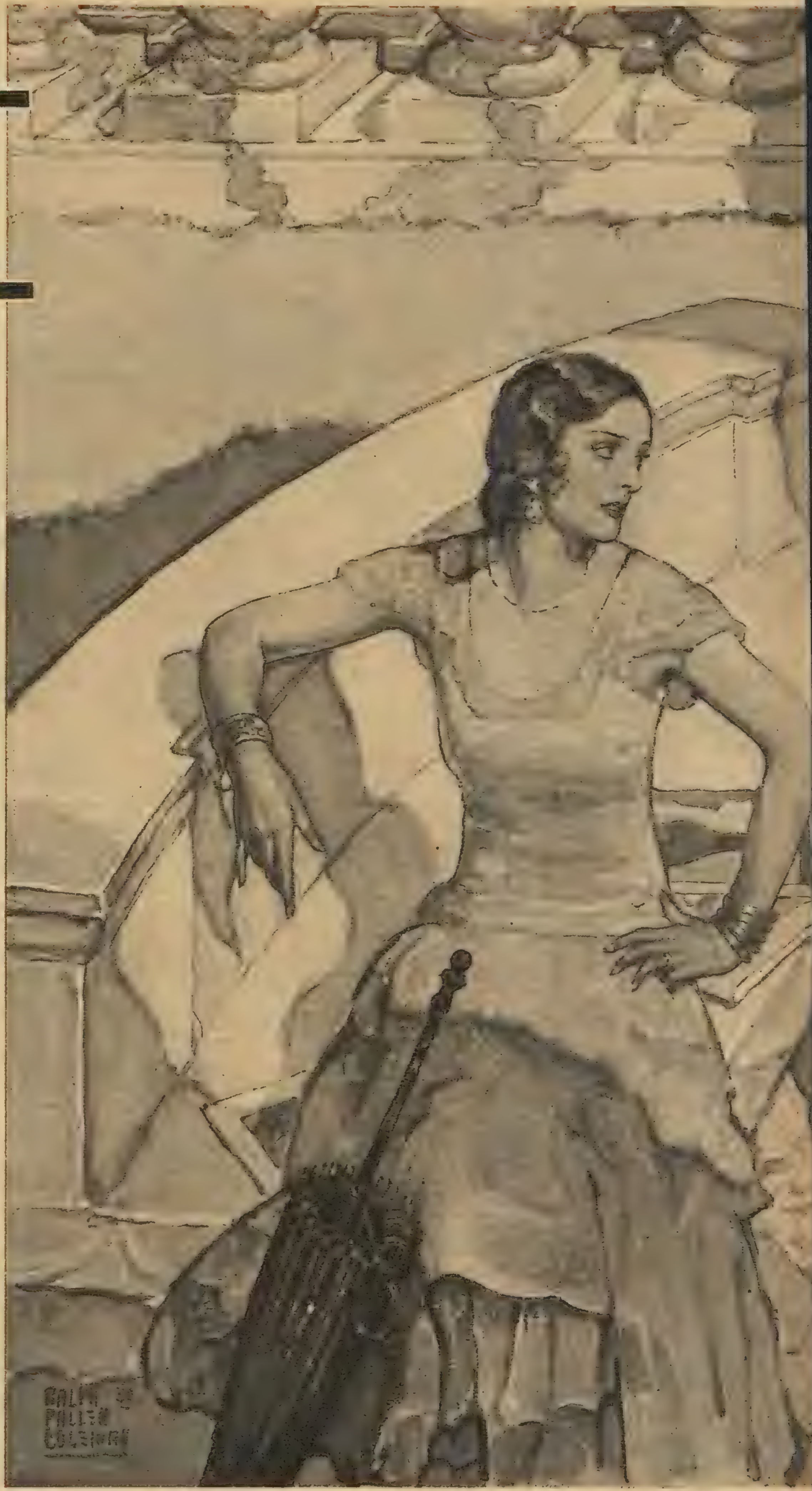
The Story of a Silent Sacrifice

By

EDWIN DIAL TORGERSON

author of The Murderer Returns—a mystery novel—and many short stories. He used to do newspaper work and advertising, but now writes at his home near Southport, N. C.

Pictures by RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN



"But why—why?" she had entreated.

(Reading time: 28 minutes 25 seconds.)

"OLIVE," said Good Old Cliff Conway at dinner, "I picked out a coat for you today. Little present. It's in the window at Stannard's. It's mink. Don't tell me you don't like mink."

"Oh, you didn't!" cried his daughter in rapture. "You know you didn't!"

"It's yours"—with a wave of his great hand. "It's paid for. Mark's got to save his money. Haven't you, Mark?"

His son-in-law smiled grimly, discreetly, in acquiescence.

"And if you need anything else, girl," continued Good Old Cliff—"why, get it. Get it at Stannard's. I like those people. They know how to make a fellow feel good. Why, I didn't even think they would recognize me, but the minute I put my foot in the door here comes a flying squad of floorwalkers at me—you'd have thought I'd intercepted a forward pass."

Cliff chuckled warmly.

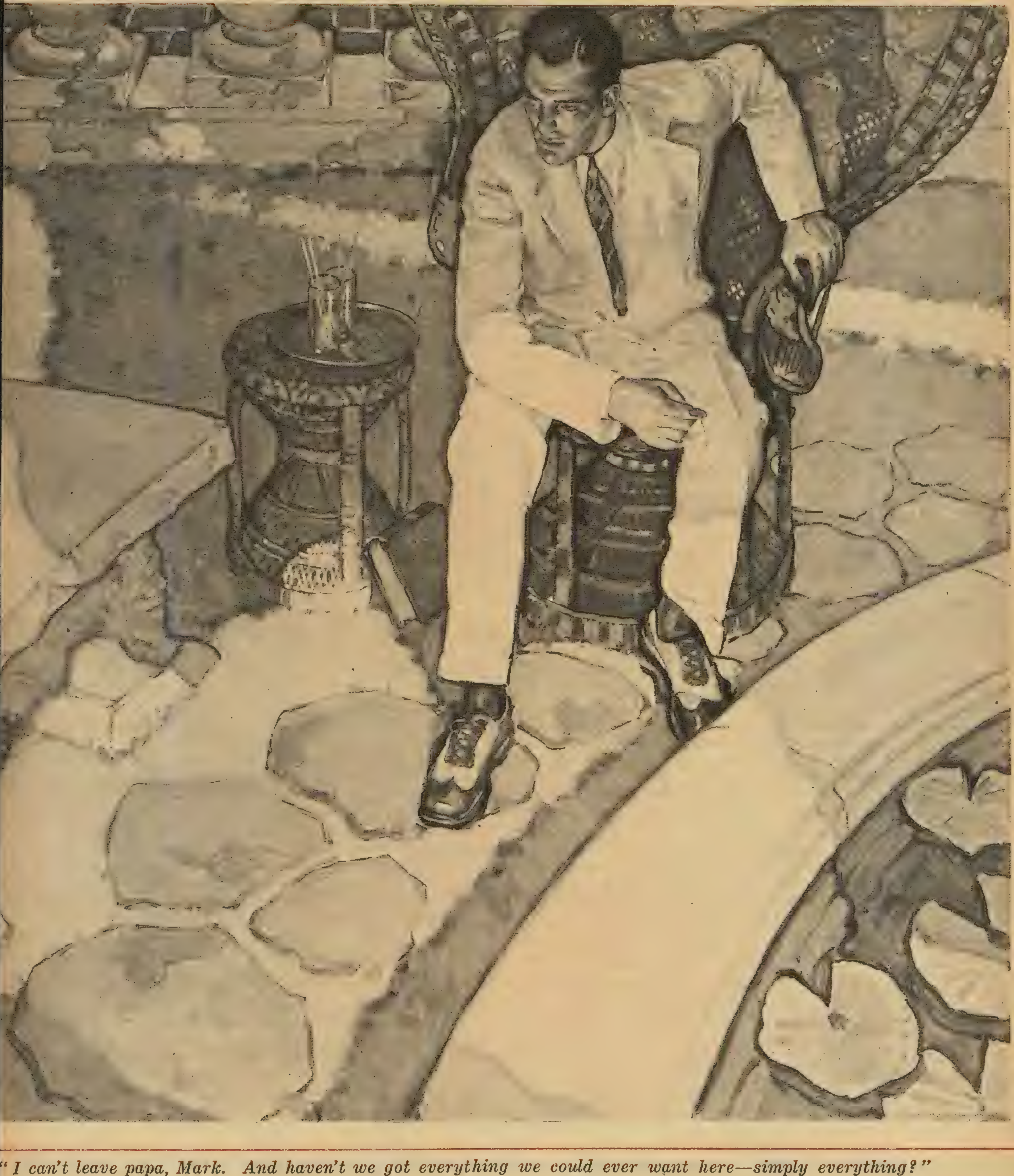
"But I don't really need a new coat," faltered Olive, with her eyes on her husband's face.

She was always just a bit afraid that her father made Mark uncomfortable. Not that Mark ever betrayed it. He never betrayed anything. He was quiet, a business man's man; slow to anger, seldom ruffled, with a ready smile that as readily vanished.

"What do I care whether you need it or not?" boomed Olive's father. "There's plenty more minks in the woods. Mark's got the right idea—he's got to economize—but that doesn't mean you can't have what you want. Not as long as your dad's got four paws."

Cliff was fond of his son-in-law; boasted about him, as he did about everything else that was his. That night at the Chamber of Commerce smoker he said to Humphreys, the banker:

"If I never got anything else out of life, Tom, I'd have enough to be thankful for just in that son-in-law of mine. Salt of the earth. That's all you can say about



"I can't leave papa, Mark. And haven't we got everything we could ever want here—simply everything?"

Mark Willett. Salt of the earth. Why, look at that business I put him in! He's got his competitors up a tree, begging for mercy."

Oh, everybody knew Good Old Cliff Conway had set up his son-in-law in business.

Cliff kept virtually nothing to himself. He was not small and mean about publishing a benefaction after he performed it. On the contrary, he was large and generous, broad and expansive. High, wide, and handsome—three favorite words of his own—described his way of doing things. He loved almost everybody and everything, and he wanted the world to know it. He would give you his shirt, and to the next friend he met around the corner he would say: "Good old Bill! I just gave him my shirt. If there ever was a deserving fellow on this earth it's Bill. He can have everything I've got."

Cliff had much to give, including notably three dogs, three automobiles, eight servants, the biggest house in town, and the reputation of being the biggest man in town. He had been president of the Chamber of Commerce and of the Rotary Club, an alderman and a state

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SON-IN-LAW
Continued from page thirteen

senator. He was a Shriner, a board member of the Country Club, a deacon of Calvary Church, sometimes known as Mr. Conway's Church. His name was inscribed on the façade of the sixteen-story Conway Building and the twenty-story Conway Court apartment block. In recognition of his zeal as chairman of the Park Board, the city had named Conway Square and Conway Boulevard for him.

Like his voice, he was commanding—broad as a steam roller and six feet in his stockings, though you couldn't ever imagine him that way. He dressed flawlessly and always there was a fresh flower in his buttonhole, and a fresh, velvety, barbered look to his muscular jowls. His dark hair, thick-packed and wavy, had a touch of iron at the temples. With it all he was jovial, kindly, and rugged.

He completely overshadowed all who came in contact with him. He completely obliterated his wife, who was sweet, gentle, and neutral, in the manner of gray oatmeal wall paper. Olive was her father, *pianissimo*. She and Mark lived with her parents because she loved her father so. In the Conway house Mark was scarcely a personality; he was mostly a sounding board for the boom of Cliff Conway's voice.

Only at business could Mark call his soul his own, and even there it was only sixty per cent his.

The business was electrical. It had started as a hole in the wall, worked back one hundred and twenty-five feet to an alley, and soon had absorbed the store space next to it.

Then the radio tuned in. Willett's was the pioneer house in Wellsborough to handle the tricky new toy, which everybody knew was only a passing fad. In the third year of its existence, Willett's, Incorporated, took in the three floors of the business building above it. Then Mark was named state distributor for the leading popular make of receiver. In time the tail wagged the dog. Mark's retail business became a mere appendage of a jobbing establishment which encompassed and then exceeded the territory of the state.

At the Country Club, where Mark seldom appeared—for he was perpetually busy—his friends congratulated him on his manifest success in business. Behind his back they said, not unkindly, with unconcealed envy:

"Lucky boy, that! But who wouldn't succeed in business, with a father-in-law like that to back him?"

As a matter of unpublished history, Cliff Conway had had nothing to do with his son-in-law's success beyond the primary push. When Conway money had partly financed the purchase of Mark's original stock, one delivery truck had handled all the business. The fleet had grown to three, to five, to twelve, for the retail store alone. Cliff had smilingly, triumphantly accepted the encomiums he heard:

"You bet! Watch that boy grow! I wish I was half as sure of all my other investments as I am of the little bit"—with deprecating modesty—"I put in Mark's business."

BUT it was Cliff Conway's business, in the mind of everybody who gave it a thought. Everything that fellow touched turned to gold; you never saw anything like it.

And everybody knew that Mark Willett was just a nice young fellow from the middle west somewhere who had met Olive Conway when they were both at Chicago University, and then—lucky dog!—had won her. Married a pot of money, that fellow had.

But Mark was a modest fellow. Ran around in a flivver most of the time. That showed it must be the old man's business; Mark didn't want to spend Mr. Conway's money. Decent young fellow to act that way about it.

The unheralded reasons for Mark's flivver—unsuspected by everybody who knew everything—were twofold:

He wanted to buy Mr. Conway's interest in the business.

He wanted a home of his own.

They were two ambitions that might appear easy of accomplishment to the proprietor of a going enterprise. But they were not easy.

Mark had proposed, three years before, to relieve his father-in-law of his shares, and Good Old Cliff Conway had indignantly refused.

"What—sell out my best investment!" thundered Cliff good-naturedly. "You're crazy with the heat! Go chase yourself! I'll do nothing of the kind. Why, some of these days a forty-per-cent holding in Willett's, Incorporated, will be worth important money!"

True enough. It had been worth money of growing importance every year. It kept Mark strapped—for every dollar that he put into sorely needed expansion he sweetened a sinking fund which he had determined eventually must be applied to buying out his father-in-law.

No rancor in this, on Mark's part; merely pride of ownership. It was his business, built with his own hands—his own luck, he called it, for the radio had been a windfall—but nobody believed it was his business. People went over his head. When he dealt with the bank, the bank put it off until they could talk it over with Mr. Conway. Mark knew, for Mr. Conway inevitably told him. In all manner of transactions, people gently advised him that they knew Mr. Conway would like or would do so-and-so, for he had said as much.

EVEN the advertising solicitors of the newspapers went over his head. If they thought he required a double-truck on a certain date and he considered a single page sufficient, they "worked on" Good Old Cliff Conway. And Mr. Conway observed:

"The newspapers are our best friends, Mark. Better give 'em that double-truck. We can't make the newspaper boys mad."

No. Good Old Cliff could not, for half his tradition of good-oldness was built on newsprint. They perennially published his picture, interviewed him on every public topic. They had his obituary all set, two columns of type dealing gloriously with his career, in case he should die suddenly by any chance; for Cliff Conway was worth an extra if he died.

Mark Willett was worth a stick; just a son-in-law of a prominent family, who had made good with his father-in-law's money.

So Mark, with the quick smile that quickly vanished, bided his time, for he could not buy out Cliff Conway.

Neither could he have his own home yet a while. He was saving for that, too. The few times he had ever mentioned that subject to Olive she had pouted or clouded up to cry.

"But why—why?" she had entreated. "I can't leave papa, Mark. And haven't we got everything we could ever want here—simply everything? Haven't we a perfect mansion, the loveliest place in town?"

"But, Olive, it isn't—ours."

"It is ours. Everything that papa's got is ours. Doesn't he give us everything in the world? Doesn't he try to give us all sorts of things that we won't accept?"

"But you don't understand, sweetheart."

"I think I do understand, Mark. I think you're just a little bit selfish."

"Selfish?"—incredulously.

"To want to go off and leave poor papa and mama in this great, big, thirty-room house. Just to buy a little old bungalow of our own somewhere else. Why, haven't we got four cars, and saddle horses, and servants—"

"And a pipe organ, and an Italian garden," added Mark urbanely.

"Well, you needn't throw off on papa about that. He tries to like good music and artistic things. Oh, I think you're a dog! I think you're mean—mean!"

Tears, contrition, apologies, reconciliation.

Olive got her mink coat. The squirrel coat Mark had bought her was already a season old; and as a matter of fact was there really any good reason why she should not let her father give her a new one? Papa was always sending expensive things to her sister in Detroit, and you never heard of her husband complaining.

Mark was funny about those things; he was becoming increasingly difficult. Olive couldn't get his viewpoint. All her life she had been accustomed to having everything she wanted. And whereas formerly she had had only one man to love her and give her things, now she had two. And because she had two, was that any reason she should deny herself things that one alone could give her?

Mark said nothing, but his silence was eloquent.

"You don't like it," accused Olive half tearfully. "You don't think I should have taken it. Do you? Do you want me to send it back?"

"Why, of course not. It's all right—if you need it. I didn't know," he added quickly, "you needed a coat. You didn't tell me."

"Heavens, Mark, I didn't need it! I'm not cold, or suffering, or out at elbows or anything. But is that any reason why papa can't give me a present if he wants to?"

"Of course not, honey."

"You're getting so touchy—about everything. Why didn't you insist on buying it yourself, if you didn't want papa to?"

"I didn't say I didn't want him to."

"You don't have to say it. It's plain as daylight."

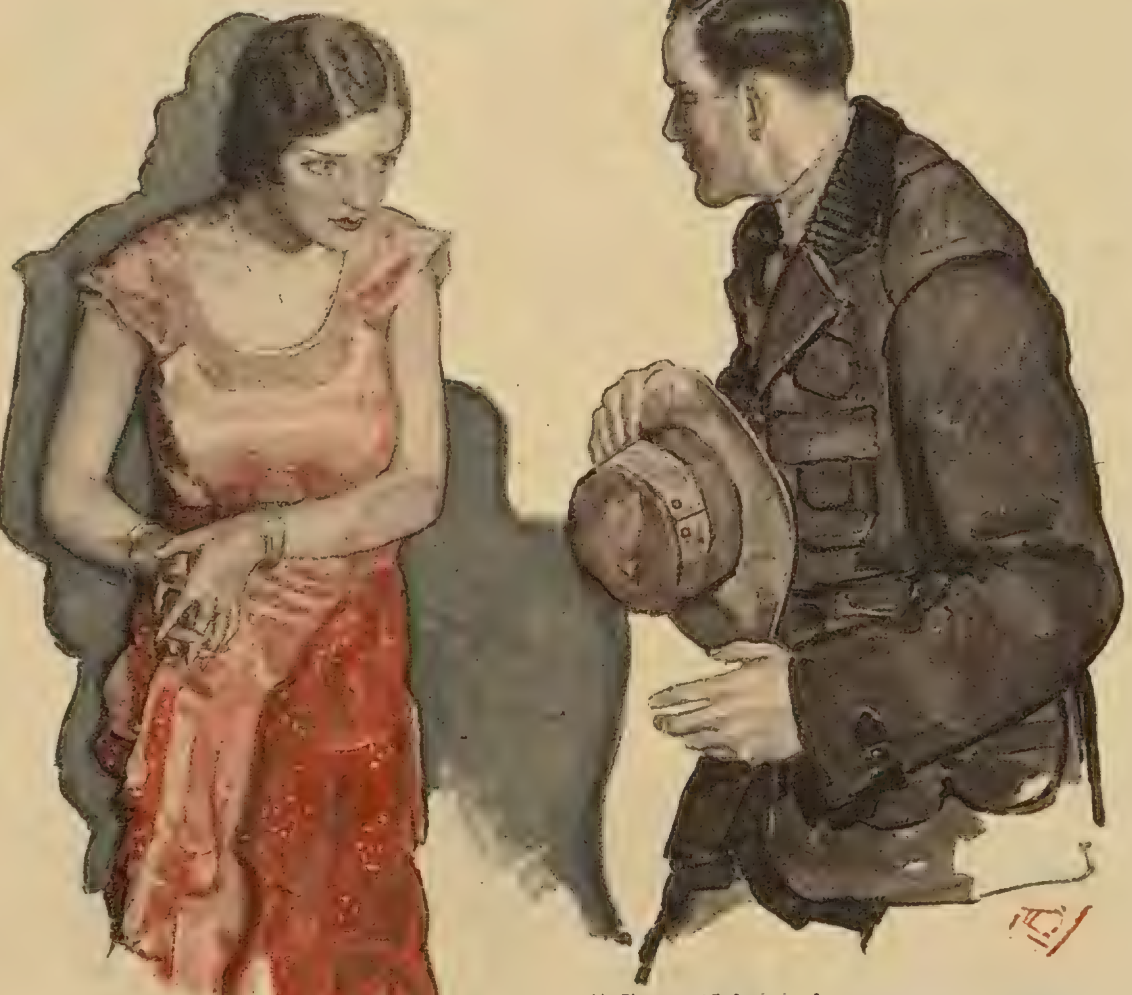
"Besides," added Mark with a faint smile, "your father doesn't like interference in matters of that kind. He would resent it. It gives him so much pleasure to be generous we can't deny him the privilege."

"Then what are we quarreling about?"

"We're not quarreling." Mark took her in his arms. "Some of these good old days I'll be able to give you everything you want."

"But I've got everything I want, goose!"

She kissed him, and that was the end of the mink-coat episode.



"Something is wrong — something terrible! Oh, I'm so scared, Mark!"

BUT Olive had almost said—she had had it on the tip of her tongue: "He gives you things, doesn't he? And I don't object to that, do I? Didn't he give you the very business you're in?"

Luckily she hadn't said it, or the subject would have got out of hand. Olive really was convinced, as firmly as was the public in general, that Good Old Cliff Conway was the power behind the works that made Mark's business boom. There was in this conviction of hers no belittlement of Mark; it was merely a rendering unto the great bluff Cæsar in the Conway household of the things that were traditionally Cæsar's.

There was a public rendering of like tribute that night at the Academy of Music, rented for the occasion.

The Wellsborough Messenger, to prove beyond question its civic spirit, had decided to present a loving cup each year to the individual selected by a representative committee as Wellsborough's most useful citizen—the person who during the past twelvemonth had contributed most to the public welfare. The committeemen had decided in a flash upon Good Old Cliff Conway for the first recipient. They would have had no more trouble in deciding that Jesse James was an outlaw or Lindbergh a hero.

The theater was jammed for the presentation. Palms were being held in leash only with difficulty, for they itched to applaud Wellsborough's idol on the first possible pretext.

There was a series of orations. Each of the civic clubs had sent a spokesman to tell how fine he thought Cliff was. The enthusiasm mounted with each quivering eulogy. But the best had been saved for last. The mayor of Wellsborough had a brilliant concert piece up his sleeve that was to bring the house down with a crash of plaudits.

THE list of Cliff's virtues as recited by the mayor was a congested one; but it was in reference to Cliff's integrity and sagacity as a business man that the mayor most notably extended himself.

"He is the stanch keystone," perorated the mayor, "of many a great commercial arch. No matter what line of endeavor he chooses to favor with his interest and to exalt with his genius—whether it be in the advancement of our manufacturing interests, or the creation of great structures that stand as towering monuments to his name, or the development and beautification of our favored residential environs—he adorns and dignifies alike each field he enters. Even in the mighty themes of power, in the magic of things electrical, in the wizardry of the subtle and sensitive, distance-annihilating radio, Cliff Conway is uppermost, a leader, a figure predestined to command."

Deafening applause.

So at last it had been publicly proclaimed. Mark Willett, seated with Olive in a proscenium box, applauded gallantly with the rest. But his lips were set in a grim smile that he could not soften. He imagined half the eyes in the auditorium were turned on him, the lucky son-in-law of this great, rich, and popular idol—the husband of the idol's beautiful daughter. Nor was he far in error. He and Olive drew the gaze of admiring hundreds.

Good Old Cliff, smiling happily, accepted the loving cup and all these hearty and fulsome praises with characteristic modesty—or words of modesty. He said he didn't deserve a bit of it; but he knew he did.

Mark rode home with his wife and his in-laws utterly silent.

Good Old Cliff wondered why Mark didn't grab his hand with a good old fraternal grip and tell him that he, too, felt that way about it. But Mark did not.

"Good boy, but a queer mixture," thought Cliff. "You just can't get next to him."

Mark elected the day following for one of those rare lapses when he neglected his business. He called up his friend Scott Dixon and proposed a day in the country with their dogs and guns. He had to get away.

It proved a gratifying interlude. Mark and his com-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SON-IN-LAW
Continued from page fifteen

panion followed impatient setters all morning through fields and bays, and their bag of game was satisfactory. It was well past noon when they stopped for rest and luncheon.

They talked of business affairs laconically—other people's troubles; the break in the stock market. Neither had been caught in that debacle. Certain friends of theirs who had prospered outrageously during the past two years had been let down with a tragic thud, but Mark and Scott Dixon were slow lads who had gravely said " Thank you " for tips and had let them lie.

" How about Mr. Conway? " suggested Scott. " He's too smart to drop money that way, isn't he? "

" I don't know. I haven't heard him say."

Scott grinned. " If you haven't heard him say, he probably hasn't. Not what you'd call secretive, is he? "

" No," said Mark, hoping the subject would drop.

There was an interval of transparent silence during which Scott's mind ticked like the works of a clock under glass. Then said Scott:

" How's business with you? "

" No complaint," admitted Mark.

" Any truth to this merger talk? "

" What merger talk? "

" Don't kid me, fellow. You know. This consolidation business, with a chain of electrical and radio shops to gobble up the field in seven states."

" Oh, that. Talk! "

" Well, I'd be flattered if they'd just ' talk ' about me in figures like that. Big business, boy. Say, you're a lucky stiff! "

" I know it."

" Say, if I had a father-in-law like that—"

Silence.

" Cliff Conway's a right guy, isn't he? He stands by a fellow. And the world swears by him. Why, all they've got to do is to hook his name into any kind of a deal and it's bound to go. Everything he touches turns to gold."

MARK smoked for a minute without comment.

" Is that," he asked then, " how you heard of the merger talk—in connection with Mr. Conway? "

" Why—well, yes. Everybody knows—" Scott checked himself; in time, he thought.

" What does everybody know? " demanded Mark Willett.

" Oh, I mean everybody knows he's your father-in-law, and naturally if they talk about you they talk about him."

" That wasn't what you were going to say," declared Mark with a one-sided smile. " You were going to say everybody knows Mr. Conway owns my business. Weren't you? Come across, now; weren't you? "

" Pipe down, fellow. You know I wouldn't say anything as crude as that."

" But that is what you thought," insisted Mark; " what people think, isn't it? "

Scott grinned. " What are you going to do about it? Give me a running start of thirty feet—and shoot? "

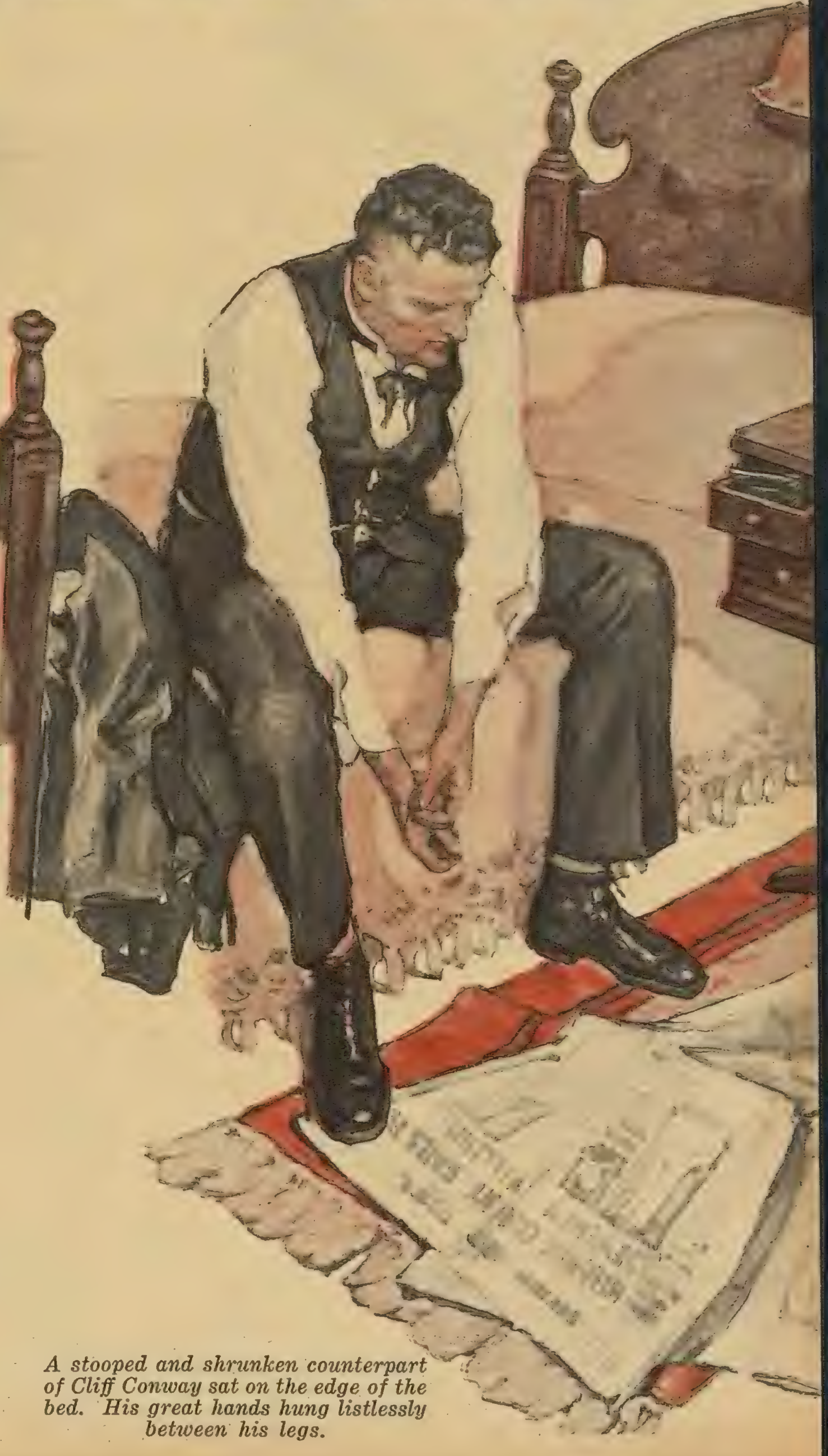
" Listen, Scott," said Mark quietly. " I'm getting mighty well fed up on this business."

" What business? " asked Scott, looking queerly uneasy.

" This reflected glory—this son-in-law-of-pa's business. I can't go around town denying it and saying mean things about my in-laws. But I can say it to you. Mr. Conway doesn't own my business. He doesn't run my business. He owns a certain share of it which I have tried time and again to buy. There won't be any merger, any big business consolidation. That's Mr. Conway's talk—big talk. He'd rather talk big than eat. He doesn't mean any harm by it. He's just a big-hearted, big-souled, big—"

Mark rose suddenly, and did not add " big-mouthed." Instead he proposed curtly: " Let's go home. I can't get away from it—anywhere."

" I'm sorry as a fool," asserted Scott earnestly. " I didn't mean to romp in on your private affairs.



A stooped and shrunken counterpart of Cliff Conway sat on the edge of the bed. His great hands hung listlessly between his legs.

RALPH 31
PALLEN
COLEMAN

I'll keep my mouth shut hereafter. I swear I will."

"Let's go home," repeated Mark.

They went, and it was well they did.

Mark's office—he went there first without bothering to change clothes—was all in a flutter. There had been a delegation to see him, a very impressive delegation: important-looking gentlemen from out of town, a couple of officers from the bank. They had not only waited upon him; they had waited forty minutes, hoping he might return. His office was to call the bank immediately if Mr. Willett came back.

"Call 'em," directed Mark. "Tell Humphreys I'm here."

THE delegation returned, filed in impressively.

"You don't know these gentlemen," said Mr. Humphreys. "But you know of them." He introduced them with becoming deference. "You also know," added the banker, "what we're here for. These gentlemen are aware that you and I have discussed the matter informally, but now they want to discuss it formally—and conclusively. There is need for immediate action."

Mark listened patiently. He had known this was coming; it was the merger. The merits of consolidation—mass buying, mass distribution, reduction of overhead—were expounded to him earnestly and with figures. His callers seemed confident of his acquiescence to the main fact of the agreement; the details could be worked out later—their concessions were extremely favorable to him.

"We propose," summed up the spokesman, "to maintain the head office of the company here in this city—your business the controlling nucleus of the whole establishment. We want you for executive vice president and general manager. And we want to call the company the Conway Corporation—with Mr. Clifford Conway as president."

Mr. Humphreys smiled benignly on Mark, and was amazed to see a stubborn frown settle between Mark's brows.

"Mr. Conway's name," said Mr. Humphreys hurriedly, "if he will let us use it—why, it means prestige—it spells magic—it assures the unquestioned success of the whole enterprise."

Mark eyed him stolidly. "Have you discussed this matter with Mr. Conway?"

"Not as yet—that is, not today," said Mr. Humphreys briskly. "He was not in his office. But we are sure—oh, we are quite sure—"

Mark reached for the telephone. "I'll discuss it with Mr. Conway," he said tersely. "Now."

Mr. Conway had gone home, they said at his office. Mark telephoned the house. Yes, Mr. Conway was in his room, resting, said the servant; he did not wish to be disturbed.

MARK rose. "I am going out to see Mr. Conway now," he told his visitors quietly. "I shall let you know tomorrow, Mr. Humphreys."

"Or sooner—perhaps today?" entreated Mr. Humphreys. "There has been, unfortunately, a leak. Someone has talked prematurely, ill-advisedly. Further delay may jeopardize the whole proposition. These gentlemen—"

"I think I may give you my answer," said Mark significantly, "today."

Mark drove home absorbedly, his teeth clenched. In his pocket there was a certified check; in his heart there was bitter rebellion.

He rehearsed with repetitive emphasis what he intended to say. The thing had gone too far. There was a jumping-off place somewhere. Go over his head again, would they?

"He adorns and dignifies alike each field he enters." The words kept jabbing at Mark.

"Even in the mighty themes of power, in the magic of things electrical, in the wizardry of the subtle and sensitive, distance-annihilating radio, Cliff Conway is uppermost, a leader, a figure predestined to command."

The Conway Corporation!

Yes, they would! Like hell they would!

Mark had the bit in his teeth. He was going to assert himself, once and for all. He was going to demand—and there would be no hedging for an answer—that Cliff Conway relinquish all interest in the Willett establishment. He was going to throw down his check in payment. He was going to tell Cliff Conway—before the others could get to him—that he, and he alone, was giving the decision to the merger proposal, and the decision was No.

He was determined, furthermore, to move out of Cliff Conway's house. Olive could go with him, or stay, as she chose. There was a time when a man had to decide whether he was going to run his own life or let others run it for him. That time had come.

His jaw softened when he thought of Olive. Poor kid! She didn't know what it was all about. She didn't understand. It wasn't her fault. She just thought the sun rose and set in her father.

Hang it all, it wasn't a thing you could explain. It seemed so damnably silly when you talked about it.

But he wouldn't talk about it any more. He would act.

All his life, Mark knew, might be altered by the things he would say today in the heat of his resolve. But he would say them. They had sizzled long enough inside of him. . . .

There was something wrong. Mark knew it the moment he closed the front door, for he had heard a curious short sound, islanded by silence, from the living room. Someone had sobbed.

It was Mrs. Conway, crying. Olive came running to meet him. She was white and frightened.

"Thank goodness you've come!" she said breathlessly. "I tried to get you. Was that you who called?"

"Yes. What's the matter?"

"Something is wrong—something terrible! Oh, I'm so scared, Mark!"

"Wrong with whom? Somebody sick?"

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

SON-IN-LAW
Continued from page seventeen

"Papa. He's in his room. He won't talk to us. He told us to stay out. He just sits there, Mark"—she finished in a frightened whisper—"and stares!"

"I'll go to him. Stay here."

Mark mounted the steps three at a stride. The door of Mr. Conway's bedroom was slightly ajar. Mark entered quietly.

A stooped and shrunken counterpart of Cliff Conway sat on the edge of the bed. His great hands hung listlessly between his legs. His lips, dry and parched, were loosely parted. His eyes were dull, unseeing. He did not answer when Mark spoke cheerily: "Matter, dad? Feeling on the bum?"

Mark had seldom called him dad—Cliff Conway had been proud and grateful when he had.

There was a disordered paper on the floor. A line of black Gothic you could read across the room:

KILDARE COMPANY FAILS FOR
SEVENTY MILLION

Mark saw something else. The staring eyes had shifted, now stealthily, toward the half-open drawer of the bedside table, toward the dull blue bulk of an automatic pistol inside it. Mark crossed quickly, slipped the weapon into his pocket.

"Won't matter," said Cliff Conway huskily. "Another one, if not that one."

Mark dropped an arm about the stooped shoulders. His fingers closed in a reassuring pressure.

"I'll mix you a drink, dad," he said. "You'll feel better."

The eyes lost their vacancy, were glazed with tears.

"No good. No drink." The words came in a throaty cackle. "You're a good boy, Mark. But you can't help me. Nothing can help me—now."

"What's happened, dad? Get it off your chest."

"It's the end, Mark. I'm gone, damned, doomed. Cleaned out. Oh, God, I can't stand it!"

The great body shook with the curious indignity of sobs.

"Tell me about it, dad." Mark sank to a seat beside him.

"No use! No use!" The leonine head shook slowly, pitifully. That was what he looked like—a wounded, bleeding lion. "Everything"—he waved his big hand on which the veins stood out like whipcords—"gone! It's the end, Mark. I can't stay to face it."

Bit by bit, Mark drew the story of disaster from him. It had not been the crash in stocks, though that had contributed. It had been the bland confidence of Cliff Conway in his own invincibility; it had been the easy assurance of a manipulator who could do nothing save in the grand manner, to whom no deal was a deal unless it played with the word million.

HYPNOSIS of grandeur had lulled him into a security the ruin of which was unthinkable. A ten-story apartment house to Good Old Cliff was a piker's crap game; it must be a twenty-story apartment block. Skyscrapers must soar to uncounted terraces. No matter. Cliff Conway could swing it. Kildare would finance it. Kildare had done it too often. Kildare, for sixty years the stanchest of bond-and-mortgage houses, had gone into a nose dive.

"I've been a damned fool, Mark," the stricken man mumbled. "Nobody's to blame but me—and, God, how many have got to pay!"

"Nothing so bad," said Mark, and felt ashamed of his trite and lame philosophy, "but it could be worse."

"This couldn't. You don't know, Mark. You don't know. I'm a pauper, a beggar—and the whole world will say I'm a crook. They can say it of me dead. They won't while I'm living. Give me the gun—and go out."

"They'll say something worse than that," declared Mark grimly. "They'll say Cliff Conway shot himself and left his son-in-law to face the music for him—left his son-in-law and his wife and children to bear the disgrace."

The older man looked at him in piteous entreaty. Cliff had aged, had broken, in a day.

"Don't say that, Mark. Don't say that. Don't push me any lower."

Mark's tone softened—that method had not worked.

"We can pull out of it somehow, dad. I've got a little money—my business—"

Conway gestured despairingly. "We couldn't beg, borrow, or steal enough, Mark, between us, to stop this avalanche."

"We can sell the house, the cars—I've got a bungalow staked out. I've lived with you, dad—now you live with me."

The bowed head shook slowly. "I couldn't face it, Mark. When a fellow has lived as I've lived—no use, no use!"

Mark played a final card. He rose and glanced at his watch.

"I'll try to do it alone, dad. There was something I wanted you to help me with. It's too big for me. I came home to ask you to help me—I didn't know about all this."

"Help you—what?" A gleam of the old Cliff lighted up his haggard face.

"It's something you could swing, because you're Cliff Conway. It's too big for me. Come on, dad, and help me! You've never failed a man in his hour of need."

Mark told him, swiftly, of the waiting capitalists, the anxious Mr. Humphreys.

"And because you're Cliff Conway," finished Mark, almost shouting in his spurious enthusiasm, "because you never know when you're licked, because you never fail at anything, they want you for president—the Conway Corporation—and a whale of a salary goes with it!"

CLIFF CONWAY leaped to his feet. The old glad eagerness for glory was in his eyes.

"By God!" he shouted. "Old Davy Crockett was right—you can't keep a squirrel on the ground! Come on, Mark! I'll show 'em!"

Mark told him his flivver was at the door.

"Flivver hell!" roared Good Old Cliff Conway. "We'll ride in the Mercedes. We'll do this thing right."

"Tomorrow," said Mark with a grin, "we won't have any Mercedes."

"Right!" thundered Cliff. "But tomorrow's another day. Put on a front, boy—that's what gets you by in life. We've got to impress these pikers. We've got a bargain to drive."

They drove it.

The conferees, jovial over the outcome of it all, walked down the street together afterward.

Mr. Humphreys walked with Mark. Ahead of them the great voice of Good Old Cliff Conway boomed conviction into the ears of one of the visiting pikers. The world would not know till tomorrow of Cliff Conway's true straits—might never know—he could bluff it out now.

Mr. Humphreys paused impulsively, and shot out his hand at Mark. "By George, boy," he said feelingly, "I want to congratulate you!"

"Me? What have I done? I had nothing to do with all this. It fell in my lap."

"I don't mean the deal. I mean I want to congratulate you, boy, on having a man like Cliff Conway for a father-in-law. Why, I'll bet he hasn't told even you—he lost a fortune, a prince's ransom, in that Kildare crash today—and he hasn't flicked an eyelash. That's a man for you. It takes character, Mark, to do that. It takes character!"

Mark shook hands with him gravely and did not at once reply. They walked on.

The bass timbre of Good Old Cliff Conway's boasts continued to smite the air.

"I'll tell 'em," predicted Cliff, "where to head in! I'll show 'em a thing or two!"

On and on now, reflected Mark. he'd have to listen to this. He had had his chance and had lost it. But, after all, what good was a lion around the house—if it couldn't roar?

"You're right, Mr. Humphreys," said Mark, with his swift smile that swiftly vanished. "It takes character!"

THE END

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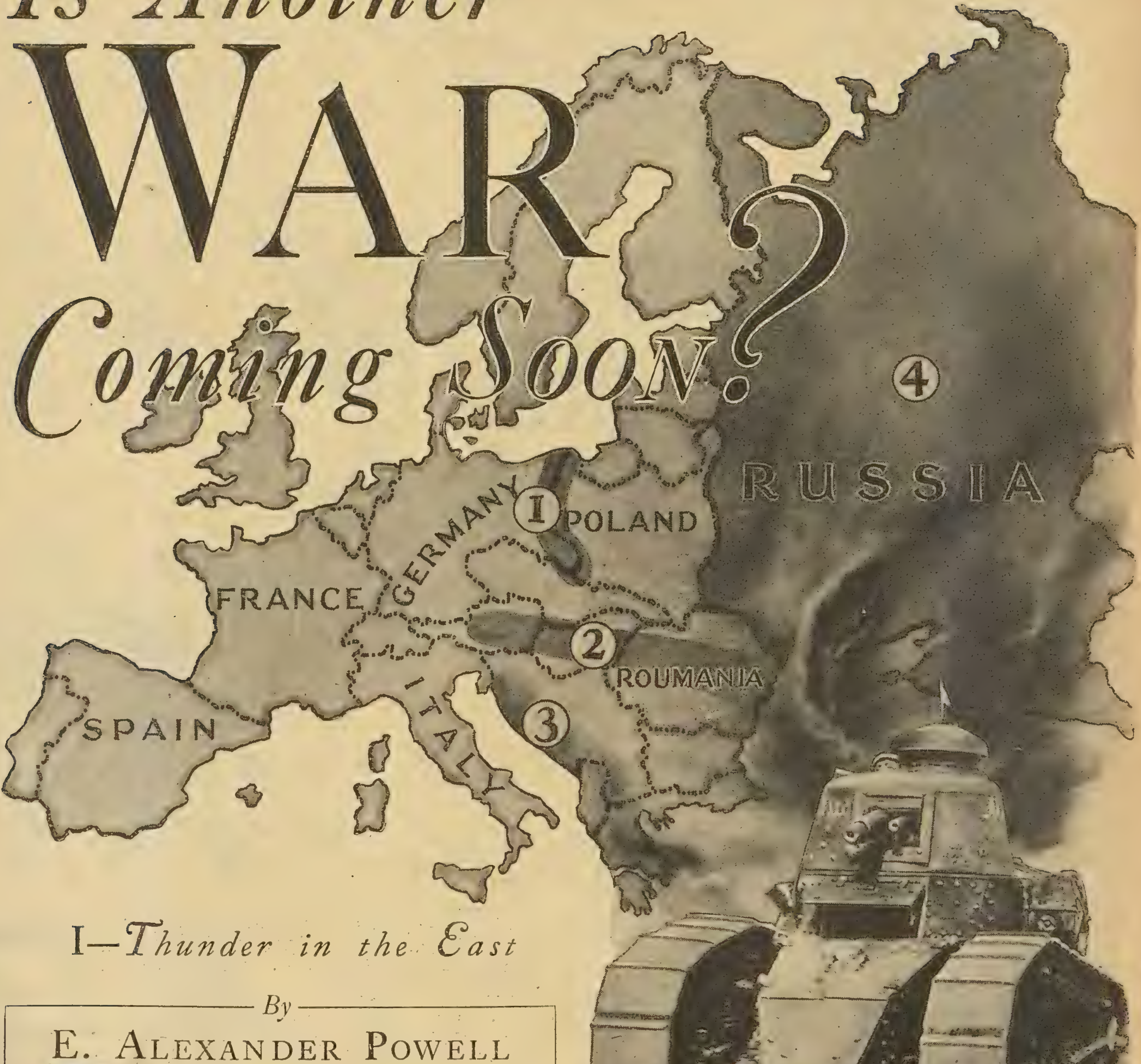
Is Another WAR Coming Soon?



Sown with the seeds of war—with fear, with resentment, and lust for revenge—any of four areas of Europe may produce the next conflict. Marked on the map above are: (1) the Polish Corridor, dividing Germany, and Upper Silesia, largely grabbed by Poland; (2) the Danube Basin-Black Sea territory; (3) the Adriatic region, with its Balkan problems; and (4) Russia, boiling with alarms of attack and defense. With such mechanical soldiers as the French tank shown here will the battles be waged.

Wide World photo

I—*Thunder in the East*

By

E. ALEXANDER POWELL

Bachrach photo

who has been in turn a consul, a war correspondent, a soldier, an author, a traveler, and a speaker over the radio. His name is on twenty-five books and he has covered a million and a half miles. He was a correspondent on the fighting fronts from August, 1914, until the United States entered the war, when he joined the A. E. F. as an officer of military intelligence and became a lieutenant colonel.

(Reading time: 14 minutes 5 seconds.)

HAVE you, perchance, ever noticed the charts issued by the United States Weather Bureau? The ones, I mean, on which are indicated by shading and arrows the areas of barometric depression and the courses of approaching storms. Yes? With your permission, then, I shall unroll before you a word map of Europe drawn in similar fashion. But in this case the shaded areas will denote political instead of barometric depressions; the arrows will point to approaching storms of steel and gas.

Leaving aside such purely local agitations as those in Spain, where a revolution may at any moment transform the monarchy into a republic without affecting the rest of the continent, four clearly defined areas of political disturbance spread themselves in dark blots athwart the map of Europe. The first stretches along the German-Polish frontier from the Baltic all the way down to Silesia. The second hovers above the Danube basin from Vienna right away to the Black Sea. The third obscures

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[IS ANOTHER WAR COMING SOON?
Continued from page twenty-one]

the Adriatic's eastern shore and, indeed, much of the Balkan peninsula. The fourth blankets the whole of Soviet Russia.

There you have the four great storm clouds which threaten Europe. Whether, in a much nearer future than most people dream of, they will burst in a deluge of death to the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon, or whether they will be dispelled by the fresh winds of political sanity and national common sense, depends in the final analysis upon six men—Joseph Pilsudski, Eduard Benes, Benito Mussolini, Raymond Poincaré, Adolf Hitler, and Joseph Stalin. There are others, it is true, whose names loom large in newspaper headlines — Briand, for example, Tardieu, Hindenburg, MacDonald, Bethlen. But, when all is said and done, they do not really count. The six I have named, and they alone, have between them the power to avert or precipitate the gathering storm.

P. & A. photos

A hint of the future. Polish troops parading on a "gas war education day," above, and, at the right, a parade of the Steel Helmets of Germany in which 10,000 flags headed the World War veterans' march.

In our scrutiny of the European political weather map we might as well start with Germany. Not that the storm clouds are darker there than elsewhere, but because the repercussion of events in Germany is bound to be felt throughout the world.

I should warn you at the outset, however, that it is impossible to grasp the significance of what is happening or is likely to happen in Germany unless you are prepared to revise your whole conception of the German people. For a new generation is coming into political power in the Reich—a generation which has come of age since 1918. These young Germans are of a type unfamiliar to most foreigners. Few of them saw active service during the war. Of the old imperial Germany, aggressive, ruthless, dominated by militarism, they retain only vague recollections. The Germany in which they have grown up was a land of discouragement, disillusionment, dejection. But they are not downhearted, these new Germans. All the way from the Baltic to the Black Forest I have seen them, high-headed, clear-eyed, robust, marching and singing. They have not only a passionate love for but a profound faith in the Fatherland.

WITH the same vigor they have displayed in developing their bodies by physical culture, and in restoring their country's industries by hard work, they have set themselves to the task of rearing a new nation on the débris of the old. Under the leadership of a frail-looking, fanatic-eyed Bavarian named Adolf Hitler, a dynamo in boots, they have formed a parliamentary party of their own—the National Socialists, or Nazis, as they are popularly known.

The growth of the Nazis has been astounding. At the general election in 1928 they could win only twelve seats in the Reichstag. Today, the second strongest party in Germany, they have 107. In the same brief period their voting strength has increased from 800,000 to nearly six and a half million. In another two or three years, at their present rate of progress, they will be in political control of the Reich. To underestimate the strength and significance of this movement is folly; to deride it is insane.

"A square deal for Germany" is a free translation of the Nazi slogan. Just what does it mean? It means that Germany, for twelve years a prisoner of war, must be free as other nations are free. That if Germany is to remain disarmed, then her neighbors must keep their pledges to disarm also. That the injustice of the peace treaties must be rectified. That the sins of the fathers shall not be paid for by their sons and grandsons and great-grandsons.

Yet the Nazis, as I see them, do not seek to gain their ends by force. They are thinking in terms of ballots rather than of bullets. But, rather than permit the present situation to continue indefinitely, they are prepared to resort to arms when the time is ripe.

Many people refuse to take the Nazis seriously. But there were likewise many people who did not take the Bolsheviks seriously either. Others believe that the Nazis are a menace to the peace of Europe. I believe, on the contrary, that like their fellow Fascists in Italy they will form a bulwark against Europe's most dreaded foe—Bolshevism. In any event, the inescapable fact remains that the Nazis have instilled new life and new energy and new courage into Germany, whether the rest of Europe likes it or not.

© Keystone

Eduard Benes, spokesman for Czechoslovakia.

Wide World

Marshal Pilsudski, who cracks the Polish whip.

France's belief that with the aid of her satellites, Poland and the Little Entente, she can keep Germany imprisoned for life is, of course, fantastic. Turn back the pages of history and you will see that Napoleon tried the same thing with Prussia and failed disastrously. To keep a compact mass of sixty-five million intensely patriotic and extremely efficient people in the very center of Europe under permanent restraint and, consequently, under a permanent sense of injustice, is like leaving a gas jet turned on in an unventilated room. Only a spark is needed to cause an explosion.

It is not surprising that recent events in Germany have given France a fright. The rise of the Nazis and particularly the bellicose utterances of some of their leaders, the intrigues of the monarchists, the Steel Helmet demonstrations—all these have caused a chill of apprehension beyond the Rhine. The Nazi threat is not directed against France itself, however, but against the policy for which France stands—that of keeping Europe divided into two camps: the conquerors and the conquered. The Steel Helmets, despite their name, need not be taken too seriously. Veterans of the Great War, they are, like the members of the American Legion, approaching middle life. They bark, but they are getting too old and fat to fight. The monarchists should not be taken seriously at all. There is about as much chance of a monarchical restoration in Germany as there is of hell freezing over. It is my carefully considered opinion that France has nothing to fear from Germany so far as her territorial integrity is concerned. The loss of Alsace-Lorraine is accepted more or less philosophically by all level-headed Germans as a fortune of war. The Saar, with its wealth of coal and iron, will be automatically restored to Germany by plebiscite in 1935 or before then by negotiation. Among responsible men in Germany there is no talk of a war of revenge.

Mussolini, who beats the tom-tom in Italy.

Wide World

Wide World

Raymond Poincaré, unrelenting foe of Germany.

© Keystone

Joseph Stalin, who cows his Soviet critics.

© P. & A.

Adolf Hitler, the German firebrand, who looms large on the war horizon since the German elections showed his following to be millions.

The German leaders realize that an attack on France would be an act of stupendous folly. France is today the richest nation in Europe and the mightiest military power on earth. Her standing army outnumbers the German five to one. She is amply supplied with heavy artillery, tanks, and military aircraft, whereas Germany has none. Moreover, France is pushing to completion a formidable trench system of defense along the entire length of her eastern frontier. Behind this system are the former German strongholds of Strassburg, Metz, and Thionville; the first-class fortresses of Verdun, Toul, Epinal, and Belfort. The unreasoning fear of a disarmed Germany by a nation with a supreme army and an impregnable system of defense seems to most disinterested observers hysterical and morbid.

The real storm cloud is not above the Rhine, as is commonly assumed, but far to the east, above the Vistula and Upper Silesia. There the danger is acute, and in making this assertion I am perfectly aware that I shall be characterized as an alarmist and a war-scare monger. But denials and ridicule cannot alter the facts. Nor does one need exceptionally sensitive ears to hear the thunder.

BY the terms of the treaty of peace Germany was compelled to cede to Poland the greater part of the provinces of Posen and West Prussia. It is this territory which constitutes the much-discussed Polish Corridor. It gives Poland access to the sea but at the same time it severs the province of East Prussia from the rest of the Reich.

To better realize the situation you will conceive the British Empire, after a victorious war with the United States, demanding the cession of Vermont and Massachusetts to Canada on the ground that the Canadians needed an outlet to the ice-free water and that these states were British anyway until the latter part of the eighteenth century, which was about the time Frederick the Great took Posen and West Prussia from Poland. If you can imagine this demand being granted, Boston constituted a free city under the League of Nations (as Danzig has been), and New Hampshire and Maine cut off from the rest of the United States by the Canadian corridor thus created, you will have a tolerably close parallel to the German-Polish situation.

Mind you, I am not questioning the abstract justice of Poland's claim to the Corridor. Marshal Pilsudski summed it up tersely when he told me that it was a question of the necessities of twenty-seven million Poles or the convenience of two and a half million East Prussians. But I *am* questioning its wisdom. Do you remember how, for more than fifty years, the loss of Alsace-Lorraine rankled in the hearts of Frenchmen? Have you forgotten that for half a century the Strassburg statue in the Place de la Concorde was draped in mourning? And the Germans, similarly, will never become reconciled to the Corridor. It must remain—if it does remain—a standing threat to the security of Poland and the peace of Europe.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Acme-P.& A. photo

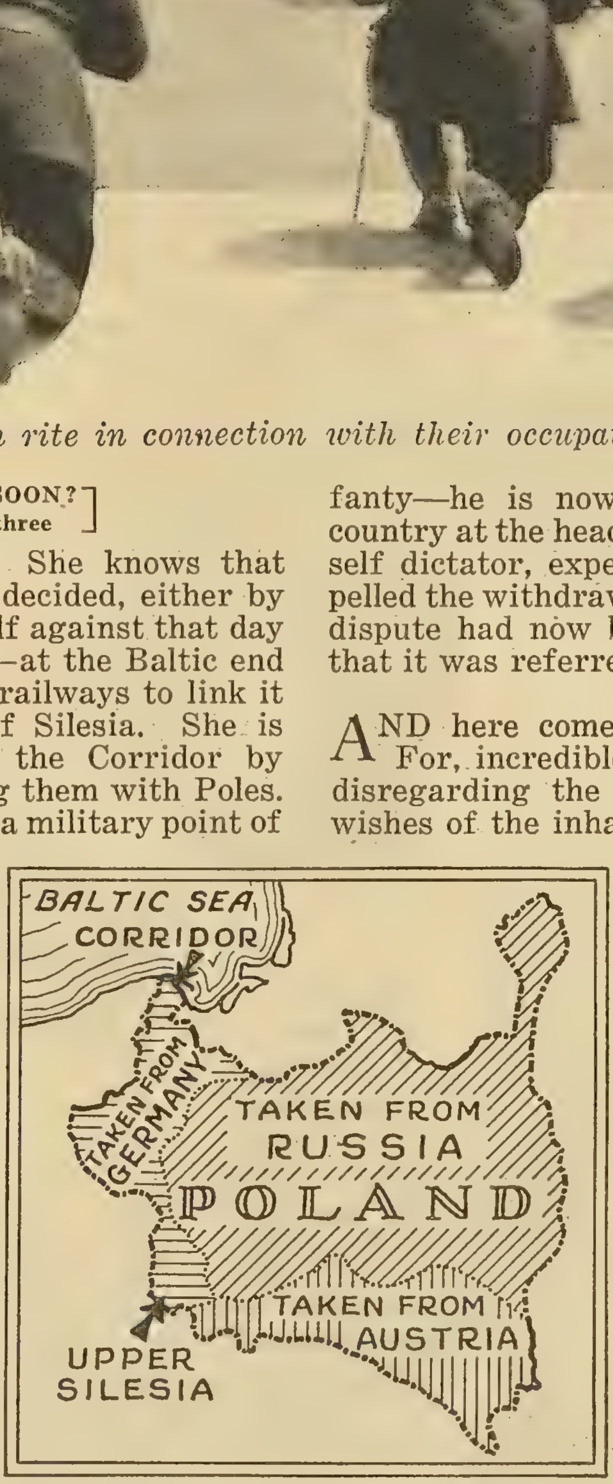
Polish officers kneeling at a church rite in connection with their occupation of Kattowitz, in Silesia, 1922.

[IS ANOTHER WAR COMING SOON?
Continued from page twenty-three]

Poland sees the gathering storm. She knows that sooner or later the question must be decided, either by negotiation or arms. To bolster herself against that day she is building a great port—Gdynia—at the Baltic end of the Corridor and laying down new railways to link it with the iron mines and ore fields of Silesia. She is working feverishly to de-Germanize the Corridor by forcing out the Germans and replacing them with Poles. But she cannot alter the fact that from a military point of view the Corridor is indefensible.

Unfortunately for Poland, and for Europe, the Corridor is not the only danger spot. From Upper Silesia likewise comes the growl of thunder. Poland's claims to the Corridor are sound. Her claims to Silesia are not.

Upper Silesia is a small, egg-shaped territory at the junction of the German, Polish, and Czechoslovak frontiers. It derives its immense political importance from its underground wealth, its coal fields and iron mines being among the most extensive in Europe.



The map shows how Poland was put together after the war.

THE Treaty of Versailles provided that the inhabitants of Upper Silesia should be permitted to decide by plebiscite whether they preferred to remain with Germany or be transferred to Poland. Nine months before the plebiscite was to be held, however, the Poles, aware that it was almost certain to go against them, attempted to seize the territory by force. British troops were thereupon marched into the country, the invaders were driven out, and the plebiscite was duly held under the auspices of an interallied commission. Despite Polish attempts at intimidation and the highly unneutral attitude of the French commissioner, the poll showed 717,122 votes for Germany and 483,514 for Poland.

Thereupon the Poles once more took matters into their own hands. A Polish political adventurer named Korfanty—he is now in an insane asylum—invaded the country at the head of a force of filibusters, declared himself dictator, expelled the local officials, and even compelled the withdrawal of the interallied commission. The dispute had now become so embarrassing to the Allies that it was referred to the League of Nations.

AND here comes the astonishing part of the story. For, incredible as it may seem, the League, utterly disregarding the pledges made at Versailles and the wishes of the inhabitants as expressed in the plebiscite, awarded a region containing at least three-fourths of the wealth of Upper Silesia to Poland. France's influence in the councils of the League is the only explanation of a decision which it is impossible to defend. Whatever may be one's opinion as to the Corridor, no fair-minded person can deny that in the Silesian transaction Germany was not given a square deal.

The problems of the Corridor and Silesia are not insoluble. Germany is willing to give and take. More willing now than she will be later on. I imagine that in exchange for the present Corridor, she would consent to cede to Poland another road to the sea on the eastern frontier of East Prussia, where the Memel reaches the Baltic, and to recompense the Poles for their expenditures. Thus Poland would have the outlet she requires, her security would be assured, and East Prussia would be reunited to the Reich. As to Upper Silesia, it may be assumed that Germany would be content with an arrangement whereby those districts which are predominantly German in population would be returned to her.

But the Poles, stiff-necked, stubborn, heady from their new-found power, refuse to yield an inch. They have announced over and over again that what they have they keep. They are emboldened in this obduracy by France,

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

At the left is pictured the distorted tone from a radio whose units are but partially balanced. At the right is pictured the true, clear, undistorted tone produced by the exact balancing of every electrical unit in every Philco set.

AND NOW . . . A BALANCED-UNIT RADIO-PHONOGRAPH $99.50!

Here is the whole world of radio and phonograph entertainment brought within the reach of every home! Why not have both? It costs so little ➤ ➤ ➤ Think of the dance music waiting for you in the wonderful phonograph records of today — all the great names of Broadway ready to come to your home "personally" through this wonderful new Radio-Phonograph. They'll play and sing for you with a *realism* that only Philco balanced-unit sets can give ➤ ➤ ➤ Think of the great *classical* music in records, too—the big orchestras and artists, ready to step into *your* home and give you a "front row seat" for the finest music in the world ➤ ➤ ➤ The phonograph is 100% electric! Electrically driven motor, self-starting turntable, and electrical pick-up! And this is the *first*, full-fledged, big-toned radio ever combined with a fine phonograph at such a moderate price. It will out-perform, we honestly believe, sets which are offered at two and three times the money ➤ ➤ ➤ Here is great distance ability; remarkable selectivity and sensitivity. You can bring in the big radio programs with wonderful realism ➤ ➤ ➤ Let the nearest Philco dealer demonstrate this new Philco in your own home. He has, also, a complete Philco Line from Baby Grands at $49.50 to 11-tube Superheterodyne-Plus Radio at $129.50 and $155; Radio-Phonographs, $99.50 to $272—Philco Super Tubes for balanced performance —Philco-Transitone Automobile Radio. All prices less tubes, slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West ➤ ➤ ➤

ALL-ELECTRIC RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

$99.50 less tubes

7 tubes (3 Screen Grid); Genuine Electro-Dynamic Speaker built in; Illuminated Station-Recording Dial; Phonograph takes full-size 12-inch records; electrically driven motor, self-starting turntable, and electrical pickup; beautiful American walnut cabinet 39 inches high, 23 inches wide.

Similar cabinet, without phonograph

$69.50

PHILCO

BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

whose whole foreign policy is based on the thesis that Poland must be kept strong and Germany weak. That is why France refuses even to consider a revision of the peace treaties. That is why she is so lavish in her credits and her promises to her eastern allies. It is this time-worn policy of maintaining the balance of power — with the scales weighted heavily in France's favor—which has already wrecked Europe more than once and which, if persisted in, will again bring her to the verge of ruin.

No intelligent person who is familiar with the facts believes that the present situation can continue indefinitely, if for no other reason than that Poland cannot stand the financial strain. Her forces today total upward of 312,000 men, or more than double the standing army of Great Britain exclusive of native troops. To maintain this establishment requires approximately twenty-eight per cent of the total revenues of Poland. And she is not a rich country either.

Barring some unforeseen incident, neither the Corridor nor Silesia presents any immediate danger. Germany is not yet ready. She is strong today. She will be vastly stronger a few years hence. In five years, say. Or, if you prefer, in ten. She is determined now. Before long she will be defiant. And, mark you, when that day comes she will not stand alone. In the event of a German-Polish conflict it is inconceivable that Russia and Lithuania, both of whom hate Poland, would fail to seize such an opportunity to settle their scores.

THE discouraging feature of the whole sorry business is the indifference of the world to the impending peril and the weakness of the European statesmen. Courageous statesmanship, plus the pressure of world opinion, could effect a change in France's present attitude, could force Germany and Poland to come to terms.

But the world is apathetic, the statesmen are either timid or selfish, and the League of Nations is a joke—a rather tragic joke. With none to hold them in check, the half-dozen hard-boiled and extremely chauvinistic gentlemen whom I named at the outset of this article will have their way in the end.

The good old rule sufficeth them, the
simple plan,
That they shall take who have the power
And they shall keep who can.

This is the first of a series of articles by Colonel Powell. The second will deal with the tension between Italy and France and the danger on the Adriatic and in the Balkans.

Poems You Ought to Know

The Lamb—By WILLIAM BLAKE

[William Blake was born in London in 1757, and died there in 1827. He is best known for his Songs of Innocence, although he achieved some measure of fame as a painter and engraver.]

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a lamb.
He is meek and he is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 10

1—A personal satire in writing, usually malicious or abusive.

2—Maine.

3—A dwarf chestnut; also its edible nut.

4—The rigidity of the muscles that occurs at death.

5—One in which only union workers are employed.

6—Utah, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico.

7—A figurative story or narrative.

8—The Merchant of Venice, Act iv. Scene 1.

9—A lover of books.

10—The science which treats of the nose and of its diseases.

11—The chief executive of a town of Holland, Flanders, or Germany.

12—The recurrence in a descendant of characteristics of a remote ancestor.

13—Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes.

14—Colorado.

15—Nine inches.

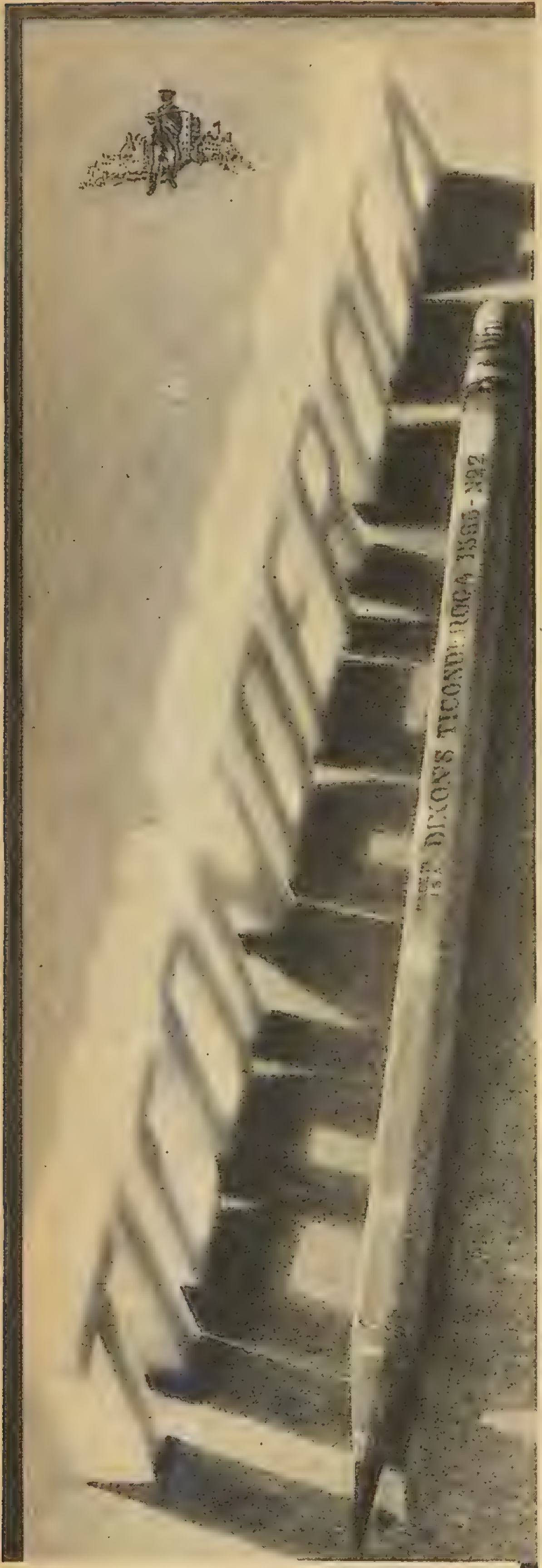
16—Twenty-one.

17—Two hundred and thirty-one.

18—Arizona.

19—Heartsease.

20—A reward; recompense.



By the Ease with which it glides across paper you will recognize Ticonderoga America's favorite 5 cent pencil,

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
DEPT. 10-J JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Clean inside - well outside!
THEY LOOK IT
and so can you!
★

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THEIR Golden Wedding is coming fast, and here they are, having the time of their young lives, these two, as romance and love and adventure flash by them on the silver screen.

Health! Being glad to be alive, every day! Taking the years in their stride, with a smile!

This business of being *well,* which is the thing that makes life worth living, is not as difficult as most people make it. According to the doctors, the rules are few and simple: eat, exercise, and sleep right; keep internally clean.

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most drowsiness, lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self poisoning that comes when you are not internally clean) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease."

Just as most doctors agree in blaming this condition for much of our sickness, so they also agree that the Nujol type of treatment is the safest way to relieve it. Crystal-clear Nujol can't possibly hurt you. It isn't a medicine at all. It has no drugs in it. It isn't absorbed —so it can't make you fat. It is colorless —tasteless—and children love it.

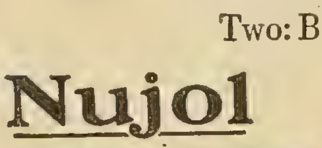
The tonic effect of Nujol on your whole body is due to the way it helps you without using weakening drugs. Since it is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. It's common sense, isn't it, that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you increase your chances of being well—and therefore happy—all the time! Remember two things if you want to enjoy "Nujol health."

One: Don't expect results overnight. This is nature's own method, and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully, and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

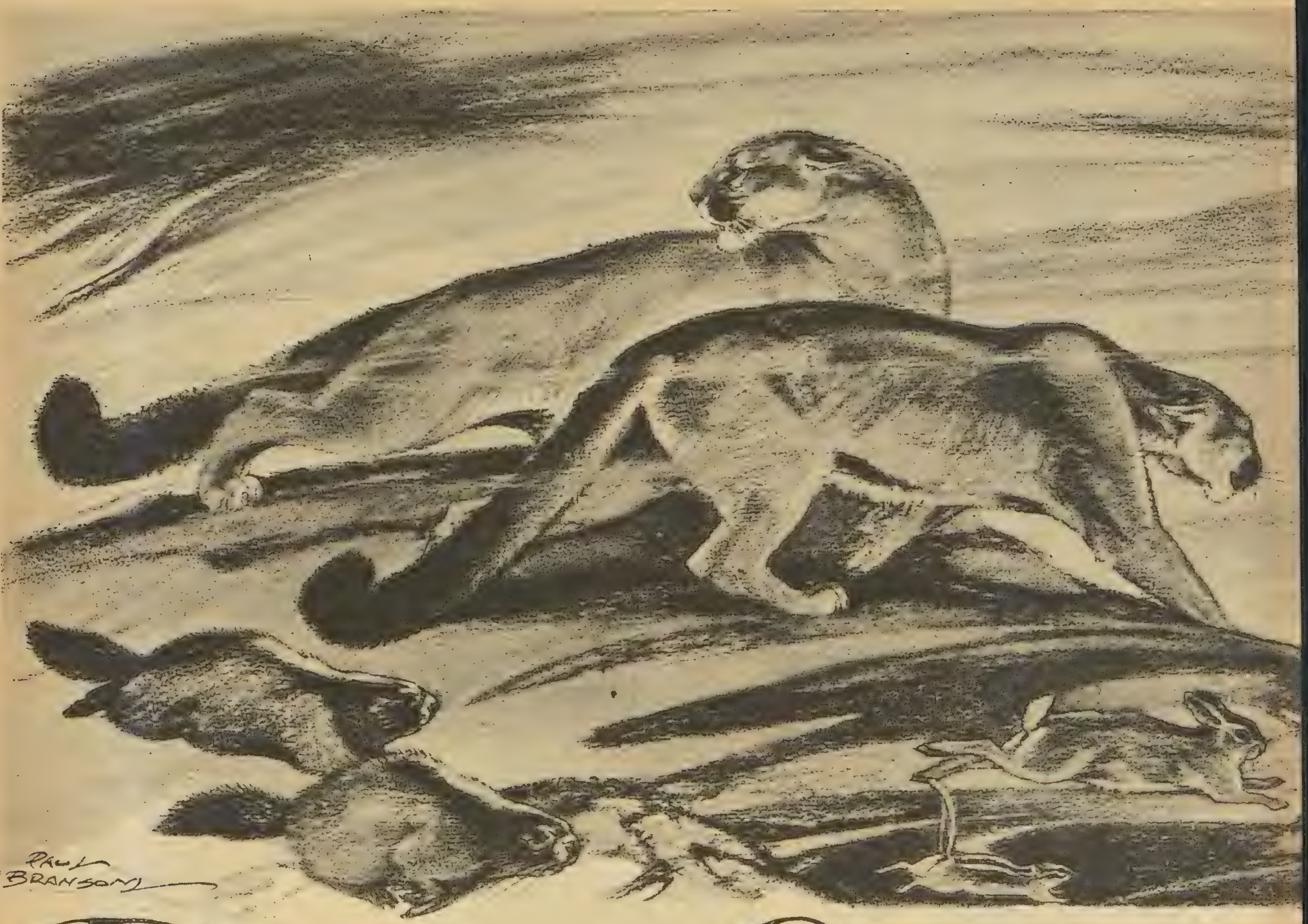
Two: Be on your guard. Don't accept any substitute. Your druggist has Nujol—always in a sealed package—always trademarked "Nujol" so you will be sure to get it.

If you want to smile at the years, put yourself on the simple, natural Nujol treatment—today!

Nujol



health



Deer-Slayer

A Story of Wilderness Vengeance

By

PAUL ANNIXTER

who lives in California, is Will Levington Comfort's son-in-law, and has been writing about animals for fourteen years. Of course, this story is nothing like James Fenimore Cooper's "The Deerslayer," but then, the title isn't exactly the same, either.

Pictures by PAUL BRANSOM

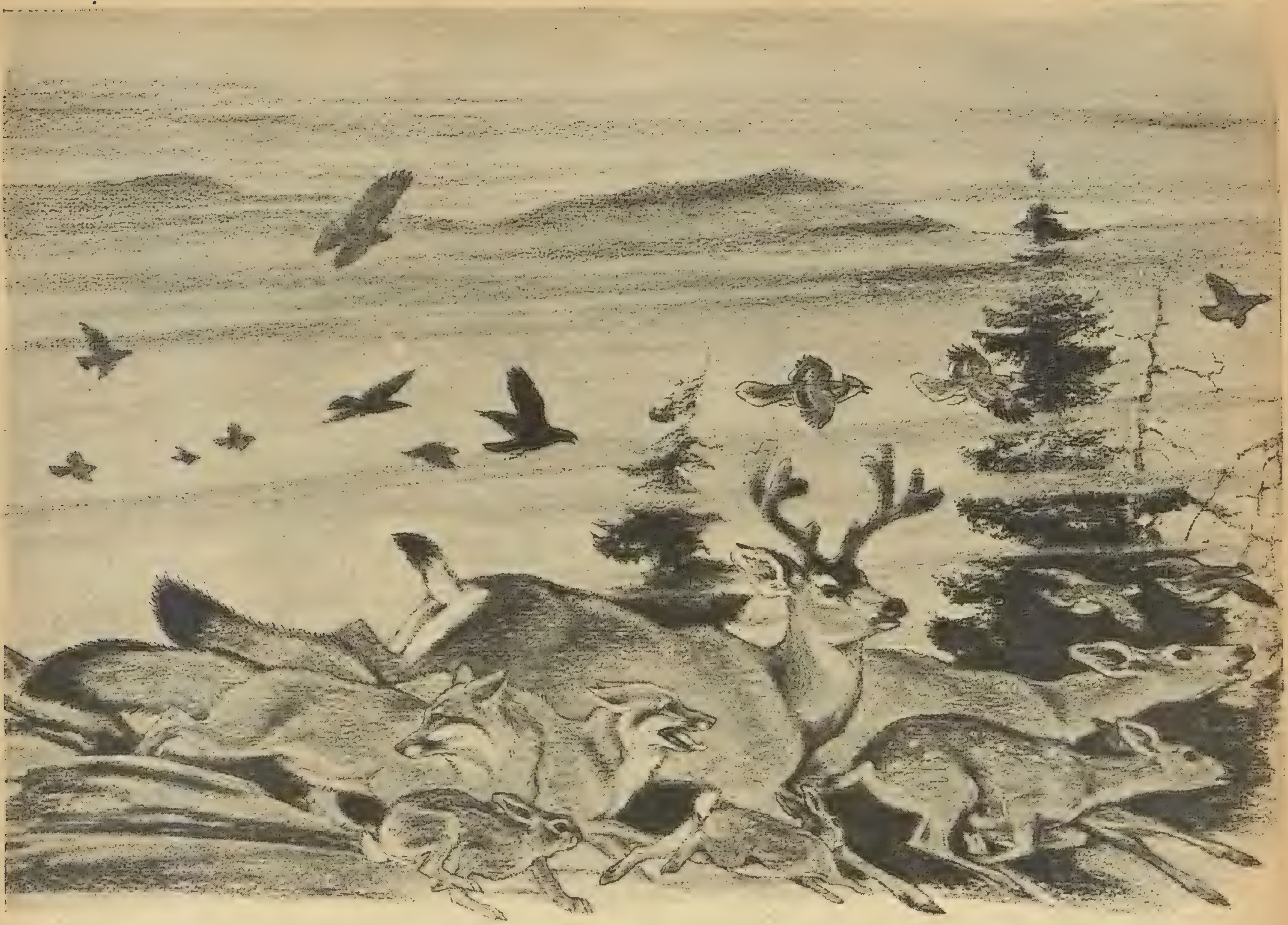
(Reading time: 23 min. 20 sec.)

THOUGH the wind had not shifted, the coppery haze that hid the sun seemed thinning a bit, the air less strangling to the nostrils. The two great cougars slinking belly down along a jagged game trail began to slacken their flight. The horror in their lambent, pale-yellow eyes was lessening and from time to time they halted to gaze at the strange new panorama about them.

They had traveled twenty-four hours without food or rest through new country fraught with unknown dangers. For five years they had made their home among those far-off mountains to the east, where with the eagles they had been overlords of fifty miles of tumbling peaks and valleys. Then, the previous midday, all within an hour, had come the inexplicable terror of the forest fire, which could neither be fought nor endured.

At first it had been but a faint haze veiling the sky; then a terrifying odor began to grow in the air, smarting the sensitive membranes of nose and eyes. It had awakened the puma pair from a much needed sleep, sent them weaving restlessly back and forth along the rocky ledge that fronted their den. As the haze settled upon the atmosphere it became increasingly difficult to breathe.

By mid-afternoon the sunlight had faded to a sulphury pallor; the jagged mountain slopes were bathed in a lurid light like the end of the world. A distant ominous moaning was in the air, at first like the roar of surf on a far-off shore, then magnifying in volume to a dull composite sound. By that time a furtive panic ran through



All this panic was communicated to the cougars, but they, last of all, gave way to the panic of flight.

all the forest world. As the cougars, growling low in their throats, swung their heads from side to side to determine the extent and meaning of the menace, a little band of deer had broken suddenly from cover a hundred yards below them and gone bounding away to the west, eyes distended, nostrils flaring.

The deer had hardly passed when a pair of gray foxes went by. Pausing in an open space to cast wary, anxious glances to the rear, they melted into the thickets, bellies to earth in desperate speed. Innumerable rabbits, marmots, and chipmunks were likewise streaking through the undergrowth, and running among them an occasional mink or weasel, wholly negligent of the chance for slaughter.

All this panic was communicated to the cougars, but they, last of all, gave way to the panic of flight. Nocturnal in all their habits, they craved rest in the dark recess of their den; likewise they had the cat tribe's aversion to travel. They whined anxiously as they paced, but not until the roar of the fire was interspersed with sharp cracklings like rifle fire and the air was filled with a white sifting ash did the pair turn in sudden panic and join the general flight.

FROM the top of a far distant crag they had turned and watched, awe-struck and fascinated, as the advancing flames leapt up and overwhelmed the rocky pinnacle upon which they had dwelt for years.

Thereafter the pair had bent their every energy toward putting the miles behind them. Now at the approach of dusk they found themselves at the head of the wild tumbling valley of the Mirimachi, far beyond reach of the fire.

From a pinnacle of rock they surveyed the surrounding valleys from which the blue dusk was beginning to well. The whole scene was eloquent of solitude, and the vespers of the crickets and nocturnal insects only made the stillness more complete. Presently both cats dropped to the ground and melted into the darkness that lived beneath the low spruce trees.

For a half hour or more all that was to be seen of them was four greenish balls of flame that did duty as eyes as the two beasts wended the dark. They were ravenous and they put all their skill in the stalk that night. Having found a well worn deer run, the big male sought an ambush behind a log, as was his custom, while the female circled far to drive the deer toward him down the wind.

They might have saved their cunning—even their stalking. Instead of a pair or two of weathered and wary bucks foraging alone, as was the usual thing at this time of summer, the she cougar started up a mixed herd of fifteen animals. The creatures were so utterly taken by surprise that it was evident they had never known the cruel hunting tactics of the cougar kind.

As they milled together snorting and whistling, the lioness was among them, cruel claws unsheathed, ivory fangs agleam. Her initial spring felled a fat doe, simultaneously breaking its neck, and before the herd had wholly scattered she made a second kill by launching herself upon the back of a plunging buck and ripping out his throat. As the carcass went slithering down the mountain slope the killer bounded free and lifted up her voice in an indescribable yell of savagery and blood lust that brought her mate streaking up the slope. It was the kill cry of the cougar kind that was soon to be heard nightly along the forested slopes and valleys of this new preserve which the two cats had thus officially taken over.

For an hour the pair gorged upon the fresh venison, drinking deeply of the warm blood to restore their spent

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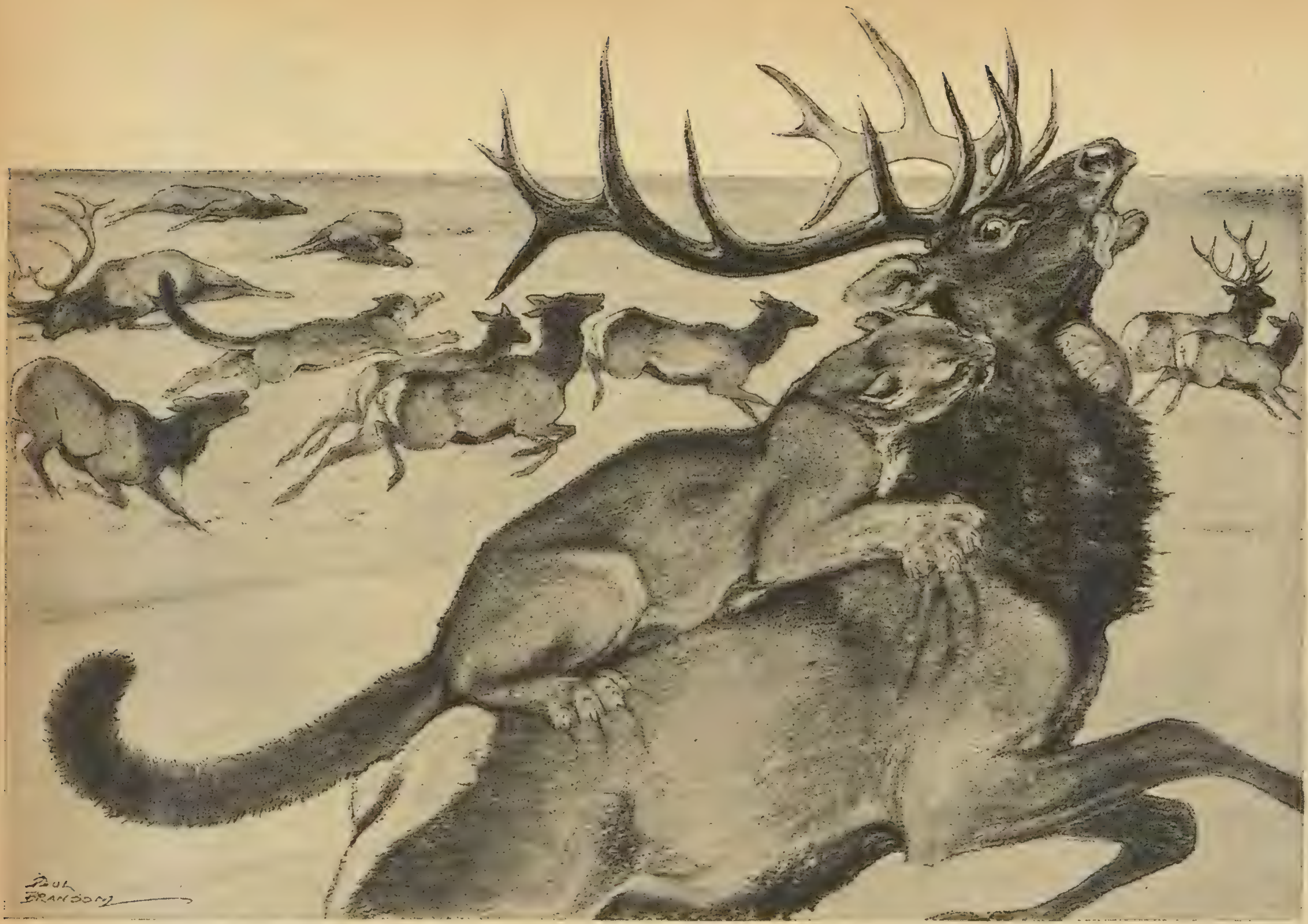

All had been killed by dislocation of the neck while in full flight, the cougars having ridden each victim to death.

DEER-SLAYER
Continued from page twenty-nine

tissues. Later as a young moon rose above the pine spires they climbed toward the rim rocks searching for a den in which to sleep off their blood drunk. They found it shortly, a deep cavelike fissure in the overhanging wall of a jutting cliff. Hidden from above, it was approachable only by a steep and narrow shelf along the cliff face, which none but a goat or a cat could navigate.

It was a natural stronghold wholly to their liking. For a half hour or more they primped, cleaned, licked, and tidied themselves, each other, and the floor of the new nest—because they were cats, and cats are a great deal like fussy old women when they aren't like fiends of the outer dark. Then they slept, the long, deep, recuperative sleep which the tense springs of their organisms required.

When they issued forth again the following dusk it was with a sense of well-being and growing proprietorship. They stood for a space outlined like bronze statues against the buttressed rocks of the cliff, gazing out across the valleys below. Then bounding nimbly along the shelf they disappeared among the pine shadows in the direction of the kills of the night before.

They intended to feed again on the carcasses from old habit, but even as they ate the chance of a fresh kill came—a warm scent wafting through the dark that told of deer feeding in the valley below. The big male, a shadow among denser shadows, crouched a moment and was not. Ten minutes later came the broken cry of a stricken deer and the kill cry of the lion.

Again they fed upon meat still warm and quivering, something like awe in their savage brains at the ease of the hunting in this bounteous land. They could not know, of course, that they had penetrated into one of the government's vast game preserves where all browsing beasts had thriven and multiplied during twenty years of guardianship and where such outlaws as they were ruthlessly exterminated. Having fed and drunk deeply at a sidehill spring, they spent the remainder of the night covering the countryside in ever-widening circles. For the next three nights they continued their tour of investigation, taking crafty stock of the new realm which extended over more than a thousand square miles of mountain and forest, and as they went they established themselves by deed and reputation as the new overlords of the region.

Luck continued to favor them in whatever direction they chose to foray. The variety of the game seemed legion; game moreover which showed complete ignorance of the cougars' sinister ways. Back in their old range they had considered themselves well off to average a deer a week. Now, night after night, both cats killed two or three times what they could consume, simply because the opportunity presented itself and in their blood ran memories of leanness and privation.

GRADUALLY the sense of vast well-being and dominance grew upon them. Their hunting expeditions took them farther and farther afield. Remarkable and terrible killing machines they were, the great male measuring more than nine feet from the tip of his padded tail to the cruel red gape of his mouth. In all the high country there were no hunters but would give them the trail on sight. They conquered the low-lying valleys as they had conquered the high peaks, and an insufferable arrogance grew upon them as they acquired new territory and found none to oppose them.

They had learned now past doubt that their scent, the dread scent of the carnivore and killer, which had put all game to flight in the old wilderness from which the fire had driven them, was all but unknown here. In their sheltered existence in this great natural park the herd of browsers had long depended upon their eyes as their truest safeguard. Hence they were not inclined to flee at an unfamiliar scent, and the cougars were able to approach almost to striking distance of their prey so long as they did not show themselves too quickly.

Stalking became a form of play, rather than a necessity. Often they went forth on a hunting expedition for the sake of the exercise alone, leaving the bulk of their kill behind for the meatbirds and lesser assassins of the undergrowth.

In a few weeks, true to feline character, they had turned into a pair of tyrants whose rule was the rule of fear and death, who harried the countryside for fifty miles around and knew no moderation. Nightly they voiced their triumphs to the mountain stars—harsh, coughing wauls that tore through the blackness, whelming the still, mountain-girt gulf of the valley, freezing in their tracks all the lesser creatures of the thickets—fox, rabbit, mink, and marmot.

The weeks drifted by and summer drew into fall with little change in the prodigal state of affairs. The cougars had come to love the new life past any telling by now. Memory is short-lived in wild things and they had all but forgotten they had ever known want. They were growing padded and lazy, about them a depth of sensuality and creature comfort that was noxious to witness.

At the beginning of the first fall snows the elk bands began to drift through the mountain passes from the north and east seeking the more sheltered western valleys for the coming winter. Here was new game to the cougars. They got scent of the first bands one afternoon from their den—a delicate, warm scent like deer, but richer. It was still faint, only a taint in the rare air that swept over their ridge. The lure of it drew the tawny hunters forth though it was broad daylight, and from a near-by ridge they watched flame-eyed the first stately herds winding their way over the divide. The click of hoofs on stone rose plainly to them in the appalling silence that dwelt on the heights.

FOR a space both cats were awed at the size and majesty of these tall stalking creatures, which evinced none of the caution or timidity of the deer tribe, but marched steadily forward looking neither to the right nor the left. Soon the strong scent of warm meat overruled that. The pair melted presently from sight, as only cougars can, amid the sparse mane of pine that furred the ridge. When next they showed it was as if they had leapt out of the ground in the very midst of the herd.

What devil of madness it is that prompts cat things—in particular cougars—to run amok in the midst of a herd of browsers is not apparent. At best it is minus all judgment and leads to no good; leads rather to inevitable death, as the killers themselves must sense at the time.

Down in the valley the voice of a bull elk was lifted in a hoarse whistling roar. The roar choked into sobbing coughs, followed hard by thunderous scurryings and thrashings as of things happening. Ensued a riotous stampede which died away in the distance, interspersed as it faded with groans and bleating bellows, and anon from afar off two high-pitched cat screams split the breeze like the malevolent squalling of an infuriated hag. Then silence, and along the high valley floor for the space of nearly a mile seven bloody carcasses of full-grown elk lay strewn in grotesque attitudes. All had been killed by dislocation of the neck while in full flight, the cougars having ridden each victim to death, bounding free of one pitching body to fasten leechlike to the back of another.

That night the rare stillness of the high country was troubled and made miserable by forlorn wails and yappings as the coyotes of the lowlands, drawn by the blood taint in the air, bickered over the kills. And with the dawn the scavengers still tarried, dividing their quarreling amid an ever-increasing flock of meatbirds, while in their den near by the cougars stirred uneasily in their blood-drunken slumber, and not alone because of the sounds without.

They had departed, and knew it, from the protective routine of normality. A saturnalia of killing such as they had set in motion was necessarily hazardous and short-lived, and nature, who fosters no monsters for all her seeming ruthlessness, was already moving swiftly to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Hold that hair line•

Hair beginning to recede? A bit thin over the temples? Take warning! You're losing your hair line, and with it goes your youthful appearance.

But you've still got a chance to hold your hair line, if you just follow this simple routine. Once a week apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp and give the scalp a thorough workout. Massage with the tips of the fingers, round and round, working from neck and temples up to the crown of the head. By the time you get through you can fairly feel your whole scalp tingle.

And this easy treatment, followed by your usual shampoo, is all you need, because the Tonic cleanses and lubricates and the massage loosens the scalp and stimulates the circulation of nourishing blood to the hair roots. Try it tonight, before you lose another hair!

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HAIR
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The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Two sizes of shaker top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York, New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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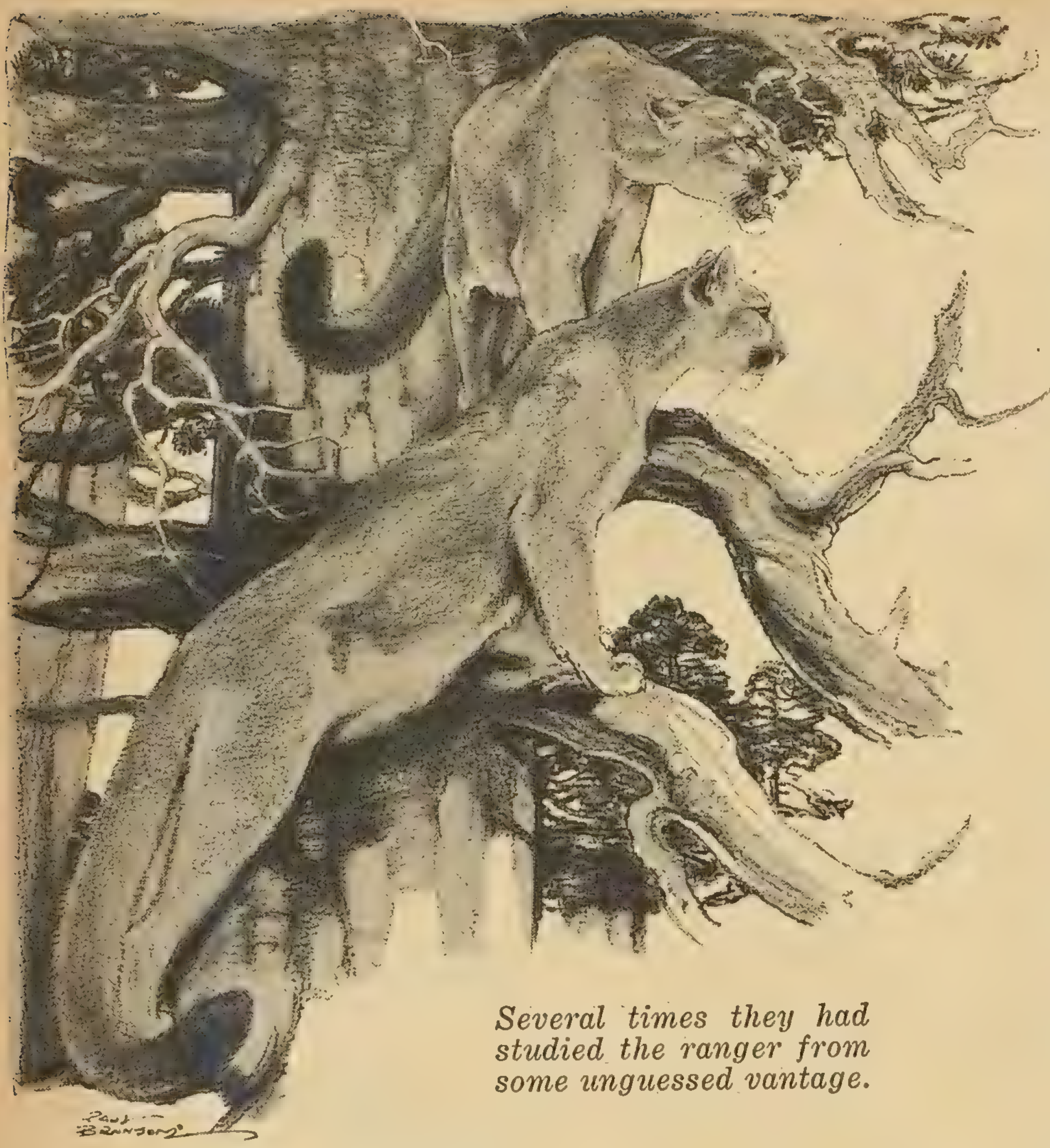

Several times they had studied the ranger from some unguessed vantage.

DEER-SLAYER
Continued from page thirty-one

remove the killers from circulation, so to speak. The meatbirds, flocking for a hundred miles to the feast, black specks against the cloudless sky, were the dots and dashes of her Morse code, flashing a dire message for the eyes of all the world.

It was no later than the following afternoon that the cougar pair, which had killed and hunted for more than five years unhampered, discovered that they were being hunted in turn. They were stealing forth before their usual hour to wreak more havoc among the elk bands when they crossed the fresh trail of a man.

AT the sharp human scent which stood for their one dangerous enemy in all the wilderness, the ears of both cats were plastered flat against their skulls in instinctive defiance. Guilt and instinct seemed to whisper to them even then what lay ahead. That the man was on their own trail there seemed little doubt. For years they had fortuitously escaped all contact with humans, but they knew men and had no desire whatever to try conclusions with them. Their long dog fangs bared in sullen rage.

Because of the new trail their hunting that night was sketchy, and for the first time on the new range their kill cry was not raised, for many of their favorite trails were redolent with the touch and presence of the new enemy. Later they came upon the patch of spruce where the man had made his camp and viewed the spot from many different angles out of pale moon eyes. Long before their usual hour that morning they were back in their den for the day.

. . . . .

Nat Marshall, park game warden, was tired, pack-sore, and out of sorts. For ten days now he had been in the open, tracking with dogged persistence the pair of newcomers in his preserve, whose ways were the ways of drifting cloud shadows, who had for speech the shriek of untamed devils. And though he had watched and watched by many a trail, and sown the district with traps and poisoned carcasses, it had so far netted him exactly nothing. Unless one counted a fleeting vision he had once gotten, or thought he had gotten, of one of the big cats at dusk of a certain night—a dim, half-guessed shadow in the fickle light.

It had been behind him as he made his way through some dense timber to his camping place, and the vision had been accompanied by a queer sensation along his spine that had made his blond hair sit up.

Marshall had become increasingly piqued and puzzled by the situation. Not for years had any major killers been known within the limits of this game refuge. But this pair of outlaws on whose trail he was camped were rapidly depopulating the preserve of all wild life save that of the predatory persuasion.

THE ranger had been drawn originally from his headquarters twelve miles distant by the sight of buzzards flocking to feast on the discarded kills of the two cougars. Since then, despite his presence in the vicinity, the slaughter had continued and all the man's craft and cunning had been mocked by the killers.

Daily Marshall had come upon the mangled carcasses of deer or elk that had been quickly done to death and left lying with but a few bites taken from them, but catch a glimpse of the cougars he could not.

He knew there were two of the marauders by the signs in the new snow. Often he had been aware of them near by, had felt them, heard the warning sounds of birds and squirrels at their passing, then come upon some carcass still warm with life. The trails were full of history, for stalking with these beasts was more than a word, it was a finished science. As each day brought fresh evidence of the uncanny boldness and cunning of the outlaws a deep disgust for himself and his woodcraft settled upon Marshall.

As for the cougars, their original panic had abated. They had learned that the man, though undoubtedly out on their trail, was easy of evasion, and hatred and a malign curiosity had taken the place of their initial fear. Several times they had studied the ranger from some unguessed vantage with the pale green light of murder playing in their eyes, that bottomless hatred that is in the eyes of all cats, even the fireside tabby. Also they had watched his camp at night when a bright little fire lighted the small pyramid of a khaki tent.

Marshall, however, was never in danger. For all their lethal venom, the one part frenzied courage could never quite command the other nine parts sheer cowardice which goes to make up cougar nature. So the days drew out into two full weeks with still no vantage whatever on the part of the ranger. He had about decided to go down to the foothill town and gather a dog pack, a business which the woodsman in him loathed, when the chance he had awaited so long took him almost unprepared.

He was sitting late one afternoon on a brush-grown slope overlooking the valley, pipe in mouth, on his face that impassive serenity of the man who has learned to wait a whole morning without moving for a fox to leave its burrow, or a whole night for a doe to come down to drink. On the morrow, he decided, he would trek down to the settlement, having acknowledged him-

self defeated to date. He could not remain much longer in the open at any rate, for winter would soon close in.

Suddenly his pipe dropped from his mouth and clattered on a stone at his feet. A faint sound down the slope had snapped his senses to full alertness. Abruptly the biggest cougar he had ever seen slipped shadowlike across a cleared space forty yards below him.

Quick as light itself the rifle had leapt to Marshall's shoulder, but just too late. Then, just as he was lowering it, a second cougar, a trifle smaller, showed momentarily. Nat's aim and the report were instantaneous. He saw the cat give a great loose leap and knew by the manner it fell he had scored. With a thrill of exultation he plunged down the slope.

From that hour on the affair became a swift, grim war between the ranger and the big male cat which was left: the one, superperfect master of woodcraft and slaying; the other, whose claw and fang were trap and rifle. It lasted over two more months and it was a duel such as neither of the contestants had ever fought before. Every thought and every move that either made by day or by night became a vital part of the game.

Encouraged over the killing of the female cougar, Marshall had counted confidently on ending the matter in a few more days, but he had figured without reckoning the measure of his other antagonist. For the big male was no ordinary cougar, as the ranger rapidly learned.

WITH the death of his mate, his craft and audacity seemed tripled. Half his caution had been for her at any rate—the third mate he had seen killed in his long war with man and civilization—and the favorite of them all. It had been his cunning that had saved her so long from Marshall's traps. Now he would never mate again, for he was old. The span of life that remained to him would be an unrelenting battle; he knew it well, but a desperate ferocity had taken the place of fear within him.

Such a thing happens among the cougar kind at certain times under certain conditions, and when it does there is no more terrible beast in all the wilderness, for savagery which has broken the barriers of cowardice is insensate. Like many a human outlaw with the ultimate price on his head, he overstepped all bounds, as if with a knowledge that his time was short.

At first he had thought of putting the region far behind him, but that uncertainty was too great. The deer forests he loved were all too scarce, and his old range he knew was gone. The world was full of enemies for such as he, who was feared and hated by every furred and feathered thing. True, the danger here was great, but the strong, rich feeding on fresh-killed venison tempted him beyond all

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

It's about time you knew the truth about the difference in Laxatives

THERE are different laxatives in the world. They have different names. They are composed differently. They act differently. Now, what do you know about them? What do you know about the laxative YOU are using?

Let's see what doctors say:

HERE are a few of the requirements that doctors set down as important about laxatives:

A laxative should limit its action to the intestines.

It should not rush the food through the stomach—disturbing the digestive processes.

A laxative should be safe—and not be absorbed by the system.

A laxative should be mild and gentle in action. It should not irritate and over-stimulate the intestines—which would weaken the natural functions.

It should not form a habit.

It should not gripe.

Is there such a laxative?

THERE is! And it's Ex-Lax. Ex-Lax is an exclusive scientific formula for the relief of constipation—pleasantly and effectively. The only medicinal ingredient of Ex-Lax is phenolphthalein—a laxative that is recognized by the medical profession internationally, and that checks on every point a doctor looks for in a laxative.

And it is the special Ex-Lax way of combining delicious chocolate with the phenolphthalein—in the right quality, the right proportion, the right dose—that accounts for the fine results millions are getting from Ex-Lax.

Helping Nature to help herself

EX-LAX acts by gently stimulating the bowels to action—naturally, but surely. It exercises the intestines—it does not "whip" them! It does not gripe—nor form a habit.

Ex-Lax melts in the mouth, releasing the phenolphthalein gradually—important for best results.

Ex-Lax is a laxative that for 24 years has brought relief and comfort into millions of homes. If you are taking the wrong kind of laxative now, you owe it to yourself to try Ex-Lax. You will never change to another laxative again.

Your druggist sells Ex-Lax in 10c, 25c and 50c boxes. Or mail the coupon below for a free sample.

First step in treating a COLD

CLEAN out your system with Ex-Lax. It relieves your body of the poisonous waste matter. Yet it does not weaken, neither does it disturb digestion.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

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Brooklyn, N. Y.

Kindly send me the free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name..........

Address..........

City.......... *State*..........

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

—an exclusive formula of phenolphthalein and delicious chocolate—*forming the perfect laxative*

Quickly—stop his cough!...S. B. Cough Drops are fine for children's throats. They give gentle, mild medication.

FOR THROAT PROTECTION

Let Johnny take along a box of S. B. Cough Drops. They protect his throat against raw winds, cold weather—and his own enthusiasm for slush and snow.

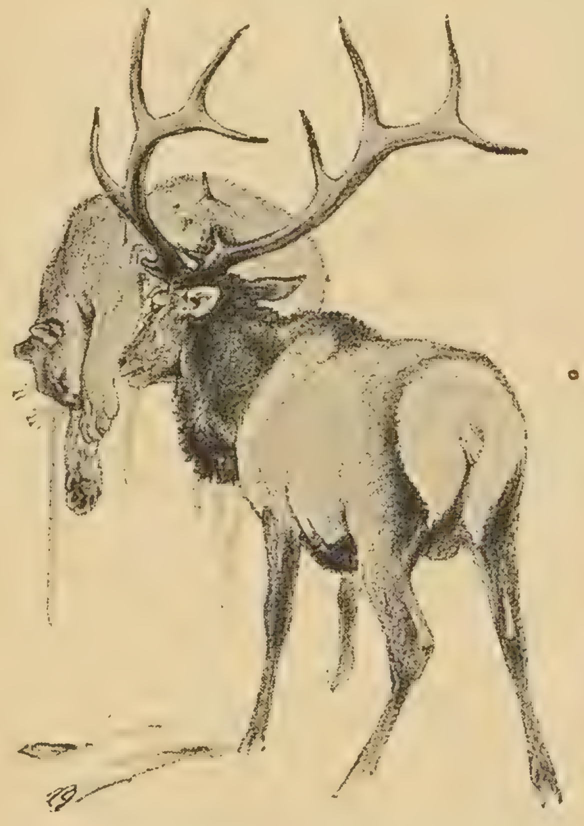
FOR PURE CANDY

Do youngsters like them? Just try, once! A favorite confection since 1847.

TWO KINDS
S. B. BLACK
& MENTHOL
SMITH BROTHERS' S.B. COUGH DROPS
TRADE
MARK
S.B. COUGH DROPS
5¢

DEER-SLAYER
Continued from page thirty-three

else. The breathless stalks that turned his blood to liquid fire with excitement; the chase and final pounce with the victim coughing out its dying breath as he ripped and tore. Then the long, full-fed slumber that followed. It was that for which he had been ordained—for which he lived.



An old bull lifted aloft the thing that was left and tossed it wrathfully amid the thickets.

So his killings continued after the death of his mate, and the manner of them was, if anything, more deadly and insensate than before. But there was this difference: he never killed twice in the same locality now; never slept near a kill, nor remained longer than two days in the same vicinity. Nor did he follow any of the old trails. Instead he made his own trails, leading the hunt in great forty-mile circles among the peaks in a manner perfectly designed to wear down his enemy's persistence.

But Nat Marshall came of a stubborn breed; also his pride was piqued. He had packed a skin-lined tent up on to the range, determined to have the slayer's pelt at any cost.

But with all his killing effort it was not booked for Marshall to win. Nature, having entered the game some time before, held the bigger hand, as nature generally does. An orgy such as the big cougar had entered upon was necessarily suicidal, and nature utilized it as a means in itself toward the balancing of her unknown scores.

ONE late afternoon after the second snow, cold, dank, and dumb because of gathering storm clouds close over the mountains, the cougar was reclining in one of his favorite resting places deep in the gnarled embrace of an ancient spruce whose matted branches overlapped. It was high up on a densely wooded slope overlooking a steep-walled glen; one of many such lookouts which he chose according to the wind.

Screened from above and on two sides, he could look out across the rugged pent-in valley to the mist-mantled peak across the way, looming incredibly vast, black, and distorted in gray space, and down along thousand-foot ramps to the valley bed. The mountain slope so close beneath him acted, as a mountain will, like a vast sounding board, a ground telegraph which warned such ears as his of any stir of life for hundreds of yards around.

He wore just now a tomcat smile expressing omnivorous contentment, and he was purring gently and withal a bit horribly, having just awakened from a long sleep. An old moon was already poking up above the peaks, showing palely through drifting cloud.

Afar a coyote presently sounded his first faint taps, cue for all questionable characters who lived without the law. The cougar dropped from his branch with a rubbery, silent undulation, crouched, and was not. He had simply melted into nothing, like a spook—vanished.

THOUGH he undoubtedly traversed the slope in the usual manner, his going was surreptitious as temptation's own shadow. There was neither sign nor sound to advertise him till anon a half-guessed blotch, long, brown, and low, grew out of a denser blotch in the fickle light of the glen bottom. For a long time he crouched there moistening his black cleft nose.

Just ahead a band of elk was bunched for the night in an open glade. The ground telegraph had told him that some minutes back. From the first these elk bands had worked a threefold fascination on the great cat, primarily because they were strange to him—a new kind of game; also because of their unprecedented size and belligerence. There was a vast sense of power in triumphing over one of these tall beasts; likewise their meat was stronger, richer than any deer's. . . . A snake could not have slid flatter than he as he inched toward them upwind, in his cruel flat head the anticipation of another fierce, mad slaughter.

As I have said, he knew little or nothing as yet of the ways of the elk and so did not take note of the fact that the yard in which the herd had clustered was flanked on one side by a rock cliff and on a second side by dense low timber, and even if he had he would have thought nothing of it. Therefore when he launched like a streak of tawny light into the midst of the band and felled a sleek cow, he was filled with sheer amazement when no headlong flight ensued. Followed instead a blasting and whistling from several big bulls, as the herd began to bunch, exactly as buffaloes bunch when a tiger comes out of the night.

The attack had come along the one pathway of escape; perhaps they felt mindlessly that they were cornered. At any rate, they had mysteriously elected to turn upon the killer, and the massed turning of such beasts is not a thing of delight to the recipient. It is a question of being beaten into a smudge, or removing not slowly.

The cougar removed, or tried to, leaping upon the crowding backs of the herd, clawing and slashing whistling wicked slashes as he went, and swearing beneath his whiskers. Never had those frowning, solemn mountains, those grim and aged peaks, beheld such a tableau as that which followed in the glen bottom—with the eternal hills for a back drop, the risen moon for limelight. It was more than tableau, it was drama—a fight to the death in which an ancient feud was being settled for good and all. A wilderness vengeance, infinitely patient, had caught up with a murderer at last.

There are many hunters and not a few keepers in park zoos who will tell you that, once thoroughly aroused, the timid, hunted folk of the cloven hoof become more terrible adversaries than any carnivores; and it is wholly true, for a mindless obsession takes them over at such times. The great cougar had long been a mighty hunter before the Lord, and this night the hunting was all that the grimmest killer could have asked. But for once the odds were turned the other way.

TWICE the cougar gained the open beyond the milling ranks. The first time the slashing hoof of a bull smashed him back to earth with two staved ribs; the second time he streaked for cover, but misjudged directions in the flurry. The herd, inflamed as one by now, were but a yard behind his flanks, with a pounding of maddened hoofs that was like the clatter of falling waters. They cut him off in a recess between the cliff and a boulder mass that was choked with ancient windfalls. Long ago nature must have conspired with the elements to arrange that spot.

The killer sprang high, but not even he could scale that barrier. He doubled upon himself as he slipped back, fiery-eyed, and fell fighting amid a mass of tossing horns and eyeballs rolling white with murder. He fought then as he had never fought before, and it must be said that he made the most of the minutes that were left; but it was the strange and unknowable spirit of the herd itself that was against him that night—a spirit bent on stamping out this enemy of all their kind incarnate.

And so they did; and when they were done an old and weathered bull lifted aloft the thing that was left and tossed it wrathfully amid the thickets. There it was that the crows discovered it, and it was the crows who led Nat Marshall to the hidden spot next morning.

THE END

If You are Over-Fat
Consult Your Doctor

Modern physicians are reducing millions in this right way . . . . . . No starvation

Scientific Reduction

We used to think that excess fat was always due to over-eating, under-exercise. We know better now.

Science has found that a great cause of excess fat lies in a defective gland. That gland largely controls nutrition. Its secretion should change food to fuel—the very impulse of life and vim. When it falls down, all activity is weakened, and too much food goes to fat.

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One result is an abnormal figure, blighted beauty, added age. Another is reduced vitality, another a shortened life. No heart, without vast over-tax, can feed that extra flesh. So all who know want slender figures, but want them in the right way.

So doctors, the world over, now supply what that weakened gland fails to supply. You can see the results wherever you look, Excess fat has been fast disappearing. Slender figures are the vogue. People keep younger, more vital. The great reason is this discovery which helps a gland.

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Marmola prescription tablets embody that discovery in a superior way. They are prepared by a world-famed medical laboratory to combat the average over-fat condition in an ideal way.

People have used Marmola for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told others, and the use has spread. Now Marmola holds the pedestal place as a treatment for obesity. The fallacious treatments have largely disappeared.

Marmola presents you, in an economical way, what doctors the world over are now using.

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Try Marmola. All druggists supply it at $1 a box. Each box contains the formula and the reasons for results. Watch the daily reduction, watch the new vim. When you get what you wish—what you envy—please tell others about it. This will be a happier world when all folks know Marmola.

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SCENERY, SMILES,

And a Kind Word for Mr. Cromwell

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

Robert Armstrong and Louis Wolheim in what might be called a gripping situation. They're in the railroad melodrama, Danger Lights.

(Reading time: 7 min. 45 sec.)

★ ★ ★ DANGER LIGHTS

CAST

Dan Thorn	Louis Wolheim
Larry Doyle	Robert Armstrong
Mary Ryan	Jean Arthur
Ed Ryan	Frank Sheridan
Engineer	Robert Edeson

Produced by Radio.
Directed by George B. Seitz.

THE Spoor-Berggren Wide Screen Stereoscopic process was used in filming Danger Lights, and in so far as the wide screen processes are concerned this seems to me to be the most successful. The first shot shows a railroad train steaming through the mountains, and it will take you back to the earliest days of the motion picture—if you can remember that far back—when you got a thrill by imagining that you were riding on the observation platform of a fast train. There is more to this picture than the photography, however. It is a fine railroad melodrama, interestingly directed, and very well acted by four of the principals in the cast: Wolheim, who is always to be depended on for good characterization, Jean Arthur and Robert Armstrong, who make a sympathetic pair of lovers, and Frank Sheridan, who adds a bit of atmosphere to the railroaders as a retired engineer.

Accompanying Danger Lights on the same program is a short scenic of Niagara made by the same Spoor-Berggren process, and while you may have seen many pictures of the falls before, you have never seen any like this. The stereoscopic effect is most beautiful. Besides the grand sweep of the falls there is a natural coloring of the water that makes it seem very realistic.

Congratulations to the originators of this new process and to Conrad Luperti, who photographed this lovely bit of scenery!

★ ★ ★ TOM SAWYER

CAST

Tom Sawyer	Jackie Coogan
Huckleberry Finn	Junior Durkin
Becky Thatcher	Mitzi Green
Schoolmaster	Lucien Littlefield
Muff Potter	Tully Marshall
Aunt Polly	Clara Blandick
Joe Harper	Dick Winslow
Injun Joe	Charles Stevens

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by John Cromwell.

I'm beginning to think there isn't a better director in the business than John Cromwell. It's never anything but a good picture when he's in charge of the production. His direction of Mark Twain's classic story makes it a photoplay to delight the hearts of boys and girls, and their parents, too.

The three principals, Jackie Coogan, Junior Durkin, and Mitzi Green, seem perfectly natural in the parts they play. It is a long time since we've seen Jackie Coogan and, although he's changed a lot, he is still a good little actor. He seems to live and breathe Tom Sawyer.

That three's a crowd is proved once again by this scene from Tom Sawyer, enacted by Jackie Coogan, Mitzi Green, and (above) Junior Durkin.

Junior Durkin is an appealing Huck Finn, and Mitzi, who hasn't as much to do as the boys, is as cute as ever, even though she's such a different-looking Mitzi with her long golden curls, and is more demure than impish.

The fun of the story is balanced by the melodrama of the murder in the graveyard, and the chase by Injun Joe in the cave. This is a good picture for the entire family to see.

SUSPENSE

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

★ ★ PAID

CAST

Mary Turner	Joan Crawford
Joe Garson	Robert Armstrong
Agnes Lynch	Marie Prevost
Bob	Kent Douglass
Inspector Burke	John Miljan
Edward Gilder	Purnell B. Pratt
District Attorney	Hale Hamilton
Cassidy	Robert Emmet O'Connor
Eddie Griggs	Tyrrell Davis

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by Sam Wood.

Bayard Veiller's play, Within the Law, hich served Jane Cowl so well as a arring vehicle for a season or two, is ow serving Joan Crawford as well. Joan's Mary Turner is, I think, the best thing she has ever done on the screen.

The play, although written many years ago, doesn't seem a bit old-fashioned, which, I think, is due to the clever direction of Mr. Wood and to the appropriate dialogue written by Charles MacArthur.

Joan Crawford is supported by a splendid cast, with Robert Armstrong, Marie Prevost, and John Miljan doing exceptionally good work. Kent Douglass is a newcomer, but he shows great promise. It is a thrilling melodrama with the suspense sustained to the very end.

The tense talkie, Paid, puts Joan Crawford and Kent Douglass before you in the scene shown above.

Loretta Young as she looks in The Truth About Youth.

Evelyn Brent and Robert Ames in Madonna of the Streets.

★ ★ THE TRUTH ABOUT YOUTH

CAST

Phyllis Ericson	Loretta Young
Richard Dane, the Imp	David Manners
Richard Carewe	Conway Tearle
Col. Graham	J. Farrell MacDonald
Horace Palmer	Harry Stubbs
Mrs. Ericson	Myrtle Stedman
Kara, the Firefly	Myrna Loy

Produced by First National.
Directed by William A. Seiter.

Why Henry Esmond's play, When We Were Twenty-One, had to be rechristened with this terrible title I don't know. But such is Hollywood's way with picture titles. It is an amusing little comedy and fairly well played. Loretta Young is beautiful, but her acting is too unfinished for a part which requires her to carry most of the dialogue and which makes her the center of the action.

★ MADONNA OF THE STREETS

CAST

May	Evelyn Brent
Morton	Robert Ames
Slumgullion	Ivan Linow
Marion	Josephine Dunn
Clark	J. Edwards Davis
Kingsley	Richard Tucker

Produced by Columbia.
Directed by John Roberton.

W. B. Maxwell's novel has been made into a photoplay that is not distinguished by one unusual touch. The story is unbelievable and the acting is only fair. When a story lacks credibility it is awfully hard for an actor to do anything with a part, so neither Robert Ames nor Evelyn Brent are in their usual form in this picture.

Do you know that—

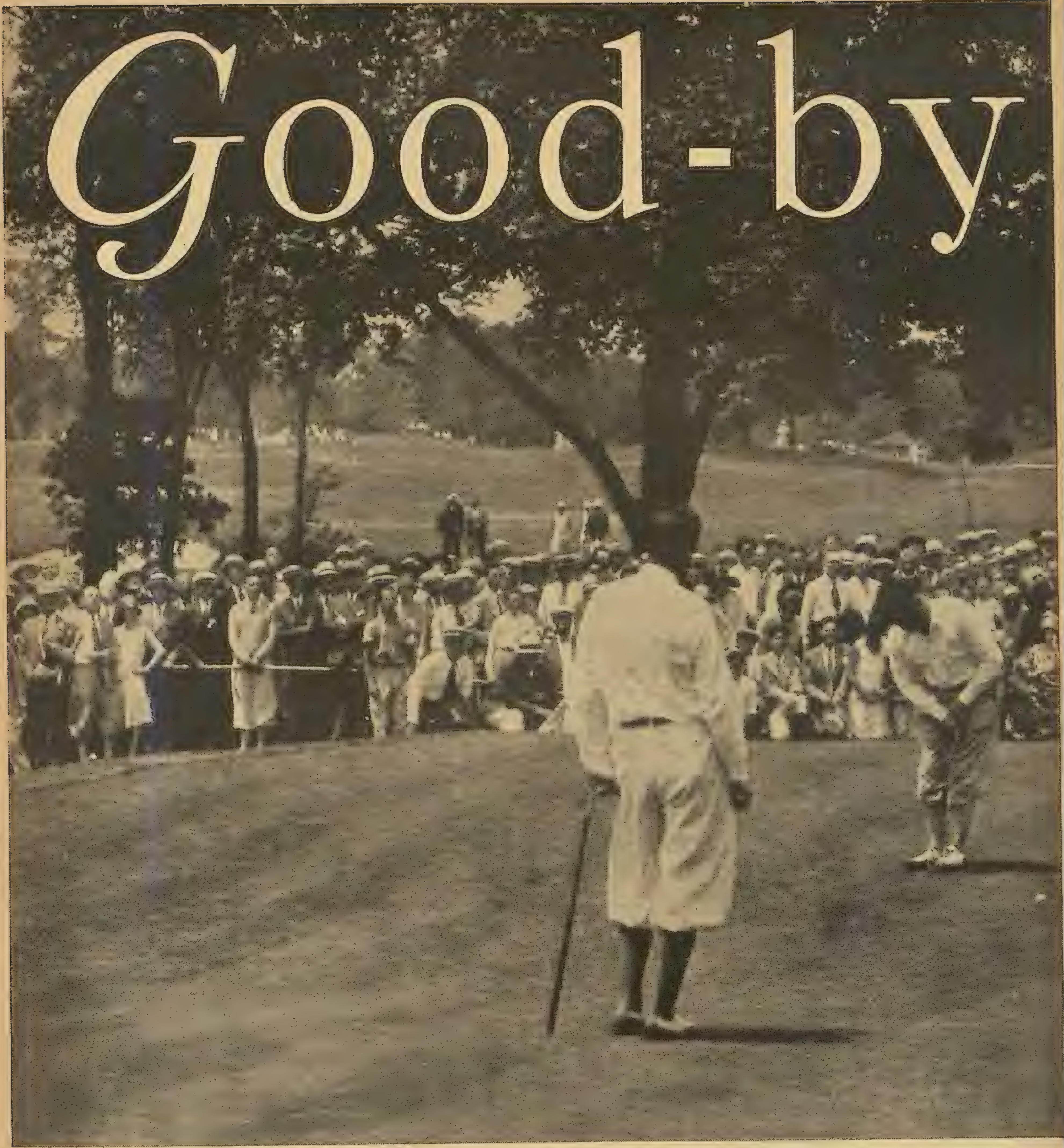
Norma Shearer, who not long ago gave birth to a son, has returned to the Metro lot and is preparing to start work on her next starring picture, which is entitled Strangers May Kiss? . . . Charlie Chaplin is to wear the historic trousers, the funny shoes, and the crazy little derby in City Lights that he has worn in his other pictures? City Lights will be done in pantomime, but it will have sound effects?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—None.

★★★—The Devil to Pay, The Blue Angel, The Princess and the Plumber, One Heavenly Night, Viennese Nights, Lightnin', Min and Bill.

Good-by



Jones putting on the eighteenth green at Winged Foot, Mamaroneck, New York. When this picture was snapped, on

The World's Champion Tells of His Career from 1927

By BOBBY JONES

(Reading time: 16 minutes 17 seconds.)

BY the time Bobby Jones had reached the season of 1929, which he describes in this article, he was sitting on top of the golfing world, but there were plenty of competitors willing to nudge him off.

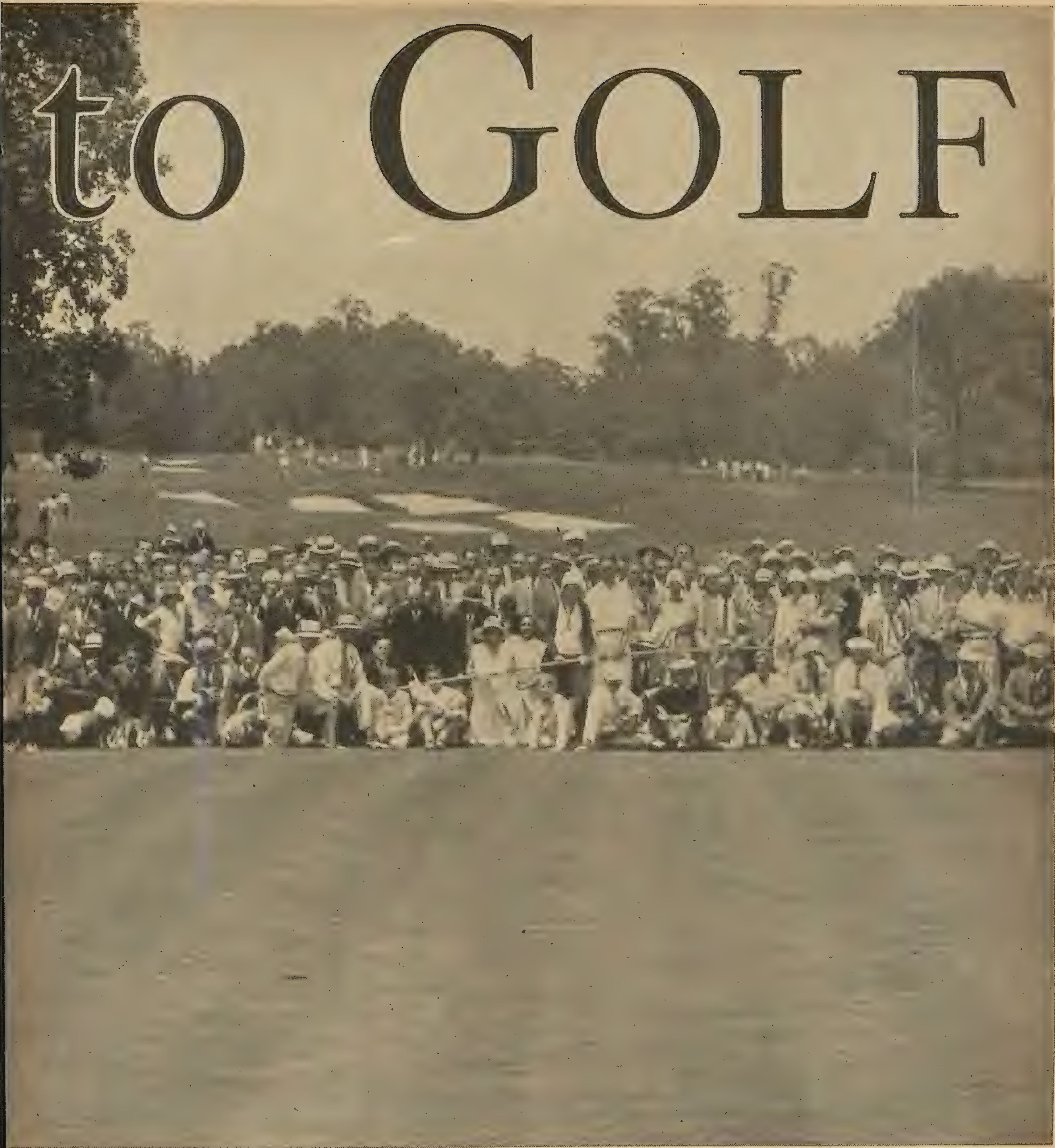
He has told of achieving his ambition to hold six national championships in succession; now he adds a seventh.

But he doesn't go unscathed, thanks to Johnny Goodman, who enters the Hall of Fame via Pebble Beach.

PART THREE—WINGED FOOT AND PEBBLE BEACH

IT seems the hardest thing in major golf competition is to win the United States open championship and then come back and win the national amateur. In 1929 I had my third shot at this record, established by Chick Evans in 1916, and accomplished my most noteworthy

to GOLF



June 27, 1929, he was finishing the first round of the tournament with a 69 against Emmet French of Youngstown, O. P. & A. photo

to 1930, and Why He Is Quitting the Tournament Game

as Told to O. B. KEELER

bust in the endeavor. On the face of it, the problem doesn't look so tough. You accumulate a lot of prestige winning the national open. Everybody then expects you to take the amateur, " in your stride," they all say. I had my first chance in 1923, after winning the open at Inwood, and my " stride " at Flossmoor was more in the nature of a stumble. I lost in the second round to Max Marston, though I should say for Max that he was playing some remarkable golf and I didn't have to do a lot of stumbling to lose a match in which Max was 5 under par for the last nineteen holes. I worked around to the same opening again in 1926, when I had won both the British and the American open titles. This time, at Baltusrol, everybody seemed especially sure I was going to make the

[CON[illegible]ED ON NEXT PAGE]

GOOD-BY TO GOLF
Continued from page thirty-nine

grade. And I did get to the very last round, where George Von Elm outplayed me conclusively in a corking match.

I led off, in the latter part of June, 1929, by gaining the American open at Winged Foot—once more with a play-off—and as I had no other serious golf that season except the national amateur at Pebble Beach, everything looked as propitious as possible.

So I went all the way out to California and put on the prize bust of my career, losing in the first round to Johnny Goodman.

I really felt pretty confident of matching Chick's record when I went to Pebble Beach. I had scraped through at Winged Foot by the grace of God, you might say; and the amateur didn't look as drastic as usual, though you never can regard it as a push-over. I suppose golf is different from most other individual competitions. In boxing, for example, I can understand a competitor feeling really confident when he knows he is "right." He has only one opponent, and in boxing, as in tennis, if he is on his game and happens to be a shade better than the other fellow, why, he doesn't let the other fellow play *his* game.

BUT in golf, all you can do is to play your own game. You can't do anything to keep the other fellow from holing explosion shots out of bunkers or sticking a long iron up against the flag, or running down a forty-foot putt. In the amateur, there is always an excellent chance that one of your five opponents may be extremely hot; and in the open—well, you are up against 150 in that tournament, all at once, and there's no telling how many may be running a temperature.

Wide World
Jones in a characteristic pose, studying a shot. The picture was taken at Pebble Beach.

Thus golf is different from most other individual competitive games, and I can say honestly that I never went into any major competition in a confident frame of mind. Sometimes I felt less confident than others—that's the difference.

But having scraped through the American open, I did feel that I had a better chance than usual at Pebble Beach. We will come to that later.

The national open of 1929, over Mr. Tillinghast's pet course, Winged Foot, found me playing pretty decently in practice; well enough, indeed, so that I took a day off on Wednesday and rested instead of playing one or two more rounds before the show started.

P. & A. photo
A champion's form. Jones at the finish of a full iron shot at Winged Foot.

Winged Foot, I should say, is preëminently a second-shot course, like Oakmont and in contradistinction to Olympia Fields, at which [illegible] a long and accurate drive is needed if you are going to score.

Winged Foot is not a severe course from the tee. But no matter how well you are driving, the design is such that your second shots at the longer holes must be extremely accurate and kept well under control. The greens are small and the trapping is beautiful—as long as you manage to stay out of its clutches. There is no comforting fringe of grass about the edges to save your ball from trickling off into a bunker on a fairly good shot. The rims of those bunkers are smooth as a billiard ball, and when you see your shot easing over toward one you'd as well haul out the trusty niblick and hope it will be trusty.

ONE feature of Winged Foot favored me a lot. There were no really short holes. I had lost a lot of shots in previous championships to competitors who were better with the pitching clubs than I, and there were plenty of them at that time. The boys were accustomed to canning deuces against me at these cunning little mashie-niblick holes, while I was working for 3s and picking up an occasional 4—or 5. I never seemed to collect many 2s in the big tournaments. After Winged Foot, when I had played in ten United States open championships—thus having had opportunities for 2s in forty rounds, or at 160 par-3 holes—Innis Brown looked up the record and discovered that I had acquired precisely five 2s.

This certainly is pretty sour in 160 chances. Johnny Farrell, for example, shot three deuces at me in the thirty-six holes of our play-off the previous year. I had none against him, and only one in the preceding competition, of seventy-two holes—and that was at the eighth hole, a good long spoon shot.

At Winged Foot, however, the four one-shot holes measured for the tournament 225 yards, 180 yards, 200 yards, and 230 yards; not a pitch-shotter in the round. And I figured that I'd have a rather better chance against the pitching experts on a course innocent of that type of hole. As it turned out, and for the first time in years, I played the one-shotters about as well as anybody—excepting the first one, of 225 yards—and it was at a couple of medium-length two-shotters that I was so near to spilling the beans in the last round.

My final practice was in a little match with Gene Sarazen against Leo Diegel and Bill Mehlhorn, and I did a 71 with a couple of mistakes and some good putting in it. Leo said he never had seen me hitting the ball so well, and I never had seen Sarazen hitting the ball worse. I think he was as bad as 80. This goes to show how little pre-tournament form may count in the competition, for Gene came on his game suddenly and was in the race right up to the wire, finishing two strokes back of the lead, while Neal McIntyre, with a 69 in his last practice round, used 166 strokes in his first two rounds and was out of the tournament.

I STARTED the show with a ghastly exhibition on the first and third holes. At the first, a long par 4, I was trapped with my second, barely out with the third, and then took three putts for a wretched 6. I nearly holed a six-foot putt for a birdie 3 at the second, taking a par 4 somewhat grudgingly, and missed the green at the 225-yard third. The ball was in a bunker and my blast was soft. I finally reached the green in 3, took two putts, and the 5 cost me two more strokes to par; I was 4 strokes in the hole as I stood on the fourth tee of the first round. And yet it turned out to be the first round in an American open in which I broke 70.

You can't tell about golf. The best you can do is to follow the example of the Old Master, Harry Vardon. Early in his career, Harry learned one thing well: whatever happened, the only thing to do was to *keep on hitting the ball.*

Sometimes it will suddenly start rolling for you.

As that 120-foot putt at the long fifth hole at St. Andrews, in the first round of the British open of 1927, started me on the way to a 68, so the fifth hole at Winged Foot gave me a boost.

THIS hole is a par 5, of 514 yards, and they are pretty long yards. I had a really big drive there and used a spoon for the second, reaching the green, forty feet from the stick. When that putt disappeared for an eagle 3, I felt for the first time that I might have a good round coming up.

I managed par the rest of the nine and was 38, two strokes over the card. Then one of those funny strings of 3s came along.

I had five of them in a row, one an eagle at the 497-yard twelfth, where a big drive and a No. 3 iron left me twenty feet from the flag and the putt went down. I was bunkered at the thirteenth, a one-shotter of 230 yards, but a niblick blast left the ball a yard from the hole and I had another 3. The last one came at the fourteenth, a hole of 376 yards.

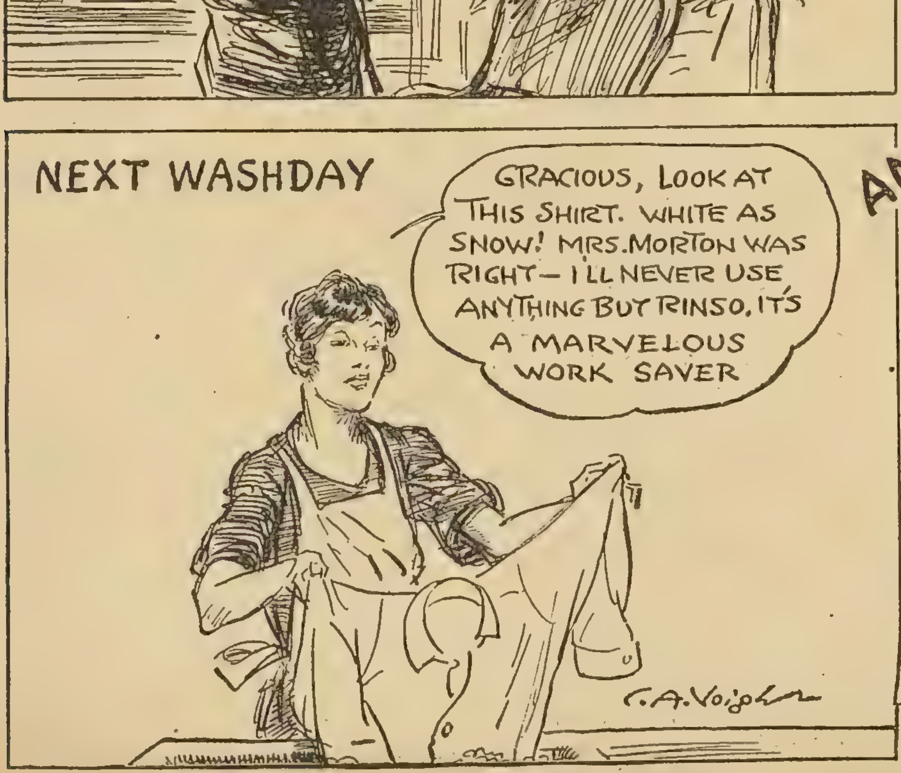
Here I made the best shot of the round, after a badly pulled drive to the deep rough. It was a hacking sort of shot with a spade; the ball stopped five yards from the flag, and I holed the putt. Then I went 4-4-4-4 the rest of the way, for a 31 on the nine, and a card of 69—my best thus far in the United States open.

This was not by any means the best round of the tournament, however. Playing in a hard rain on the second day, which cost me a very hard 75, George Von Elm turned in a card of 70; perhaps the finest round ever played in the American open. And Tommy Armour, under the same conditions, did a 71. Some of the boys, starting early, missed the rain, and Sarazen, with 71,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

OH DEAR, ITS BEGINNING TO RAIN AND MY WASH IS ON THE LINE
THATS TOO BAD. I TOOK MINE IN HALF AN HOUR AGO.

YOU'RE ALWAYS THROUGH WITH YOUR WASH AHEAD OF ME. AND IT LOOKS MUCH WHITER, TOO - HOW DO YOU DO IT?
I USE RINSO. IT'S RICH SUDS SOAK OUT DIRT. I DON'T HAVE TO SPEND HOURS SCRUBBING.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GRACIOUS, LOOK AT THIS SHIRT. WHITE AS SNOW! MRS. MORTON WAS RIGHT— I'LL NEVER USE ANYTHING BUT RINSO. IT'S A MARVELOUS WORK SAVER
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MILLIONS USE IT IN TUB, WASHER AND DISHPAN

Rinso THE GRANULATED SOAP

GOOD-BY TO GOLF
Continued from page forty-one

and Al Espinosa, with 72, went into a tie for first place, while Densmore Shute, with 71, came up into a tie with me. The leading pair were 142 at the halfway post; Shute and I were next with 144; and Armour was a stroke back of us, at 145. It was a real dogfight.

Now, to my way of thinking, I had the most favorable position possible at this stage. It is a terrible strain, leading the chase. You feel like a hunted animal—at least I do—with the pack in full cry behind. You can't help trying to be careful; at any rate I can't. The same trouble seemed to affect the leaders in the third round, next morning, and Sarazen, with a 76, and Espinosa, with 77, dropped back.

The rain of the previous day had slowed the course, and I felt more secure shooting for the greens. When I worked around with a 71 I was back in the lead. Shute and Armour each had 76, and the scores of the leaders, starting the fourth round, were:

Jones, 69-75-71—215.
Sarazen, 71-71-76—218.
Espinosa, 70-72-77—219.
Shute, 73-71-76—220.
Armour, 74-71-76—221.

Now I was in the rôle of the fox, and it was only because the pack faltered that I finally reached cover in a tie with Al Espinosa. For in the last round I collapsed with a couple of terrible 7s just when it seemed that everything was all right.

THROUGH the seventh hole, where I barely missed a birdie 2, I had par left for a 36 on the first nine and a commanding lead. Espinosa had gone out in 36, but had run into a dreadful 8 at the twelfth hole, and Sarazen had taken 41 to the turn. I had heard enough of this along the grapevine to feel that a score of 36-36 would win for me by plenty of strokes; and that was what I had in mind as I stood on the eighth tee.

I aimed the drive purposely to the right, wheeling it up into a cross wind over an angle of trees, to cut down the length of the second shot. The drive came off properly enough. But the long pitch, held up too much into the wind, bounded into a deep bunker at the right-front of the green. My first recovery, a controlled explosion, was not controlled enough, and the ball trickled over into another deep bunker beyond the flag. My next blast blew it back into the original trap; I was barely out with the next effort, and two putts made it a 7 for that hole, and left me with a birdie 4 to get out in 38—and a horrid apprehension of any more experiences in bunkers.

P. & A. photo

Harrison Johnston, who captured the cup which Jones passed up at Pebble Beach.

George Von Elm, conqueror of Jones at Baltusrol in 1926, just after turning the trick.

P. & A. photo

Johnny Goodman, who stopped Jones in the first round at Pebble Beach, where this photograph was taken.

Keystone photo

Max Marston, the Philadelphia amateur, who was Bobby Jones' stumblingblock at Flossmoor in 1923.

Still, with the birdie 4 at the ninth, I was out in 38, and when I was past the long twelfth in 4-4-5 I was leading Espinosa six strokes, with six holes to play. What could be safer?

Now see what golf can do to you.

After that complete collapse at the twelfth, Espinosa, suddenly relieved of all strain, played with incredible brilliance and with four 4s and a couple of 3s finished with a 75 and a total of 294. And this picked up every one of the six strokes by which I had led him.

At the thirteenth hole, par 3, of 230 yards, I pulled a driving iron on to the remains of a large pile of topsoil used for dressing the greens, and was permitted to drop off without penalty, under the upkeep clause of Rule 11. There was a lot of comment about it at the time, but of course the ruling was correct. I lost a stroke there, with a 4; got my 4 at the fourteenth, and then sliced a miserable drive from the fifteenth tee, back of some trees, and had to pitch out short of a ditch and not at all in the direction of the green. I pussyfooted the pitch and the ball stopped in a hanging lie, from which I fired my third over the green into grass knee-deep; was short from the hay with my fourth, on in 5, and took two putts for another 7.

THAT was calamitous enough. But I still had 4-4-4 to go ahead of Espinosa, who had finished. That was enough to think of, without Denny Shute, who I heard was playing fine golf behind me.

The sixteenth is a par 5, but with the wind I reached it comfortably enough with a drive and iron, twenty feet from the pin. And my first putt was five feet short. I missed the next, and took a 5.

This left 4-4 to tie Espinosa, and after one of the 4s I pulled my pitch for the last green into a bunker from which I chipped badly, and had to hole a twelve-foot putt for the 4. I suppose that was the most important shot of my life. It saved me from going up to 80, a score I never had reached in an American open; but mostly it gave me a tie, and spared me the possible consequences of throwing away a six-stroke lead in the same number of holes.

Shute came on with a good chance to beat us both, but drew three 5s in the last four holes and was tied with Sarazen at 296, Espinosa and I having 294.

I was so relieved by this escape, which I did not deserve, that I went out next day and played my best golf of the week in the play-off. Espinosa was plainly stale, and I won rather easily with scores of 72-69—141.

The California trip to the national amateur was a brilliant and happy affair socially, and I think I played the best golf of my career in the exhibition matches and practice rounds on wonderful courses at Los Angeles and Del Monte. Sometimes I think I shot my tournament in those practice rounds, in one of which I set a course record of 67 at Pebble Beach.

The gallery in practice rounds has become a problem for the player it elects to follow. There really is no such thing as "practice" for him. You can't help putting out, with several thousand following you; and you are more than likely to go stale. I think that some day—I hope soon—the United States Golf Association will bar spectators from rounds before the tournament for the sake of the competitors. You can't help trying to give them a show and that takes it out of you. In the 67 at Pebble Beach, after starting 5-6-5, I got going at the short fifth and for the next nine holes I had 28 strokes. I was playing rather too well in the rehearsals.

Anyway, I had enough golf left to tie at 145 with Gene Homans for first place in the medal rounds, and then came the match play, in which, for the first time, I was knocked off in the first round.

JOHNNY GOODMAN of Omaha was the villain in the plot from my point of view. For some reason I was more nervous than usual before that match. I'm always nervous, and usually I play better, the more nervous I am. But this time it worked the other way—at the first two holes, at least. I started with very bad golf—a 5 and a 6—and lost both of them. Johnny then holed a good putt for a birdie 3 at the next, and took that one on its merits. I was 3 down in the first three holes of a short match.

I picked up the fourth with a birdie 3; we halved the short fifth; and I won the long sixth with a birdie 4, and was only 1 down. I tried to get that one back at once, overran a twenty-foot putt for a 2 at the short seventh, missed coming back and was 2 down again. Johnny messed up the eighth, we halved the ninth, and I finally squared at the short twelfth.

Then I made a couple of fatal mistakes, just when I seemed to be getting the match in hand.

Johnny's iron second was bunkered at the thirteenth and I proceeded to pump one into the sand also, eventually having to hop a stymie to get a half in 5. Johnny pulled his second into some trees at the long fourteenth and I was nearly as close in 2 as he was in 3. I tried to pitch close over a bunker, cut the pitch six inches too fine, and was trapped, so my valiant effort to pick up a birdie 4 resulted in a buzzard 6, while Johnny holed a six-footer for a par 5 to go 1 up again. I thought I had a chance to catch him at the fifteenth, when his iron second was bunkered back of the green, but he came out well, holed another six-footer for the half in 4, and after that he played impeccable golf. His spoon drive at the dangerous seventeenth was as fine a shot as I ever saw, hole-high and ten feet from the stick on a mere ribbon of green. I was just outside him and my putt for a 2 rimmed the cup but stayed up. He nearly holed his to end the match, and closed me out with a perfectly played par 5 at the last hole, which I achieved loosely in the same figure.

HARRISON JOHNSTON, playing steady golf and winning two extra-hole matches, defeated Dr. Willing in the finals.

I cannot praise the California courses too extravagantly. The turf on the fairways is especially delightful, holding up the ball so consistently that I do not remember finding a really tight lie in the Golden State. The California putting surfaces, mostly of Cocoos bent, afford a wonderful texture, yet it was a curious fact that all the players from east of the Rockies experienced difficulty in getting the line consistently.

Bob Zuppke, football coach at Illinois, landscape painter, and quite a golfer, had a bizarre and yet possible explanation for this.

"It's not the greens," he told me. "It's the California skyline. Did you notice it specially? All zigzag—naked mountain ranges, the lines intersecting at all sorts of angles.

"Whether you notice it or not, the constant vision of zigzags on the horizon affects your perspective. You see tiny slopes that aren't there, or maybe you see a slant one way and it's the other. Did you miss a lot of ten-footers you thought you ought to have holed?"

Come to think of it, I did. Still, that had happened east of the Rockies.

So I went out to Del Monte with a chance at three records. I might have won my fifth amateur championship. I might have made it three national amateurs in a row. And I might have equaled Chick Evans' record of winning the open and the amateur the same season.

Instead of these, I made another record. I got licked in the first round.

However, I had something to remember from Winged Foot. In 1929 I had been national champion seven years in succession. There was a good deal of comfort in that.

Next week Bobby Jones will tell of his conquest of Britain in 1930.

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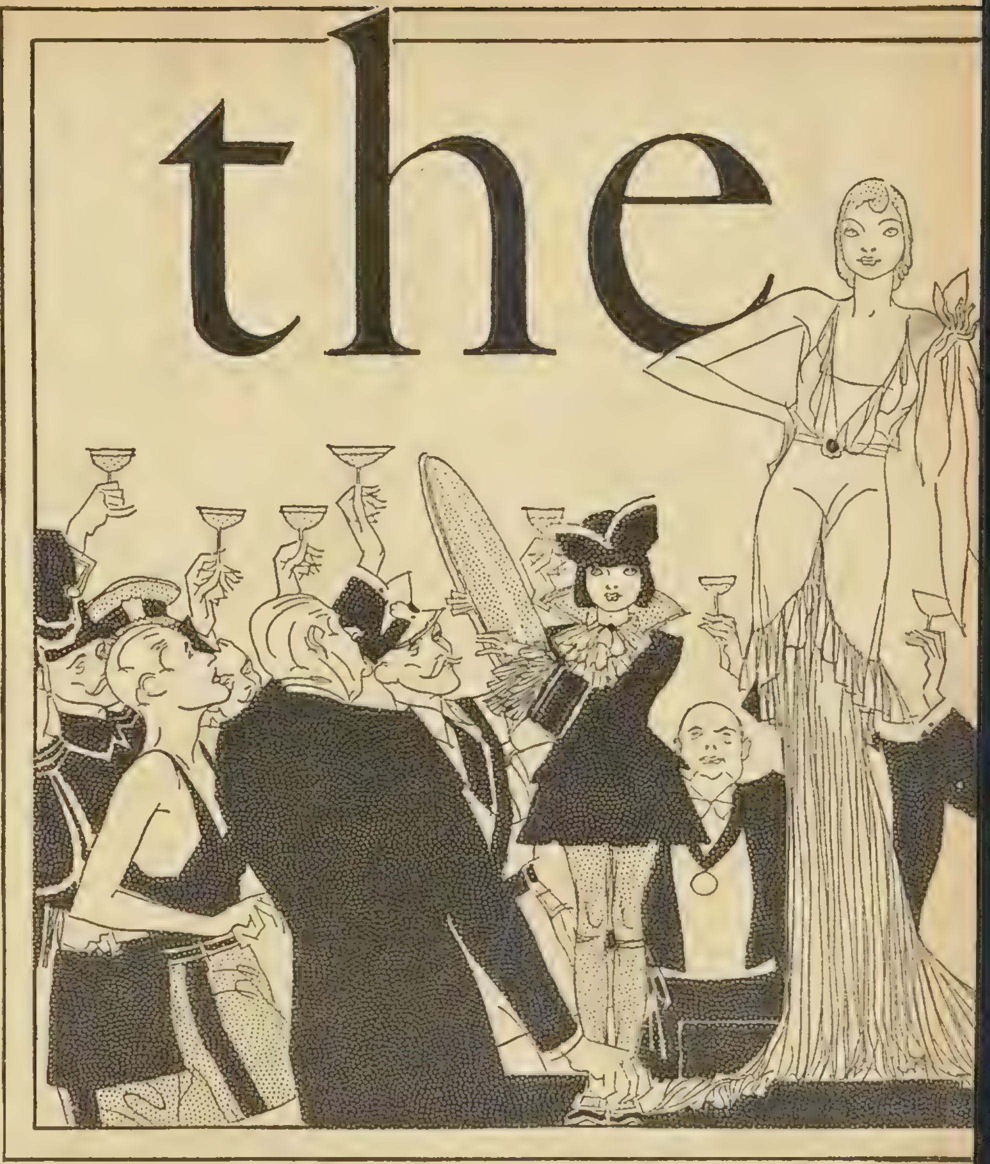
To the



By ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

who was born a Russian princess, but is now an American, and likes it.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 52 seconds.)

I HAVE just seen the finest ruby in the world. It is, in fact, the only "famous" ruby, and, unlike most other very large stones, it is practically flawless.

A Fifth Avenue jeweler has just bought this champion ruby from the heirs of Lucky Baldwin, the California mining pioneer. The value of the gem is somewhere around $150,000. Its color is a gorgeous deep, bright red—no tinge of purple, such as less fine rubies have.

Splendid as the stone is, I confess I was not any more impressed by it than I have been by other unique and priceless stones I have seen. They are all so big and so glittery that I wonder if any of us would really admire them, were we not conscious of their market value.

Prices, I think, have far too much to do with popular taste in jewels. Of course many people buy diamonds as an investment, and regard them as "negotiable security." But for beauty one must look, I believe, to the less valuable stones. No doubt there *are* some marvelous diamonds. I recall a very pale pink heart-shaped one, which looked like a large dewdrop on a rose petal. But ordinary diamond-set jewelry is rarely beautiful. For sheer effect, few such pieces can compare, for instance, to a black diamond I have just been looking at.

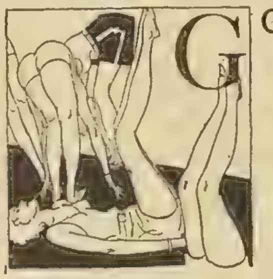
This gray-green stone is very rare. But because it doesn't look like a diamond its market value is low. Nevertheless, it is a most amusing and fascinating gem. In its depths lurk pinpoint lights of blue and black, swimming in the green of the stone. Like a mysterious little pond in a dark wood is my black diamond.

A star sapphire always fascinates me with its cross of light which shifts as you move the stone. And yellow-green tiger-eye agates—now so hard to find. There are also many lovely gems among the semiprecious stones which have recently become so popular.

Russian women wore these stones long before they became fashionable here, for the Ural Mountains in Siberia yield a magnificent crop of such jewels. I have in mind the most glorious violet-purple amethysts, hyacinth-colored chalcedony, gold-speckled lapis lazuli, topazes of every hue, cloudy-green emeralds, olivines (those deep olive-green stones), chrysolite (a sparkling chartreuse green), almandines which our grandmothers wore and which are not unlike rubies, aquamarines that sparkle best when they are cold—I could go on enumerating them forever.

As you see, I have a mania for stones. I've had it ever since I was a child. To me the most fascinating room in the big London Museum of Natural History has always been the one where the gem stones are exhibited. The whole process of their creation by nature is marvelously interesting. The things heat does to some of them! Warm an amethyst and you get a molasses brown stone—a fine color, too. Still, I don't advise baking your amethysts.

Fabergé, one of the greatest jewel artists in the world, used to make the loveliest ornaments imaginable from Russian Ural stones. The enameled boxes and trinkets we are so fond of today cannot compare with the ones Fabergé carved from solid chunks of stone. I particularly remember a most lifelike brown snail made of smoky gray topaz—a bonbon box when you lifted an opalescent enameled lid. Perhaps when we tire of diamonds we'll see some of those lovely things here. For in this country, too, we have a splendid variety of semiprecious stones.



GOING over the magnificent building of the American Woman's Association in New York, I was interested to find an entirely new class of physical exercises.

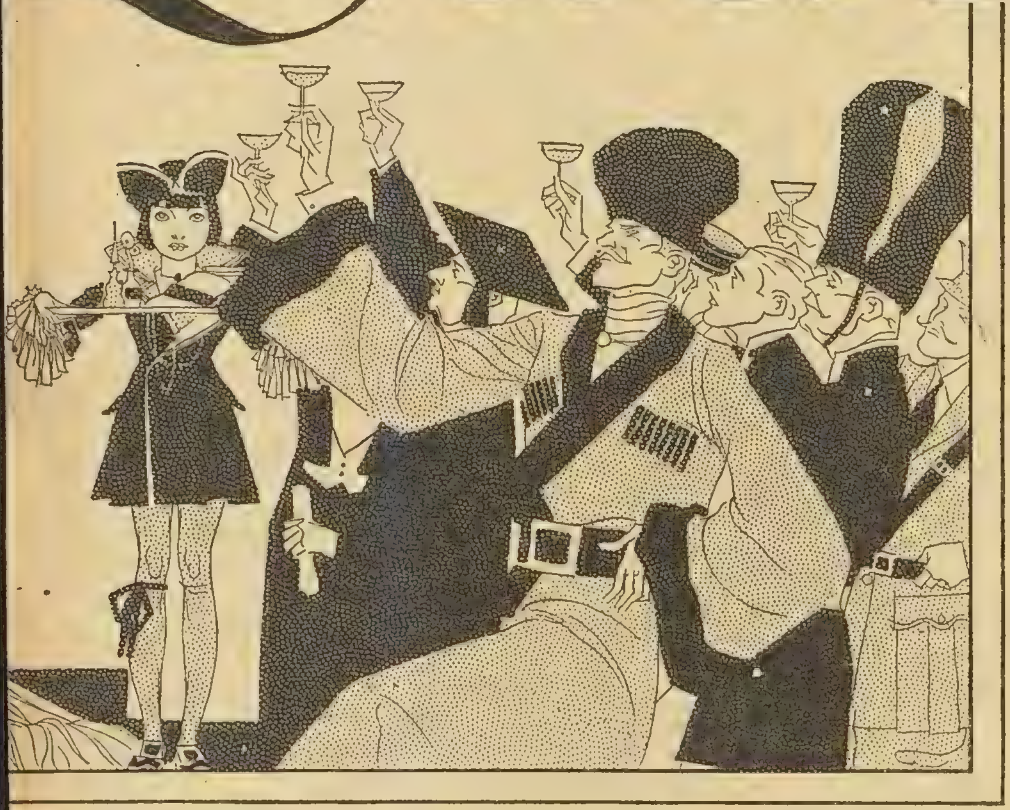
Special individual exercises are done daily by members and nonmembers from 6:30 P. M. to 9. The fee is very small.

The doctors say every woman over thirty needs *corrective* exercises unless she leads a life which permits plenty of outdoor sports. Some of us need chest expansion exercises, most of us would benefit from abdominal exercises, others need back-stretching, and so on.

At the A. W. A. a doctor examines you—tells you where you bulge or cave in too much, and prescribes exercises for you. The result is a unique ensemble of varied calesthenics. When I looked into the exercise room I saw a large number of women doing different things at the same time. One was pedaling hard upon a stationary bicycle. Next to her a girl lay flat on her back pedaling the air as vigorously. Some were seated at rowing machines—an excellent exercise this.

Most amusing of all, however, is the clog dancing and tap dancing work so popular at present among older women as well as girls. There are over thirty members in each class held at the A. W. A. Six hours a week. You certainly get plenty of action if you take up clog or tap, and the absolute coördination of movement and rhythm is grand. I remember that when I did some clog dancing in my girlhood (about a century ago!), I could pick up any new dance step just about six times more quickly than I can now.

Ladies!



Pictures by RUSSELL PATTERSON

WE have long since become accustomed to the fact that quite a number of us girls adore and often pursue men who are "heroes"—not unknown heroes, but the ones whose aureoles are well illuminated by the limelight. The perfectly idiotic letters which some women write to prominent actors, aviators, and so on, are sickening. But at least such adoration is not completely unnatural. The ladies of Czechoslovakia, however, have queer tastes, it would seem. Their great hero is the public executioner—a guy called Broumarsky.

One day Broumarsky hanged a double murderer. The next day he was besieged by hundreds of women and girls begging for his autograph—just trying to get a glimpse of him. He also appears to have received no less than 6,000 offers of marriage—none of which he accepted.

For a public hangman to so rouse the girls, Czechoslovakia must have run short of prize fighters and movie actors.

But, jokes apart, doesn't this strike you as a disgusting and disgraceful exhibition of female mob hysteria?

THE pleasure and beauty of a brass or copper floor will soon be within the means of anyone whose taste leans that way.

A metal floor is a really beautiful thing, but the cost and upkeep of it have so far been forbidding. Now a young girl in her early twenties has discovered a method of metalizing surfaces at a reasonable cost.

Miss Natalie Hays Hammond, daughter of John Hays Hammond, is the inventor of the new process. In her New York studio she showed me how various materials can be treated by it.

Miss Hammond's patent process makes linoleum and every imaginable silk or cotton fabric look like metal. Moreover, there are thirteen different metallic effects, and the soft fabrics remain pliable after being metalized.

The verdigris color will be a godsend to those who like somberly magnificent draperies. And nothing treated by Miss Hammond's process tarnishes. I am waiting impatiently for the moment when I will be able to buy the large brass and copper vases I am so fond of, and have them around without the misery of keeping them clean. In Miss Hammond's studio I saw ordinary glass vases which had been transformed into lovely pewter, silver, and copper.

The way Miss Hammond arrived at her discovery would be interesting in itself, even without the delightful results. A designer of stage settings and costumes, she became dissatisfied with the metal effects in her drawings. The silver and gold she used did not look metallic enough. So she set about learning all there was to learn about getting metal effects on canvas and paper. In the course of her research she found a very old method now rarely practiced and known only to a few artists. She began to experiment. Finally she perfected the new method which she is now using.

Work with metals runs in Miss Hammond's family. Her father is one of the greatest mining engineers and prospectors in the world. The society life she tasted on leaving school does not interest or satisfy her. Not only has she artistic talent; she is wholeheartedly absorbed in her work and finds it more exciting than play.

GOOD news for those who contemplate a trip abroad. The Atlantic steamship lines have cut their passenger rates very appreciably. Last year transatlantic travel lost 30,000 trips—owing, of course, to the general business depression. This has prompted the rate cut, which varies from ten to fifty per cent.

I can't say I was especially excited when I read that I can now have three rooms, three baths, and a trunk room and private veranda on one of the big ships for $1,530 instead of $2,340, as formerly. But the extension of the low-rate travel season is really worth noting.

By the way, it is also interesting to see how bad manners affect tourist travel. The French, who have become unbearably insolent to Americans, lost most heavily in the tourist fall-off. England, in spite of the many discomforts one has to put up with there, had nearly 130,000 American trippers in nine months.

English people themselves are not rude to foreigners as so many of the French people are. But the English press is extremely annoying with its perpetual caviling at America and Americans. A few vigorous protests on the part of Americans visiting England—both in contacts with English people and through letters to the English press—would do a lot of good.

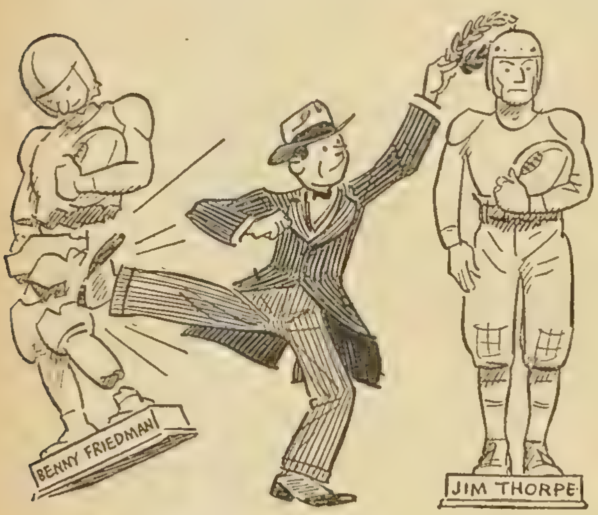
IT is rather gratifying to notice that women wrote both of the two plays which have had the longest runs in the history of the American theater. Abie's Irish Rose, by Anne Nichols, holds the endurance record for modern times, with a score of five years on the boards continuously. But the longest run of all has just ended this year with the withdrawal of the last road company playing Uncle Tom's Cabin, the classic by Harriet Beecher Stowe. The drama from Mrs. Stowe's famous story of the old slave days has been going constantly since it was first presented in 1853—more than seventy-seven years ago.

Vox

Portrait of a Wave of Antipathy

OZARK BEACH, MO.—Upon reading Mr. Paul Gallico's article concerning Benny Friedman's being the greatest football player in the world, I felt a wave of antipathy come over me.

I consulted old newspapers and magazine articles—also the literary opinions of such celebrities as Messrs. Camp and Rockne.



The consensus of these authoritative opinions points out evidence that Jim Thorpe is generally recognized as the best football player of all time.

Thorpe did not have team mates who were as perfected in interference as Friedman's. Thorpe depended largely on his own ability to get through. It does not appear that he lacked football sagacity.

The only detail wherein Friedman exceeds Thorpe is in his passing. And it is necessary to note that the forward pass played no such part in Thorpe's day as it now does.

It seems extremely doubtful if Friedman does or can supersede Thorpe as the greatest football player of all time. —*R. T. Chapman.*

Higher Mathematics

CUYAHOGA FALLS, OHIO—If you gave Liberty away for nothing, you'd still be charging five cents too much.—*K. O. D.*

But Mr. Carroll Was Writing Only of the 1911 Air Meet

RAPID CITY, S. D.—I read with much interest Richard Carroll's article entitled "Where Are the Early Birds?" and to correct any wrong impression regarding the membership of the Early Birds Association I will say that there are many more than thirty-eight members still living and many still flying—myself being one.

Also, I was flying for the Curtiss Exhibition Company of Hammondsport, N. Y., during the summer of 1912. This was the original exhibition company and no member of the "International Flyers" mentioned in your article was ever a member of this, at that time the world's best exhibition company. It was composed of such flyers as Lincoln Beachey, Beckwith Havens, Charlie Niles, Charles Walsh, Chuck Witmer, Hugh Robinson, Cromwell Dixson.

I can name many flyers still in the land of the living and still flying pioneers of that period:

Mattie Laird, Roy M. Francis, Beckwith Havens, Eddie Stinson's sister, Katherine Stinson—although I am told that is not her name now—De Loyd Thompson, Glen L. Martin of the Martin Company, one of our largest builders of government planes, and many others, and all members of the F. A. I. or Aëro Club of America.

Why not mention Ruth Law, who at that time was ten times more famous than Mrs. Clark?

I know, because I was in Mrs. Clark's class at San Diego and know the history of both flyers.

Yes, there are many more than thirty-eight of the old-timers left. Put this in Vox Pop and you will probably hear from them.—*F. E. Barlow; Pilot number 139 F. A. I.; Transport 1389.*

Meaning Precisely What?

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—I read, with pleased amazement, your editorial bearing the caption: "An Open Letter." It is the very best bit of writing that you have given us. The publishing of this deathless classic atones for many editorial shortcomings. Thus "Charity," once more, covereth a multitude of sins.—*E. C. Baird.*

Concerning Mr. Gibbons and One Thing and Another

CLEVELAND, OHIO — Floyd Gibbons was "ace high" in my estimation, but after reading "The Yanks Arrive" he is not so hot.

His description of St. Nazaire as a little village in Brittany is amusing and quite characteristic of an ex-Chicago journalist. St. Nazaire is one of the largest seaport towns on the European coast line and passed the village stage years before Floydie even thought of slinging a reporter's pen for his coffee and cakes.

Another big laugh he handed me in his hashish eater's dream was the line reading as follows: "St. Nazaire came to life more quickly that morning than ever before in its history." Evidently he didn't ask questions there or he would have discovered that many troops had landed there before the Yanks.

The First Canadian Division of 30,000 men landed there in February, 1915, of which I was a member, and the "villagers" seemed wide awake. Probably what Floydie meant to infer was that the people there were never more astonished in their lives than when they found that the "doughboys" had arrived at last and had risen to the occasion.

Another big laugh: "Our troopships [the Yanks'] represented the first large group to dare the ocean crossing since Germany had instituted her blockade zone in February, 1917."

What an unmitigated asinine statement that is! Does he imagine the Canadians traveled under the Atlantic through a tunnel?

When the First Canadian Division crossed over we had not only submarines to contend with but a German battle squadron under Von Spee at large somewhere in the Atlantic, and which was destroyed by a British fleet under Admiral Sturdee after we landed on the other side.

I'll bet Floydie's favorite dish in France was "*bouillon.*"—*Henry Blake.*

Shall We Start with You?

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Though, personally, I was never greatly enthused over your magazine, I will have to admit that I have found some good fiction in it. However, every time I accidentally pick up one and turn to the Vox Pop page, unpleasant pains develop.

My one and only suggestion to calm the canines and relieve my pains would be that you start a matrimonial bureau and marry off the habitual howlers to each other.—*P. McK.*

A Wise Judge Passes Judgment

FULTON, N. Y.—I have just finished reading "The Cat and the Bolster," by John A. Moroso. Believe me, that is some story! I might say, in explanation, that I put in twelve good years in the news end of the newspaper game and am, therefore, egotistical enough to think that, perhaps, I may know something about it.

The "color" of the story is true to life, but, better than that, it carries a plot that is convincing, logical, and entertaining.—*Earl B. Townsend.*

Fair Enough

WAVERLY, N. Y.—Your "Mad Dog" story, by R. G. Kirk, was great. His description of a bulldog was better than anything I have ever read and I have read plenty.—*W. J. Sidey.*

Pop

Speaking of Prohibition

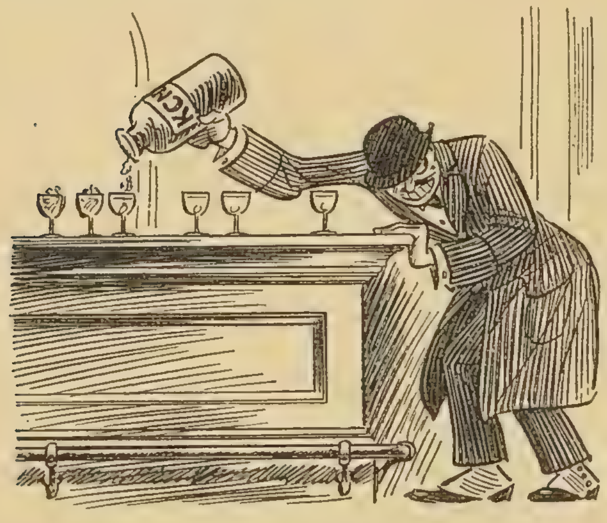
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—I wish to make reply to a letter from a gentleman from Gainesville, Texas, who signs himself Herman Spitzik, and whose missive appeared in your issue of December 27. The Roman Catholic's allegiance to the Pope in purely spiritual matters and his ability at the same time to be a good citizen of the United States is something which cannot penetrate the intelligence of a number of my fellow citizens.

The Catholic Church, through its total-abstinence societies and personal pledges, has always taught temperance, not as a matter of faith and morals, but as a practice of self-denial. She does not consign to hell those who, on occasion and temperately, partake of intoxicants. Her opposition to the prohibition law is based on her belief that you cannot regulate, by statute, the purely social habits of a people.—*James A. O'Connell, Jr.*

Just Skip This One If You Don't Remember Nikki

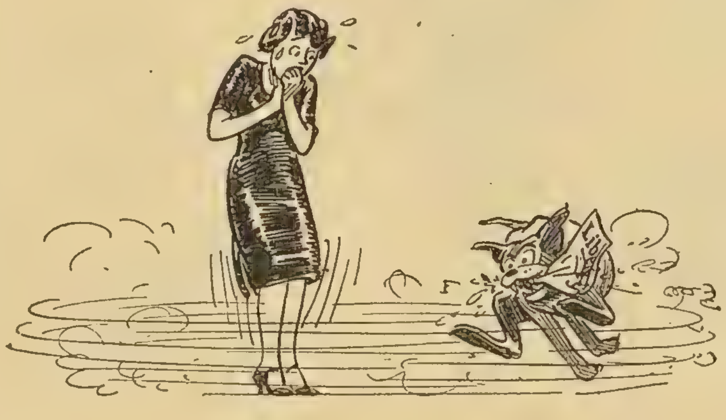
ALBANY, N. Y.—I herewith submit a story which you may print in serial form. You may make it any length you choose by repeating it over and over, and jumbling the phrases a bit to vary the monotony. Please mail check before Easter. The story follows:

Nikki and Shep and Bill and Cary and Francis (known as The Washout) and Johnny were at the Carlton bar. Shep ordered three more Martinis. "What are you trying to do, get us all tight?" said Nikki. Shep ordered eight more Martinis. "I'll take vanilla," said Nikki. "My mother always said I had the nicest hair ribbon." Shep ate a sardine and called for the wine card. "Could you go for a Benedictine?" "Aren't I just," said Nikki. Shep ordered five more Martinis, and while the bartender was mixing them, they all went out to shave a horse. A stranger from Albany, N. Y., slipped in, saw the waiting Martinis, and dropped cyanide of potassium in each glass. It seemed like a good idea at the time.—*A Budding Author.*



That Seems to Dispose of About Everything

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—I just thought I'd drop you a line to inform you that your magazine is worth five cents, but not six. I also want to tell you that my dog went mad after chewing up your magazine. The doctor said he was poisoned.



I used to buy your magazine because I liked it. Now it is a habit which I am trying to break.

You either accept stories of prominent writers or newspaper reporters; also from mothers of three or four children. I don't know what to do first: become a prominent writer or a mother of four children. Well, I've excused you long ago. We *can't* be perfect. Your magazine is a proof.—*A Reader.*

Their Mothers Like Them

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Your pages of pictures of your employees and your list of their likes and dislikes was the greatest waste of space you have ever engaged in to date. How on earth does that interest readers?

Who wants to look at a mob with queer faces and funny names, and who cares what they do or think?—*Nada Harlin.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—What were you trying to give us by printing "There's No Accounting for Tastes"? A new "Funny Faces" feature? Well, if that was your intention, I give up. I cannot make the faces of your staff any funnier than they are.—*Joe Spendthrift.*

Guess He Works in the Dark Room

TORONTO, CAN.—One thing struck me as being rather good. That was in your investigation of preferences conducted amongst your own staff, which appeared December 27.

One man on the editorial staff says he has read no books, seen no plays, and seen no movies. What the devil is he doing on the editorial staff?—*"Sour Grapes from Canada."*

For More and Better Gun-Totin'

CINCINNATI, OHIO—I read Edward Doherty's article, "Guns." I wonder if he is trying to start another wave of anti-pistol laws, which have, in the past, done nothing but disarm the law-abiding citizens, while the criminals and crooks go along, packing their rods, secure in the thought that their intended victims are probably unarmed on account of an anti-pistol law. This law, to my mind, is against the Constitution, which says the rights of citizens to carry and bear arms shall not be abridged. Mr. Doherty is wrong when he says that the citizen hasn't a chance with the crook. I can name offhand fifty men right here in Cincinnati who can beat on the draw and outshoot any fifty of the most prominent crooks in the country. Besides, if the crooks thought they were likely to meet with resistance, half the crimes wouldn't be attempted. —*Marc Elliott.*

Stardust

MIAMI, FLA.—My impressions of your issue of December 27:

★★★★—Very good.

★★★—Fair.

★★—Not so good—could be worse.

★—What's it all about?

No Stars—Only Liberty would print such.

★★★★—An Open Letter *(Editorial)*

★★★★—Compassion *(Story)*

★★★★—Otto, a Hope and a Menace *(Article)*

★★—Mad Dog *(Story)*

★★★★—News of the World *(Cartoons)*

★★★—Movie Reviews

★—Home Buying Will End Hard Times *(Article)*

★★★★—Another Robbery at Stalen's *(Short short story)*

★★—South America Explodes *(Who cares?)*

No Stars—" 'Twas the Night Before Christmas"

No Stars—The Episode of the Lisbon Express

No Stars—The Great What-Is-It? *(Yes, what is it all about?)*

★★★—Vox Pop *(Better print this to renew its youth)*

★★★★—Cross Word Puzzles

★★★★—The Greatest Football Player in the World *(Article)*

★★★—There's No Accounting for Tastes

No Stars—What Would You Do? *(I'll bite—what would you?)*

★★★—The Inside Dope Concerning Capt. Jean-Baptiste *(Story)*

★★★—Through the School of War *(Article)*

★★—Liberty itself.

—*George Flaum.*

How the

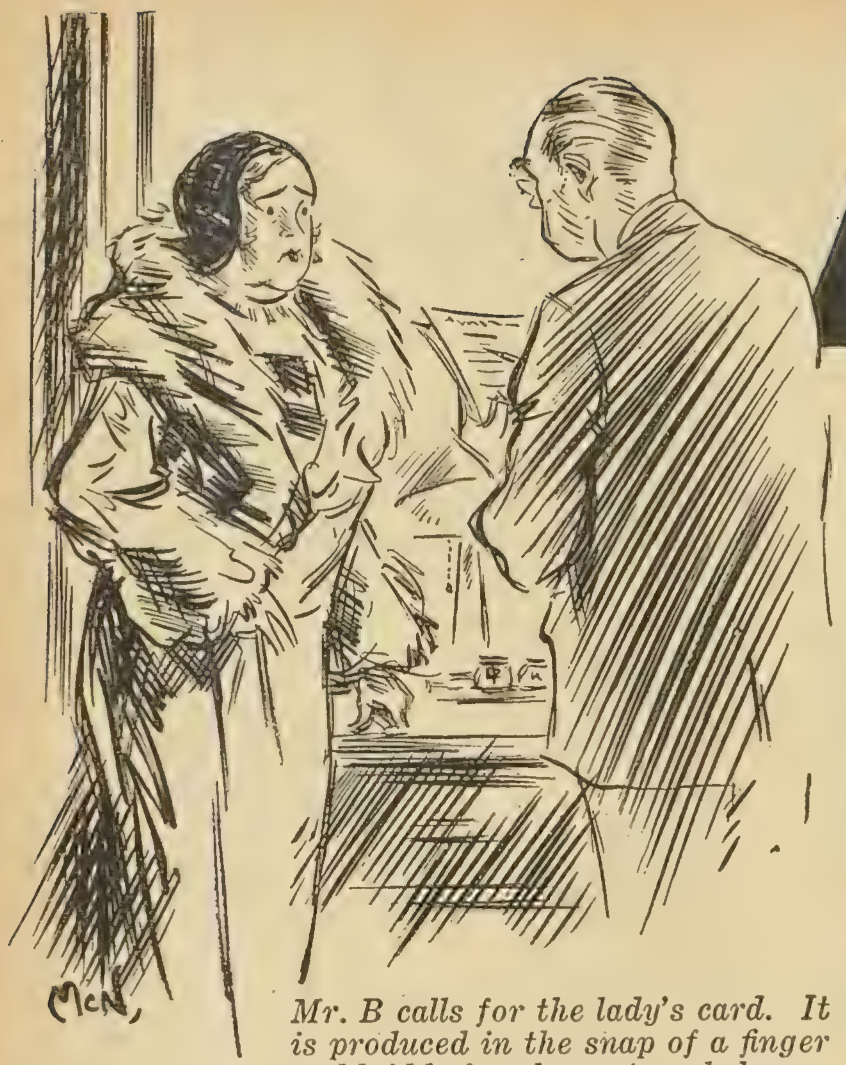
And Sometimes Doesn't!—The Problem of the Stores

By

MARIE BEYNON RAY

who climbed from a fifteen-dollar-a-week job on Vogue magazine to the post of managing editor, then shifted to fashion editor of Harper's Bazar to have more time for writing. After pioneer work as a fashion adviser to gown and shoe houses, she became vice president of a large cosmetic company, only to find once more that her business interfered with her writing. So now she is at it again.

Pictures by EUGENE McNERNEY, JR.



Mr. B calls for the lady's card. It is produced in the snap of a finger and laid before her astounded eyes.

(Reading time: 20 minutes 42 seconds.)

THE delivery man of one of the large department stores was about to ring the bell of Apartment 603 when the door of 603 A was opened by one of those middle-aged women for whom the word "respectable" was specially created.

"A package for Mrs. Arthur Brown?" she inquired. The man nodded. "The family is away for the week-end," she continued. "I'm the governess here. Mrs. Brown's expecting a fur coat from C——'s."

"The box is marked Apartment 603," said the man, handing it to her. "They must have made a mistake."

"No—this is the entrance for the help. I'll open the box and see that everything's all right."

She returned in a moment. "All right," she announced, and as the man rang for the service elevator, she reentered the apartment—one room, barely furnished—picked up a small suitcase, left the room, and turned the key in the lock—never to open it again. Over her arm hung a mink coat worth $2,000 for which she never expected to pay—and, as a matter of fact, never did.

This is one of the more usual tricks of the credit impostor—renting an apartment adjoining that of some person with whose credit accounts she has made herself familiar, charging goods in that person's name, intercepting delivery, and disappearing. It is this sort of imposture, together with the activities of bad-check artists, people who make it a rule not to pay their bills, husbands who will not be responsible for their wives' debts, etc., that make the granting of credit precarious and some means of checking up carefully on charge customers imperative. But even more important for the merchant than protecting himself against imposture is that he should be in a position to extend credit to responsible persons, for liberal credit means liberal buying. No doubt we have all wondered how these matters are arranged—quietly, so that we aren't even conscious that we're being investigated.

Cases like the following are of daily occurrence in a large city. A woman came to New York on a shopping tour, entered a shop where she had never before traded, selected a $1,500 fur coat, and said that although she had no charge account there, she would like to wear the coat home. She gave the names of several shops at home where she had accounts. In a few moments the manager of the department appeared and said he would be delighted to open an account for her and most assuredly she might wear the coat home.

How was this managed? Very simply. The manager made one telephone call—a very important one—and immediately received a favorable report on the lady's credit. For proof that she actually was the Mrs. William Jones she claimed to be, he had noticed the initials W. J. on her handkerchief. There was also her face—the kind of face swindlers don't have.

What the credit man thinks of us would doubtless surprise many—and shock not a few. Many of us who believe our credit is the best in the world might get a nasty turn on looking over the credit files, and those of us who perhaps think we have no credit at all might be astounded to learn that we have the most superb credit—those, for example, whose little bills never run over two figures but who pay those bills within thirty days and opposite whose names blaze the symbols that signify "Highest Rating"—the Victoria Cross of the credit world, a sort of halo about our honest brows.

IF you've ever in your life opened a charge account—no matter where, nor for how little, nor how long ago—you're in the credit files—and everything you ever did thereafter—that little bill for $21 you didn't pay for eight months because that unspeakable Mlle. Fifi wouldn't take back a hat you'd worn only once, and that $49.50 you owed for over a year because you saw the same dress at A——'s for $39 and F—— wouldn't allow you the $10.50 difference.

Yes, it would come as a shock to most of us (women especially, because men are apt to know more of the workings and value of credit) if we realized that, just as there is a recording angel sitting in a spacious office in heaven writing down our every word and deed, so in an office buzzing with voices, punctuated with typewriters, pierced with telephone rings, right here in our own home town sits an indefatigable little stenographer jotting down our every debt and ominously noting after it, sixty days, ninety days, 180 days, suit pending, account closed!

The opening of charge accounts and the handling of credit is no haphazard, slipshod affair, however painless it may seem to those who have always been able to take their credit for granted. It isn't a matter of every merchant for himself and the devil take the hindmost. When you open an account your new creditor wants to know what your record has been with his brother merchants. "Past performances" are his best guide to future payments. So the merchants of the city band together

Woman Pays

in a sort of mutual information and protective association to exchange opinions on you. There are also privately owned agencies which make their own investigations and report on those applying for charge accounts, but the merchant-run bureaus are fast superseding these.

The Credit Bureau of Greater New York is an excellent example of just how these bureaus all over the country operate. It is owned and operated by more than 800 merchants, banks, finance companies, hotels, business, and professional men, is run "not for profit," is managed by a board of directors and ten committees of credit managers selected from its members, and exists primarily to gather and disseminate among them whatever information may be useful in handling their charge accounts. It has a rogues' gallery comparable to that of police headquarters (specializing in impostors, bad-check artists, shoplifters, etc.) which could be, and sometimes is, most helpful to the police. In order to gather this information it maintains a large investigation department, men who read the papers carefully for news of the type of swindlers in which the shops are interested, who follow the court reports, public records such as judgments and suits, who question the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, not to mention the landlord, the elevator boy, the cook, and the employer of the applicant for credit. But its chief source of information is its own 800 members who automatically turn in, for the benefit of all, the names and records of all their charge customers.

Say you wish to open an account at J. T——'s, decorators. You are asked to give the name of your bank and that of two or three shops where you already have accounts. The credit manager of J. T——'s does not ask these merchants for a report on you; they are merely for guidance in looking you up. He simply telephones or writes, or telautographs (depending upon the degree of your impatience) to the Credit Bureau, and in less than five minutes (if you're tapping your patent-leather toe) he has his answer. At the Credit Bureau they have permanent records of more than 2,000,000 people trading in New York and file more than 200,000 derogatory items annually (if you're an "item" you won't be able to open an account today—and very likely not at all). There 150 employees look you up in the twinkling of an eye and write, or telephone, or telautograph the information back to the store's credit manager, who then says one of two things: "Delighted to accommodate

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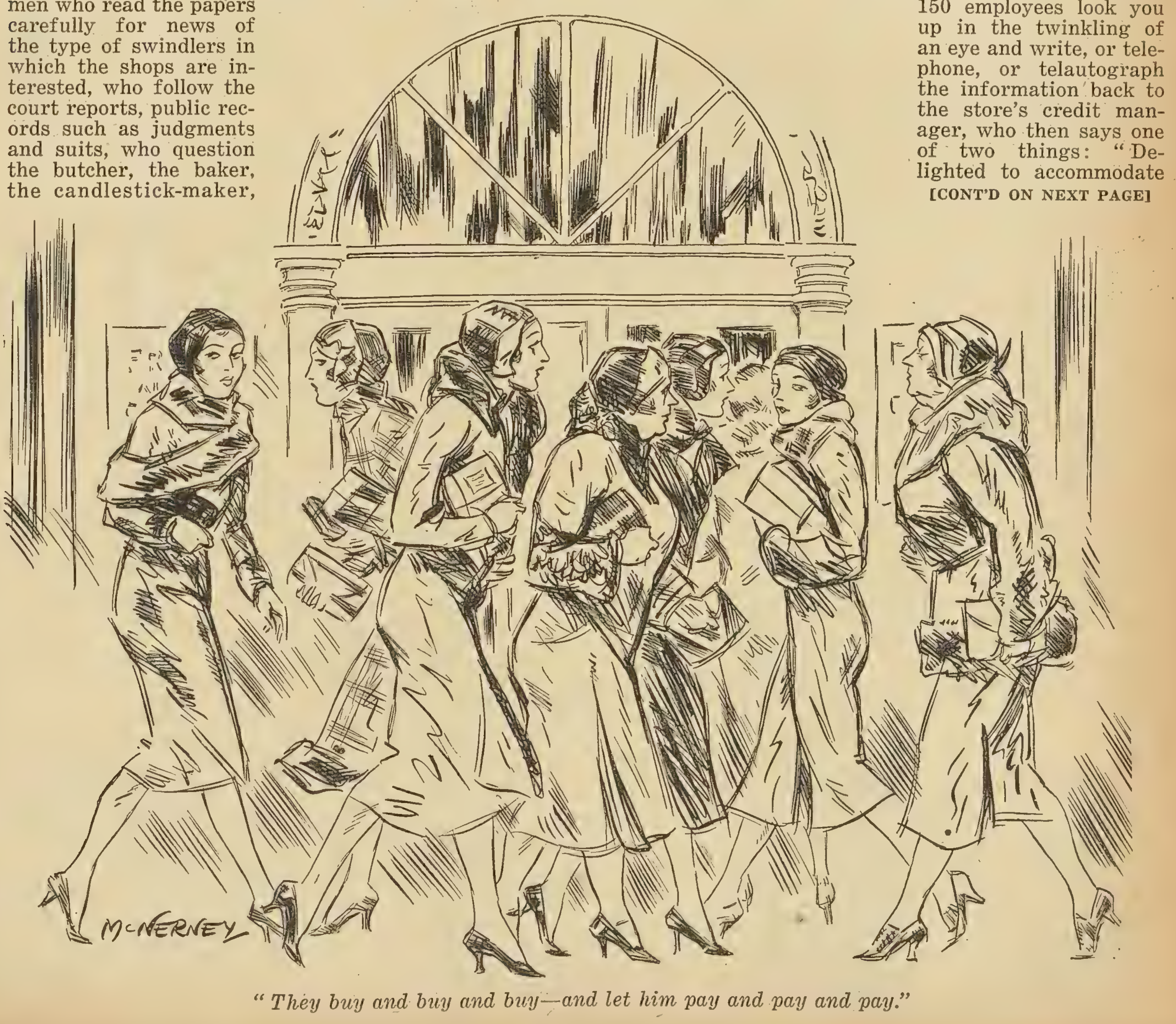

"They buy and buy and buy—and let him pay and pay and pay."

Try this tonight!

MID-WINTER dusk . . . snow flurries whipped by a whistling northeaster . . . street lamps gleaming coldly—and a hungry, healthy family due home within the hour. What's for dinner? Perhaps it's—

Roast Veal—

4 lbs. veal—leg, loin, shoulder, or breast
¼ cup fat
¼ cup flour
2 teaspoons salt
2 cups water

Weigh the meat and bones. Wash the roast. Spread it with fat and dredge with flour. Place on the rack of a roasting pan and bake uncovered in a very hot oven (500° F.) for twenty minutes or in a hot oven (400° F.) for thirty minutes. When brown, add enough boiling water to cover the bottom of the roaster, 1 to 2 cups. Sprinkle the meat with 2 teaspoons salt. Cover the roaster, opening the valve if there is one and roast at 300° F. for twenty-five minutes per pound, or if the roast is larger than six pounds, bake at 275° F. twenty-five minutes per pound.

• • •

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TRY IT TODAY!

HOW THE WOMAN PAYS
Continued from page forty-nine

you, madame," or "The information does not seem to be complete, madame. I advise you to go and talk it over with Mr. B, the manager of our Credit Bureau." And then if you're an impostor (dear! dear!) you slip quietly out of that shop; or if you're merely a silly, misguided woman who hasn't known how to look after her credit, or a righteously indignant, pay-on-the-nail customer, you'll probably march yourself over to Mr. B and demand an explanation.

Mr. B deals with dozens of irate ladies daily. All credit men—if they're good credit men—have two special talents—the faculty for distinguishing at a glance good credit faces from bad credit faces and the ability to deal silkenly with irate females. When a lady fairly crackling with anger rushes into the office of a credit manager—well, then it's up to the credit man to employ his wiles and send her out of his office purring and on her way to the lingerie department to charge up $125 worth of silk underwear.

Mr. B of the Credit Bureau is a past master at soothing ruffled ladies, for, right or wrong, they are all ruffled when they come to him.

MR. B (modest man!) claims that all he has to do in these cases is to open the door to the large office where sit his thirty-two investigators, his twenty filing clerks, his sixteen telephone operators, his five telautograph operators, his innumerable stenographers, messengers, trade clearance clerks, and where stand the files containing his 2,000,000 records. The mere sight of such a Gargantuan system for tracking her minutest derelictions to earth makes any lady feel a little weak. Then Mr. B calls for that particular lady's card. It is produced in the snap of a finger and laid before her astounded eyes. Mr. B points to one or two items—a bill for fifty dollars overdue some six months, innumerable articles bought on approval and returned, an account inactive for years on which thirty-eight dollars is still due. Then Mr. B, seeing that she's really not a deadbeat but just a feather-headed creature who doesn't know the meaning of the words "good credit," tells her that if she'll pay these back accounts and endeavor not to return over 10 per cent of what she buys in future, he'll give her another chance and recommend that her account be opened.

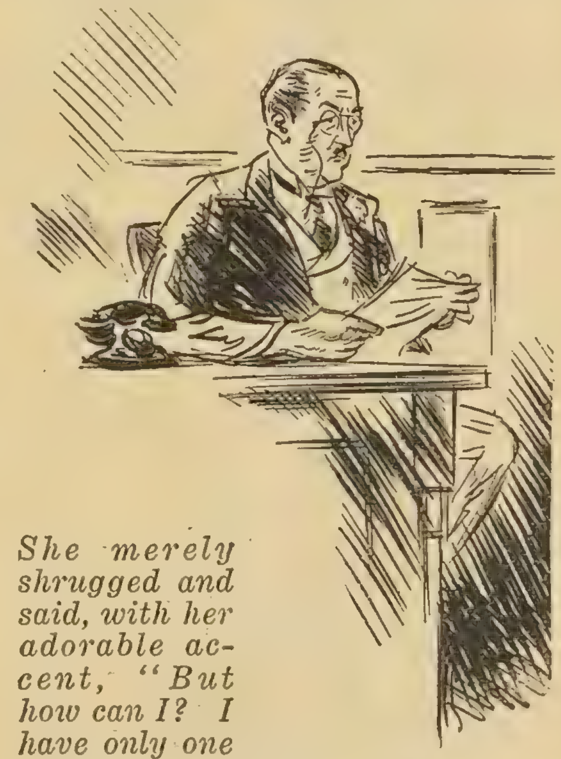
Or it may be that the lady calling on Mr. B is one of those whose bills have always been paid on the nail and whose credit is as fair and unsullied as the virgin snows on the Jungfrau. Mr. B points to a certain item on her card which has a most damaging look: "Evening gown $265, slippers, $25, wrap $295, purchased at H——'s; goods claimed 'not received.'"

"When were those purchases made?" asks the lady in a voice that would cut through steel.

"In June."

"I was in Europe in June," says the lady icily. "I have my steamer passage, passports, hotel bills—everything to prove it. My apartment was closed all summer." She gathers up her furs as though the temperature she had created had affected even her. "I shall expect an explanation and an apology." She sweeps out like one of the lesser avalanches.

What has happened, as the bureau soon discovers, is that another woman of the same name and address has made the June purchases, received the goods, denied the transaction, and refused payment. In this way, not infrequently, the credit of a perfectly blameless customer is injured.



She merely shrugged and said, with her adorable accent, "But how can I? I have only one man to pay my bills now."

What do credit men think of women's credit—as compared to men's, for example? Of married women's as compared to single women's, of actresses' compared to school teachers', of business women's compared to housewives', of the colonel's lady's as compared to Judy O'Grady's? For it's perfectly possible to make just such distinctions as these. Actresses, poor dears, have a reputation to live down. Like musicians, artists, writers, and other devil-may-care folk, they are an irresponsible lot—they must be or they couldn't go on being actresses. They're bad pay because they're badly paid—that is, spasmodically paid. "If you don't get your money from an actress while she's got it, you're out of luck," says one credit man.

"ACTRESSES bad pay?" says a private dressmaker. "If you think actresses are bad pay, what would you say to the theatrical managers? They never pay the bills for one production until they come to you for clothes for the next. They're the worst pay in the world—and they're all men. Actresses, those who come here, who naturally have to be at the top of their profession to buy clothes at these prices, are good pay."

"Society women?"

"I shall never forget my experience with Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Senior," said this dressmaker, who has as many smart women on her books as any dressmaker in New York. "When we sent home her first order, the girl who delivered the boxes returned with a check. Far from being delighted, I was humiliated. When Mrs. Vanderbilt next came in I said to her, 'Why did you send me a check so promptly the other day? Did you think I was such a little dressmaker I couldn't wait for my money?'

"'You mustn't be hurt at my paying so promptly,' she said. 'I do everywhere. Bills worry me.' I don't find many of my patrons as sensitive as Mrs. Vanderbilt, Senior, about bills. But most of my clients, who are all wealthy women and most of them socially prominent, are very prompt in their payments. It's not that they give the matter any special thought, but they all have their private secretaries who, with the machinelike precision of a business organization, pay every month's bills as they come in. Mrs. James B. Duke, one of my clients, has an office with fourteen employees, who take care of her stock transactions, bills, accounts, et cetera.

"NATURALLY where liberal credit is needed, I give it. It's part of my business to encourage extravagance. Clothes at such prices as I charge are a luxury. Somehow the husband always manages to pay. Sometimes I'm sorry for him, as in a recent case in which a very prominent lady bought five thousand dollars' worth of clothes here, sometimes duplicating the same dress twelve times in different colors. Suddenly her creditors called a meeting. She had bought one hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars' worth of clothes in ten months. Her husband said he would give these creditors their choice of receiving one hundred per cent on their bills in three years or of going to law. They decided to wait the three years. Meantime the lady is feeling very sorry for herself on a clothes budget of fifty thousand dollars a year.

"I should say seventy-five per cent of my accounts are in good order and not over five per cent run for a year. We've never been swindled out of a penny."

"Women's credit?" said another dressmaker whose clothes are even more expensive but whose clientèle is more rich than aristocratic. "I wouldn't trust one of them if they didn't have husbands. They have no consciences—either about my bills or their husbands' pocketbooks. They buy and buy and buy—and let him pay and pay and pay. And if he can't—why, it's just too bad."

And apropos of another class of ladies, those who have plenty of support but none of it visible—they are in a class by themselves in the credit files. These accounts are usually opened by the "Invisible Support" himself and guaranteed by him. The records are carried in red ink and the payments carefully watched, for the invisible support may be withdrawn so suddenly that the lady couldn't pay for a bottle of perfume.

AND speaking of a bottle of perfume—there was one bottle, priced at $500, which was recently displayed on a Broadway druggist's counter. Asked by the manufacturers if he had sold it, he smiled and said, "Three times. Three different gentlemen have bought it—and three different ladies have returned it, receiving from us considerably less than was paid for it. These ladies are no doubt using a ten-dollar perfume which each is swearing to each gentleman is the five-hundred-dollar kind."

School teachers? Excellent pay. Accounts small but promptly paid. Big business women? Good credit but touchy. If a man's credit trembles in the balance you can always call him up and explain the matter. He'll treat it exactly as he does any other business matter and tell you why he hasn't paid and just when he expects to pay. But call a woman and right away she thinks you don't trust her, and she's hurt. She wants to withdraw her account. No, no, you can't treat the ladies like that. Perhaps you can send them a nice little letter, perhaps you can write in very, very small letters, way down in one corner, a meek little "Please," but if you don't want to offend a Big Business Woman, you'd just better let her alone—to pay as she will.

White-collar men? (See school teachers.)

Doctors? Slow pay—but then who pays them on time?

Attorneys? Poor pay. They know how.

Newspaper men and women? Improving every day.

Painters and paperhangers? The worst pay in the world—God knows why!

Married women? A much better risk than single women—not because they're morally superior but because in practically every state a husband is responsible for his wife's debts—

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

I WANT MY-MOTHER!

NEXT to a mother, the best friend a dog can have is an owner who knows Sergeant's Dog Medicines and knows how to use them.

The medicines most needed at this time of year are: Sergeant's Special Medicine for the reduction of fever in puppies and dogs, and Sergeant's Condition Pills, a tonic, alterative, and for loss of appetite.

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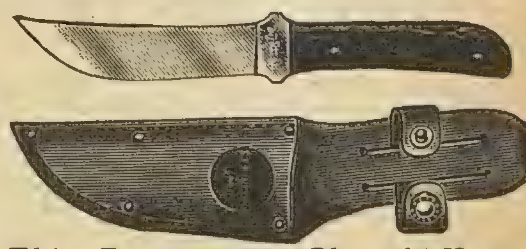

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DANDRUFF

A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

HOW THE WOMAN PAYS
Continued from page fifty-one

that is, he is until he declares from the housetops he isn't—and very few husbands, thank God! care to do that. Still, around Christmastime, quite a lot are goaded to it. Then the announcements begin to appear in the papers, telephone calls come in to the Credit Bureau, typewritten slips pour into the shops. As soon as the Credit Bureau receives such a communication, it enters it in its files of "derogatory items" and broadcasts it to its 800 members.

And then there are the ladies who have tiffs with their husbands at breakfast and who, to even things up, rush out and buy everything they've ever wanted and so much the worse for a husband if he hasn't even half that amount in the bank. If he's the kind of man women hate—the kind with a nasty feminine streak who always knows what a woman is thinking—he may defeat this delectable little plan by telephoning the shops where he has accounts that "he will not be responsible for his wife's debts."

Marriage doesn't always make a woman solvent. There was the case of the lovely Russian actress who, when asked by a certain shop if, now that she was married, she wouldn't pay part of her long-standing indebtedness. She merely shrugged and said, with her adorable accent, "But how can I? I have only one man to pay my bills now." Yes, sometimes a credit manager's life is like that.

In all this there is a moral: Keep your credit good. If women knew how carefully their every move in the credit game is watched, they would be far more punctilious. On good accounts, only the amounts of purchases and the time of payment are recorded at the Central Credit Bureau; but on derogatory accounts the minutest details are given, as: "Subject is 5 ft. 2 in. tall, slight build, dark hair; mole on left cheek. Bank balance of three figures carried for 6 mos. at the Omaha, Nebraska, Bank. She drew checks wholly disproportionate to size of her balances. Lived at Hotel Marie Antoinette in New York from June 10 to Sept. 20, 1930, obtaining entrance under false pretenses and was put out with an unsatisfactory record. She was formerly a student at A—— Academy, Tarrytown, N. Y., and first came to New York in 1923. She is a teacher of music but is unknown to the various schools whose names she gives," etc., etc. On such a card appears the three stars that indicate derogatory information.

THE value of good credit is equal to money in the bank. After the stock market crash, hundreds of people went to Mr. B and asked what could be done about their accounts with the shops. They could pay eventually, but not immediately. Mr. B turned to his files. When he saw an account that had been running a number of years with payments within thirty to sixty days, he told his caller that there would be no difficulty about carrying them over the period of retrenchment. Even men with a quarter of a million found themselves in this situation. In cases where payment was slow and irregular Mr. B was forced to tell them that the granting of further credit would be impossible.

The wise procedure in case of temporary financial difficulties is to go at once to the credit managers of the various shops where accounts are carried or direct to the manager of the Credit Bureau in your town and explain the situation. Always, where the intent is honest, the credit man is lenient.

The Credit Bureau issues no books as do some of the privately run agencies. These books are convenient as a ready reference but are soon outdated. A person's credit may change overnight. Therefore the bureau sends out biweekly bulletins to all members, answers questions concerning credit over the telephone or by telautograph, if the answer is wanted in writing, and prepares special reports. Special investigations are made within three days. The bureau in New York is affiliated with 1,059 similar bureaus throughout the United States, South America, Canada, and Europe. A Frenchwoman's credit report can be obtained in a few hours by cable.

CREDIT up to $100,000 and more is allowed by some shops. In the jewelry shops even larger amounts are allowed, but the jewelry firms sell on "contracts," i. e., written agreements with promises to pay, amounting practically to the installment plan—though no self-respecting jeweler would call it that.

That very little swindling, imposturing, bad-checking, and irresponsible-husbanding is slipping through the fine meshes of the credit system is proved by the fact that the losses of the large stores are only four-tenths of one per cent.

But remember, even though you're nothing but a poor, helpless woman—and know it—even though you are one of those women who never pay (but always charge), you're responsible for your credit and your husband's. And the credit man knows all about you—even whether the little pink shirt you're wearing is paid for. If you're the kind who just loves to buy and return—they've got you on the list, they've got you on the list. If you're the kind who wants your money back on a fur coat because it's gone out of style in the ten years you've had it—they've got you on the list. If you're the kind who tries to return a dress that's been completely made over for you, because you suddenly decide green isn't your color—they've got you on the list, they've got you on the list.

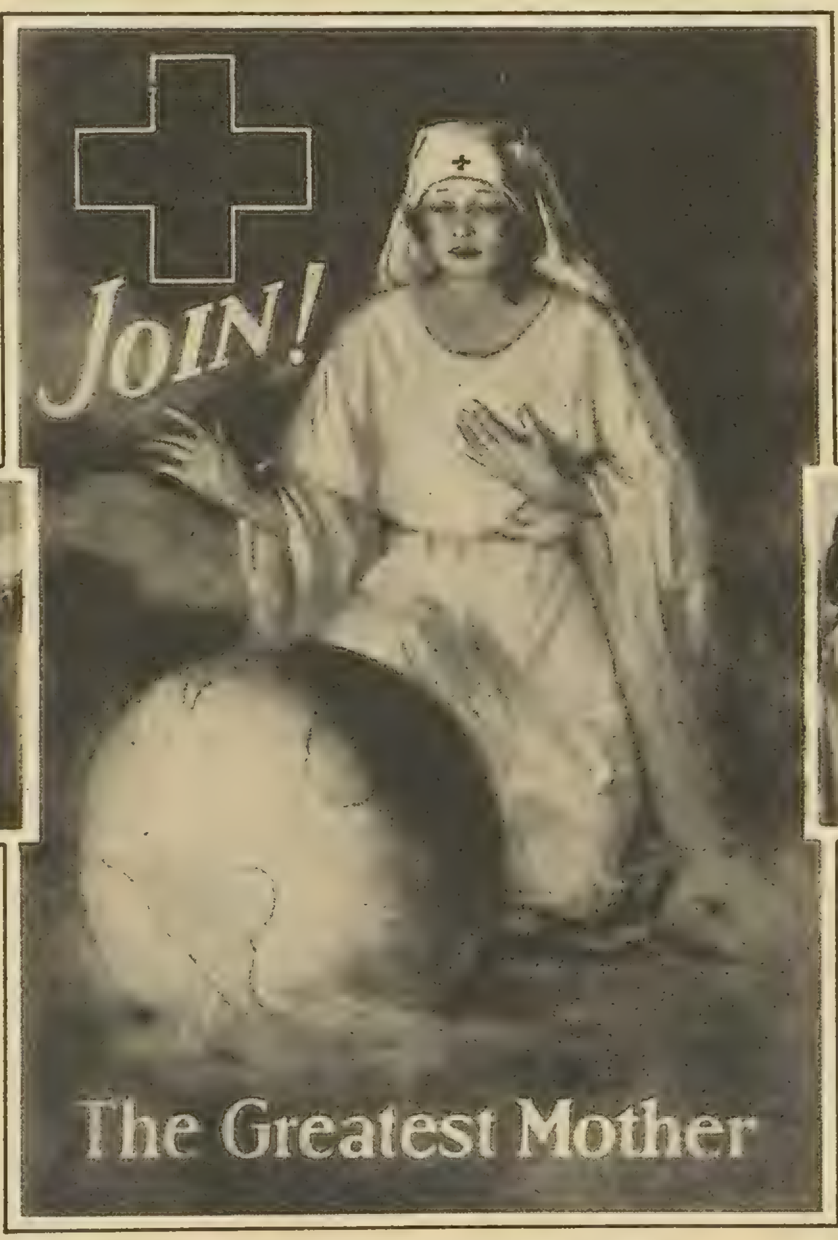
And when they finally take you off the list, once and for all, you never will be missed, not by a single credit man in your own home town.

THE END

A Hard Year for the RED CROSS

“The Greatest Mother” Needs Your Help

By
GRACE ROBINSON



The Red Cross Roll Call poster.

(Reading time: 6 min. 51 sec.)

IF you were in a railroad station or other public building in a big city recently, you probably viewed a scene that recalled the stirring days of the war. You saw a woman garbed in the white apron of war days. In front of her was a small table spread with a flag—snowy field emblazoned with scarlet cross.

Ah, yes—the war. The frightfulness that was the war.

Young men—men that were still boys—kissing their mothers, kissing wives or sweethearts a brave, blithe farewell as they strode off to camps.

Troop trains moving mysteriously across the country at night. Transport ships sliding quietly from Hoboken loaded with slim, youthful forms in khaki.

Red Cross workers are stationed in army and navy hospitals. This one is wheeling a patient to a film show.

No cheers. No farewells at the dock. They must go in quiet and in darkness, across a mine-infested ocean.

Thousands upon thousands of them never came back.

The woman you saw in her white veil recalls a side of that war that made the bitter conflict endurable. A fragment of love and mercy in a hell of misery. The American Red Cross!

If you were in the war, or lost a dear one in France, your eyes filled with tears. If you had any money, you probably reached in your pocket and paid her one dollar for a 1931 membership in the Red Cross.

Knowing the Red Cross of old, you were assured that every bit of that dollar would go for the relief of human misery. The canvasser in white was giving her time gratis. The Red Cross never pays anyone for collecting money for it. She was at her booth at nine in the morning. At six P. M. she might leave in a fine limousine with a liveried chauffeur. Or she might go home by subway or street car to cook the evening meal for her husband and children. All sorts of people work for the Red Cross.

Porto Ricans know the value of the Red Cross. Here are hurricane refugees receiving help at San Juan in 1928.

In New York County chapter, during the recent Roll Call, or drive for funds, society women and business girls out of jobs labored side by side as volunteers. The oldest worker was Miss Mary Elizabeth Leavitt, eighty, who came from her refuge in an old people’s home. She counted Red Cross buttons for the various units all over the city. The youngest was Audrey Warshauer, four, who was taught to do rubber stamping.

Several young men, out of work, voluntarily kept nine-to-five hours all during the New York County drive, checking the progress of the campaign by telephone.

In most of the 3,559 chapters of the Red Cross scattered over the country the regular drive was held from Armistice Day to Thanksgiving. Some chapters stage their campaigns later, due to varying local conditions.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

The national organization hopes for 5,000,000 members. How much of this money goes into actual relief work, and how much is required for administration, is shown by the figures for last year ending June 30. The organization took in, from membership dues and other revenues, $8,800,000. General management and supervision of service activities deducted only $296,414 from this store. In other words, the cost of administration was only a little more than three per cent! This amazingly low cost is partly due to the fact that the chairman, the treasurer, and others function without pay, so that the expense of dispensing Red Cross aid is only a fraction of the amount that would be necessary to carry on a business operating for profit.

This is a hard year for the Red Cross. It will be the hardest year since the war. Although preliminary reports indicated a fair response to the Roll Call, it is already obvious that not nearly enough money has been collected to meet the unusual drains poverty and unemployment will make in 1931.

The Red Cross is pledged to the special care of service and ex-service men. Its annual report is made to the Secretary of War, who in turn transmits it to Congress. Four million men—the World War army of the United States—thus look to the Red Cross for help, in the event of unemployment or other distress. In addition, the Red Cross is combating general unemployment in districts where there is no other agency to help.

Liberty is offering

$100 Apiece

for Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

PERHAPS you've watched the haggard faces of the men thronging the commercial employment agencies in the big cities, or witnessed the silent misery of the lengthening bread lines. More tragic, because more helpless, is the plight of the disabled veterans who have always been the Red Cross' special wards. Early in this era of depression employers threw out men with one arm, or one leg, or men suffering from arrested tuberculosis. They could most easily dispense with this type of help. They found they could hire able-bodied workers at the same money. Thus does the cruel competition of labor cut the throats of the very men most entitled to protection.

The Red Cross is industriously trying to find jobs for them. Its free employment bureau in New York, particularly, is crowded with men every day, seeking any kind of work they can do.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Action to Suit Words

Jimmy was sitting on the bed, on the new spread, putting on his shoes, when mother found him.

"Jimmy, what are you doing on the bed?"

"Gettin' off!"—Marion Graham, 1305 E. Eighty-first St., Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

A Penalty of Greatness

Billy's drawing was so nice that teacher hung it on the wall for exhibition. Returning home, he dejectedly told his mother:

"I wish I didn't make it so good, then I could have brought it home for you to see."—L. M. Stapleton, 209 Poplar St., Schenectady, N. Y.

It is difficult to place such men, as Mrs. Berta Billing, in charge there, admits. She always seeks outdoor jobs for arrested tuberculosis applicants—at gas stations or as helpers on trucks; never at subway employment. She often gets jobs at sea for mental cases—and finds the sea air affords remarkable recuperation for men of this type.

Like everybody else faced with destitution, disabled men out of work are victims of worry. Beaten to a frenzy of apprehension about himself and his family, the disabled man often suffers a mental and physical relapse. Many who had rehabilitated themselves in the twelve years since the war are now back in hospitals on this account.

The same thing has happened to their families. The Red Cross Home Service, special guardians of these thousands upon thousands of people, now finds itself obliged to aid families that have been independent and happy since shortly after the war. Anxiety and lack of proper food have made Red Cross "cases" again of persons who are normally self-supporting.

Thousands of able-bodied veterans, too, are flocking to the Greatest Mother. Many were formerly officers in the army or navy, and college men who have held well paying positions.

THE college man is taking the job the grammar-school man once held. Many accustomed to earning $50 to $75 are glad to get boys' situations at $18 a week. They exhibit their bankbooks, showing that hoards of $2,000 and $3,000 have been eaten up in the months of weary search.

In many cases the Red Cross pays the fee for an applicant who has a job spotted in a commercial agency but cannot claim it without funds. Again, the society has staked the applicant to a week's maintenance until his first pay check should come in. Whether able or disabled, the Red Cross never allows an ex-service man to go hungry. If work cannot be found for the husband, it often helps the wife to find employment.

What would you do if your job, which enables you and your family to live, were suddenly snatched away? How would you feel if your children, so rosy and laughing today, came to you with big eyes pleading for food which you had no money to buy?

Remember that it might be you, instead of your neighbor, that is thrust into these desperate straits. Then send the Red Cross your dollar, or more if you can. As President Hoover, who is also president of the Red Cross, pointed out, "This is not charity in the normal sense of a gift without obligation. It is supported by all of us, and the day may come when any of us may have claims upon its assistance or protection."

Neither Liberty nor I ordinarily respond to requests of this sort. But the Red Cross, with its record of heroism in the war and its noble record of service ever since, may well be intrusted with all the money we can give.

Take or send your dollar to your nearest Red Cross chapter. Fifty cents of it will be applied to relief in your own community; the remainder goes to the national office for disaster relief.

Send five dollars if you can manage it.

Remember that, if you fail, you may be forcing a little child to cry for food, or a disabled soldier to despond because his sacrifices in the war hell have been so soon forgotten.

THE END

His Birthday

A Short Short Story

By

GRANVILLE FORTESCUE

a native of New York City who left the University of Pennsylvania to join Roosevelt's Rough Riders in 1898, and has had an adventurous career as soldier and war correspondent in many lands. He retired from the army with the rank of major in 1928, to give his time to writing.

(Reading time: 4 min. 53 sec.)

LIEUTENANT ARTHUR STILLWELL lay along the slope of a shell pit—the slope nearest the German lines. It is safer to hug the side of a shell pit whence the shells arrive. The German counterbarrage pounded between Arthur and the American trenches. Bong! Bong! Bong! Bong! He heard the distant, regular burst of the firing. Then four crescendo siren whistles, and one! two! three! four! mighty explosions, throwing mud, shale, burning bits of iron, foul smoke, a red hell-flame high against the darkness. These explosions reminded Arthur of the time his father dynamited tree stumps on the farm.

He wondered if they remembered him today. The first of April—his birthday. No, Soisson's time was six hours earlier than Dansville.

He moved. Excruciating pain shot through his right leg above the knee. His trembling fingers sought the bandage. The linen felt damp—blood—but it held firm. He had made a good job of that bandage. The leg bone was splintered. He could do nothing about that now. Later it might mean amputation.

"A hell of a birthday!" The grim thought shot through his mind it might be his death day—this April dawn.

The barrage had stopped—almost. If he could drag himself back to the fire trench— A sudden pungent stench filled his nostrils. Gas!

Feebly Arthur worked out his gas mask, pulling goggles, tube, and tank from the case he wore like a baby's bib. He slipped the mouthpiece between his lips and drew a dozen slow breaths. He put on his round helmet. Sitting in that stinking hole was hell—worse than hell. He must get out. Arthur pressed both palms deep in the mud, testing his power to move. His leg twisted, leaving his foot at a grotesque angle. He groaned. He was close to fainting. It was as if the bone had been caught between red-hot tweezers. He must sit still—very still, relaxed—and wait. Wait. God! He had waited four hours now; four hours since his company had cowered back under a counterbarrage. Four hours—four years! Moisture fogged his gas-mask goggles. The mouthpiece ran saliva.

SUDDENLY pebbles sprinkled over the pit edge. Someone was crawling over the ground above the rim.

Arthur worked his flash light out of his trench-coat pocket. He dragged his automatic from its holster. The crawling noise was close now—at the shell-pit edge. He saw a helmet push cautiously over the rim. Arthur's hand trembled as he pointed his pistol at that helmet. Ah! It was round. He dropped his automatic and flashed his light as the newcomer pushed his whole head over the shell-pit rim.

Grotesque, that goggled head staring down at him, grotesque as a diver's helmet. Arthur watched the other scramble down the slope. Masked, he could only recognize him as a private—perhaps a private from his own company. Two goggled creatures sucking tubes at the bottom of a fog-roofed shell pit in no man's land. Each unknown to the other. Staring, staring, through these hideous masks. As long as the gas fumes persisted, they must remain unknown.

The goggled private pointed to the wounded leg. Arthur nodded. This man wanted to help; Arthur saw him raise the edge of his rubber mask. He sniffed for gas. He hesitated. Then he slid off his helmet, tore the goggles from his eyes, the tube from his mouth. Arthur's flash focused on a heavy-jawed, thick-lipped, unshaven face. Swartz! Arthur's heart missed a beat as he recognized the man. Swartz! The one man in all his company who hated him. Swartz, the man he had reported as suspicious. This man would probably kill him. Grasping his automatic, Arthur lifted his mask. Silent, he stared into the private's eyes. Swartz stared back. Slowly the thick lips spread in a smile.

"The second looie! Well, I'll be g— d—!"

Arthur caught the note of triumph in his enemy's voice.

"The guy what give me a mont' and a mont' for sockin' a French *ko-shay*."

As summary court officer Arthur had fined and sentenced Swartz. A month's pay and a month in the guardhouse.

"That son of a frog chargin' me seventy francs when the ride was seventeen! Sure, I busted him; an' for that you, a kid what ain't dry behind the ears, hands me a mont' and a mont'."

Arthur saw the hate blaze in the other's eyes.

"Yeah! And what's this I hears from a guy in headquarters company? Reported me suspicious, did you? Just because my name is Swartz. A German name. Me—a spy! Because I was born in Germany."

ONCE again Arthur saw the hate fire meet the light from his flash. "Sure, I was born in Germany. An' what's more, I'm goin' back." Swartz rose. As he came toward him, Arthur pointed his automatic.

"Steady, Swartz! Talk that way and I'll shoot you!" The pistol barrel wavered as if held by a drunken man. He felt his wrist seized. Swartz bent over him.

"Why, you little punk! Spot me, eh? An' you wit' a busted leg. I could break yer lousy spine." Swartz twisted the pistol from Arthur's hand. "Reports me as a probable spy. Probable? Positive! Yeah, regular double-crossin' spy, I am. Full of info right now—info from Black Jack's feed box. Do yer get that?"

Swartz paused. He cast a glance up at the fog.

"The shellin's practically quit. I'm goin' back this minute. An' just to make me welcome to the Kaiser, I'm takin' him a littl' present—a littl' American second looie for a present."

Swartz caught Arthur by the arm and threw him up on his shoulder. Arthur fought to free himself. But the blood had been drained from his body. He struck feebly at the back that carried him. Up they went over the shell-pit rim.

"On to Berlin!" Arthur fought desperately to free himself. Then he fainted.

. . . .

Through darkness Arthur heard a voice:

"There, be careful of those splints when you move him."

He opened his eyes. A surgeon and a nurse bent over him. And there was Swartz. The two stared. Then with a smile Swartz said:

"I betcha two bits the loo'tenant forgot it was the first of April."

THE END

Liberty's Patriotic

$25,000

IN CASH PRIZES

divided as follows:

First prize	$5,000
Second prize	1,000
Third prize	500
Fourth prize	250
Fifth prize	200
Next 180 prizes, $25 each	4,500
Next 1,355 prizes, $10 each	13,550
TOTAL (1,540 prizes)	$25,000

HERE is another set of maps in Liberty's Patriotic Game of States. If you saved the first two sets, or made copies or tracings of them, as directed, all you need to do now is to save this set and wait for the others to come in future issues of Liberty.

The rules on the opposite page tell you what it's all about—if you don't already know. This is a game that is a lot of fun, teaches you things about the United States, and offers 1,540 cash prizes totaling $25,000!

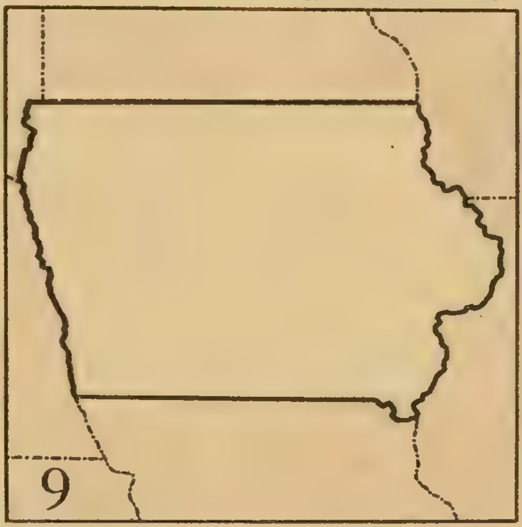
Just study the maps, and when you are ready write under them the names of the states they represent. Then add the names of the states, waters, or countries that bound them. (A portion of the map of the United States is printed herewith to help you.)

Finally, when you have all the sets complete, write a little essay of not more than fifty words, telling which is your favorite state, and why.

That's all there is to it!

Read the rules carefully, and follow them. Remember that you are not to send anything to Liberty until you have twelve sets of maps—forty-eight maps in all. And please note that we cannot supply back numbers to contestants in the Game of States. Save the maps, or copy or trace them, NOW!

THIS IS SET NO. 3



9

This is one of the country's most important agricultural states, more than 90% of its territory being farm land. Great rivers form two of its boundaries.

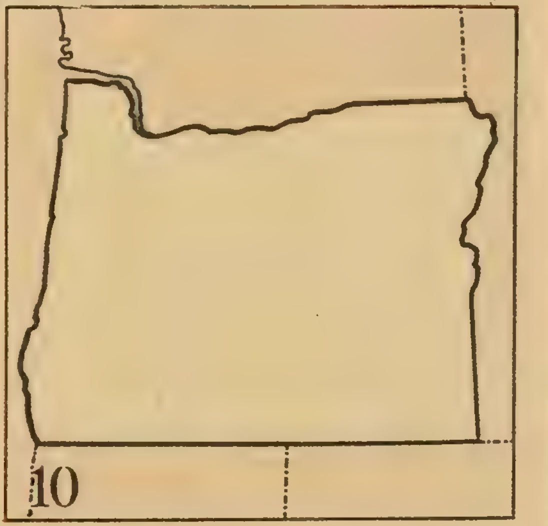
Name of State..

Bounded by..

....

....

SET NO. 3



10

This one is in a region explored by Lewis and Clarke in 1805-6. It is bounded on the north by a river, on the east by one state, and on the south by two.

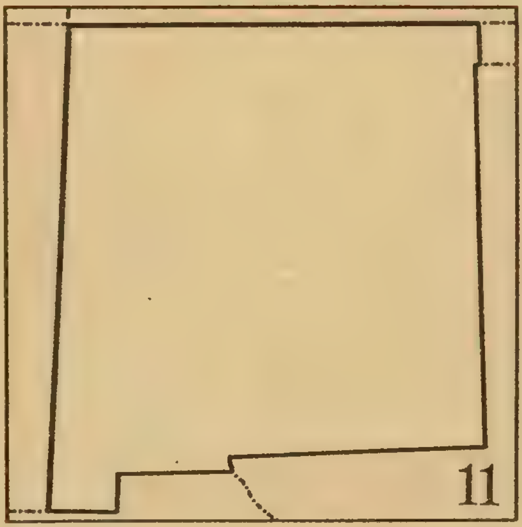
Name of State..

Bounded by..

....

....

SET NO. 3



11

This state is one of the last to be admitted to the Union. It is bounded on the west by a state which takes its name from an Indian word meaning "few springs."

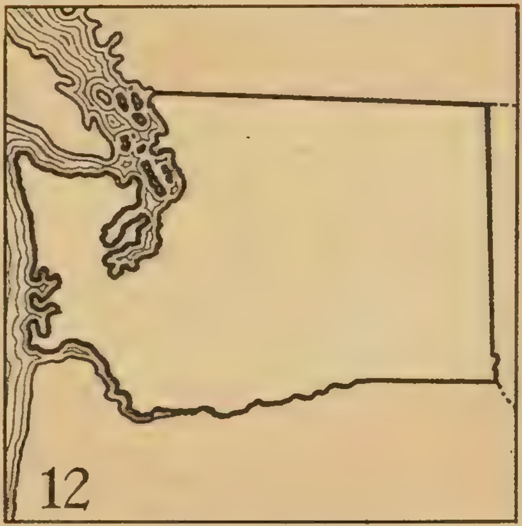
Name of State..

Bounded by..

....

....

SET NO. 3



12

One of the highest mountains on the continent is within this state which has as neighbors one of the least populous of all the states, and territory of a foreign power.

Name of State..

Bounded by..

....

....

SET NO. 3

ANOTHER SET OF MAPS WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF LIBERTY

GAME of STATES

The Rules

1—Every week for twelve consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline maps of four different states of the United States; a total of 48 maps—one for each of the 48 states.

2—You are invited to cut out these maps (or, if you prefer, make copies or tracings of them) and, below each map, write the state's name and the states, waters, or countries that bound it.

3—When you have done this with all the maps, write an essay of not more than fifty words telling which is your favorite state, and why.

4—Liberty will pay a total of $25,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and neatest sets of state maps, together with the best essays, in accordance with these rules.

5—This contest is open to everybody except employees of Liberty and their families.

6—Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all maps until you have 48 of them. Then send them, with your essays, to STATES, Post Office Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All entries must be in by midnight, twenty-one days after the final set is published.

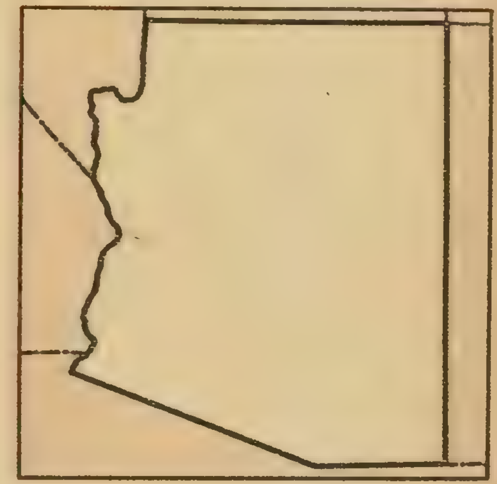
7—Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Contestants may send in as many sets of maps and as many essays as they wish, but no contestant will be entitled to more than one prize.

8—You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the maps from the originals and use the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9—The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. Both accuracy and neatness will count in the award of the prizes. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

EXAMPLE

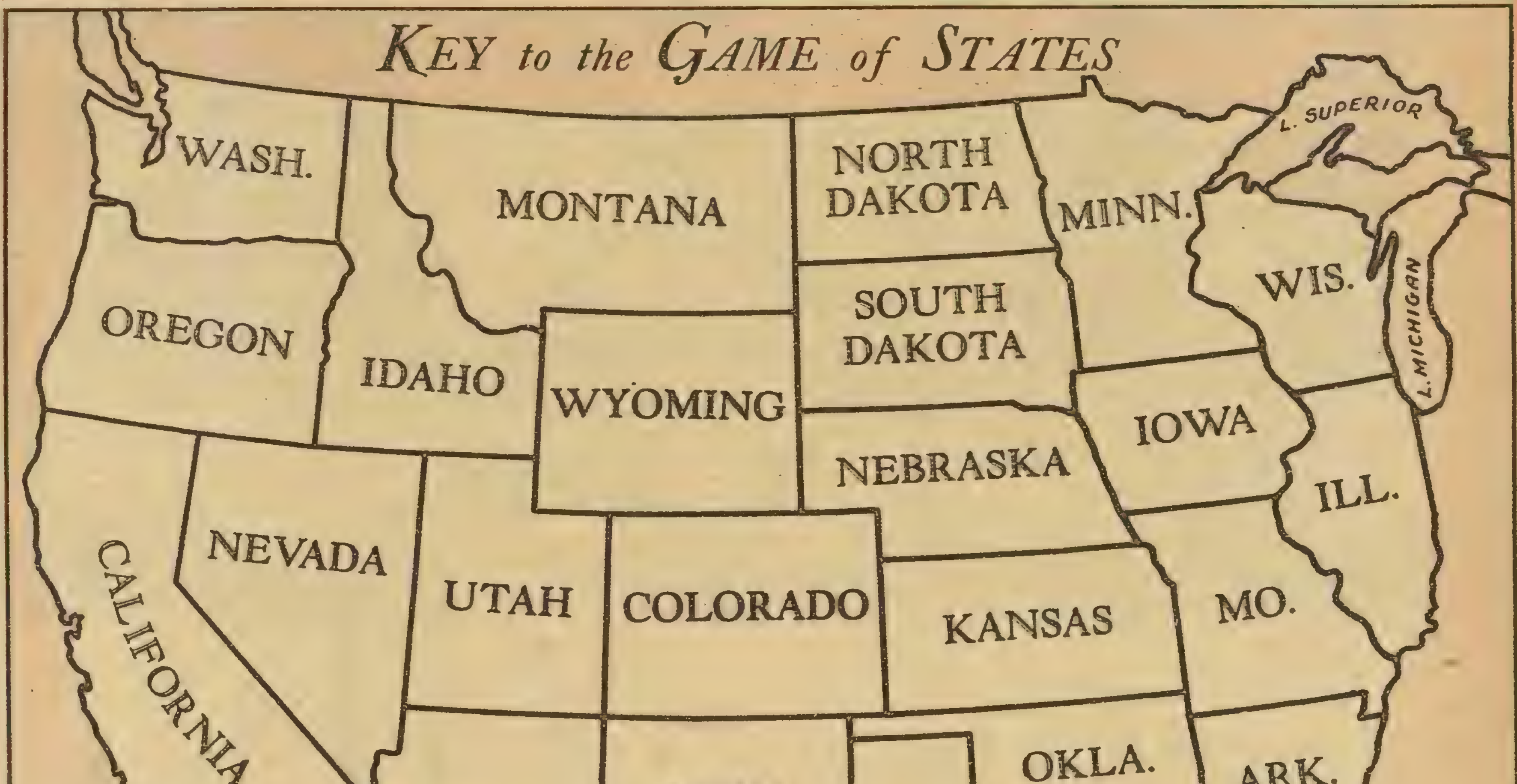
How to fill in the blanks



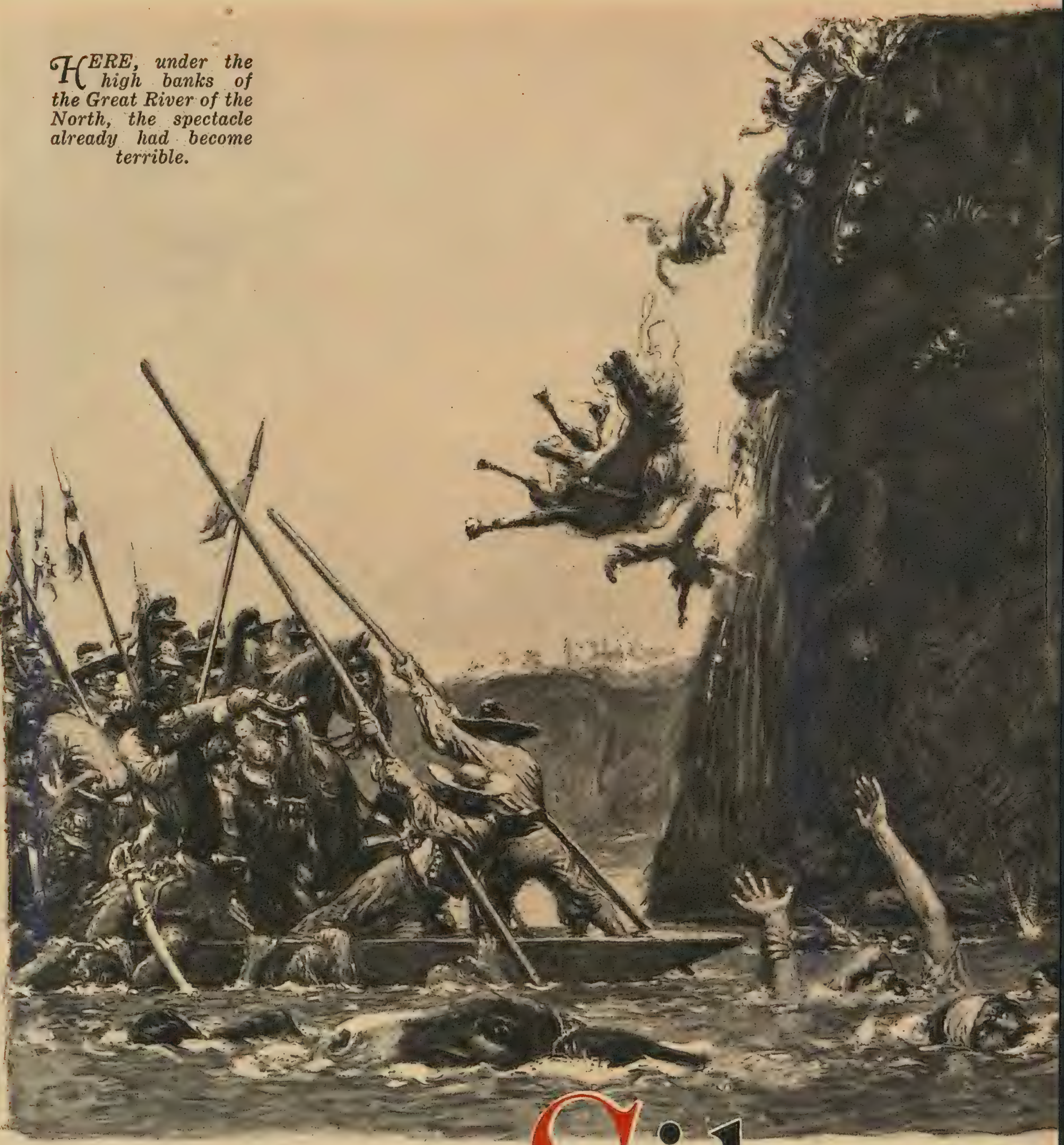
Name of State *Arizona.*

Bounded by *Utah, New Mexico, Mexico, California, and Nevada.*

WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES, OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.



The states in this week's set are all found in this portion of the map of the United States



HERE, under the high banks of the Great River of the North, the spectacle already had become terrible.

Silver

A Romance of the Rio Grande

(Reading time: 29 minutes 15 seconds.)

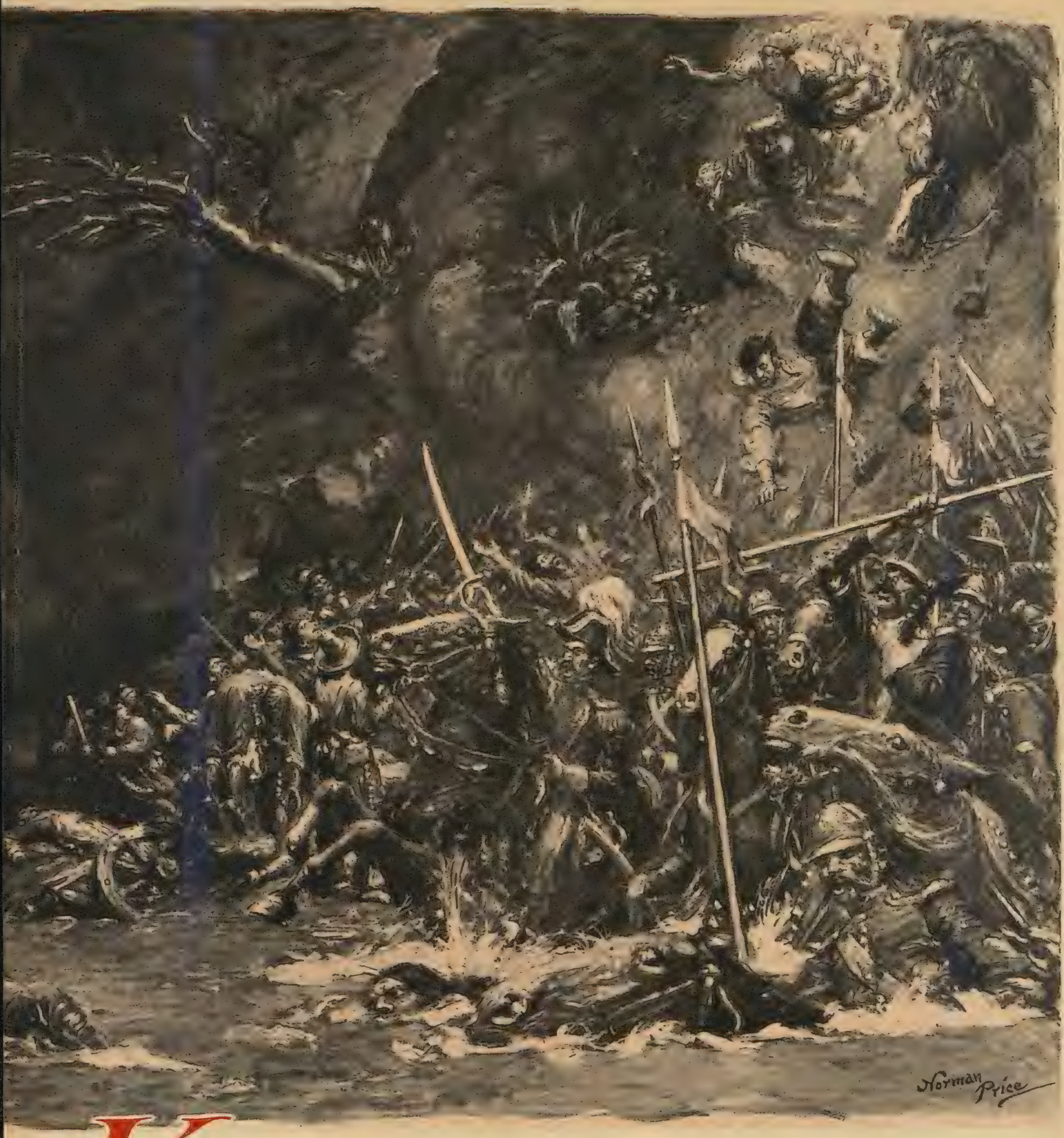
THIS is the story of Captain Maddox's exploits in the Mexican War. When recognized as a spy, a dancing girl, Silver Knees, saved his life. Later, he found a savage who carried the daguerreotype of a child. This proved to be an early likeness of Silver Knees. While bringing General Taylor news of the Mexicans, the captain and his scouts saw the whole American army advancing. You can begin here and understand what follows.

PART FOUR—THE FORTUNES OF WAR

WE rode into an advance guard of the Second United States dragoons. I recognized Captain Ker. "Good God, Maddox!" he said. "What's happened to you?"

I told him that the Mexican army stood astride the Palo Alto road, and that at midnight our fort before Matamoras was still firing.

He whispered to me: "We've four thousand wagons with us, and have been as slow as hell. The army is losing confidence in Old Zack."



Knees

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

The remainder of his squadron came into sight on an easy lope. Behind it trotted May's squadron.

As we galloped past them I saluted the queer-looking Captain May and called out to him:

"The chaparral is lousy with lancers, Captain."

"Well," he laughed, "if there are as many lancers as there are Mexican generals, we'll have our hands full, Maddox!"

A little farther on we met Blake, of the topographical engineers, who waved gayly to us and called out:

"Mexican cavalry are coming into Burrita! Don't go that way!" And he galloped on toward our front.

South of us lay the Salt Prairie, southeast the Salt Lagoons and the Boca Chica road between Brazos and Burrita.

A great cloud of alkali dust obscured the Point Isabel road as we drew bridle and turned aside into the desert.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page fifty-nine

Walker's Texans passed us at a canter. Behind them rode Old Zack with a small but gorgeous staff—he alone in cotton drill, check shirt, an old farmer's hat, and horse traders' boots, hunched up on his blooded horse like a fat, grayish spider. Behind him, its band playing, came the Fifth regulars, Lieutenant Colonel McIntosh and his staff leading on proudly prancing horses.

“Good heavens, Maddox,” he called to me, “where have you been?”

Norman Price

Then horror piled on horror as American shells began to explode.

Old Zack screwed his head around to look, too, and I hastened to report to him, ranging my tired horse up beside him at a motion of his hand.

“Well, Maddox,” he said, as genially and carelessly as though no outnumbering enemy was awaiting him just ahead, “did you fix it up with the Comanches?”

“Yes, sir. They're hunting Navajos just now.”

“Do tell!”

“They'll not bother us for a while, sir. And further, sir, I have to report a Mexican army astride the Matamoras road at Palo Alto.”

“So that's where they are?” he said pleasantly.

“Yes, sir. Being cut off, we have reconnoitered them during the past six days. There seem to be about two thousand lancers on their left flank. More on their right.”

“Torrejon's cavalry,” he nodded.

“From tree tops, with a glass, I made out artillery and masses of infantry beyond—toward the river, sir,” I added.

He nodded, turned in his saddle: “McIntosh, come on!” he called to the colonel of the Fifth infantry. “Sam!”—to Captain Walker—“just run back and start 'em up right smart. Bring up Major Ringgold. Tell Allen and Garland to hustle. I want Duncan and Ridgeley to cut around and come up with their batteries. Tell Churchill I said so!”

To me: “You been scratched up some, Maddox.”

“I lost three men getting through their lancers, sir.”

“Your fellows act right?”

“Extremely well, sir.”

“That's good. Come on.”

Back along the road we galloped, Old Zack, his staff, I, my ragamuffins, escorted by our dragoons.

Blake came back to report the Mexican army in line of battle and awaiting us.

“That's elegant,” said Old Zack affably.

SUDDENLY, riding out of the chaparral, the whole thrilling panorama burst upon our eyes. Even Old Zack grunted.

For ahead of us stretched level prairie set with little lakes, lagoons, and pools of water, spreading straight away ahead for three miles or more.

At its farther limit loomed chaparral—cactus, prickly pear, thorn, mesquite, split in half by the Palo Alto road. And here, blocking this road and stretching across it at right angles for a mile or more, was massed a Mexican army in line of battle. As Old Zack pulled in his mettlesome nag and fished a telescope out of his coat-tail pocket, we heard the gay marching music of the Fifth infantry coming up behind us.

From the little hill I looked back along the road; and, as far as I could see, it seemed to have turned a brilliant blue color and was flowing toward us like a narrow river over which white lightning flashed and played.

The Fifth regulars went in on the right, followed by Ringgold's artillery and a pair of 18s under Churchhill of the Third artillery. Garland's Third infantry brigade, the Third and Fourth regulars, and Ker's and May's dragoons composed our right and center; and Belknap's First brigade, the Eighth regulars, and Child's artillery formed our left. Our train halted near the water, protected by Texans and dragoons.

We advanced in columns, briskly, our regimental bands playing, our pretty flags brilliant in the wind, and, at a scant quarter of a mile, deployed. It was all as bright and clear as a picture in a picture book. It was perfect. The Mexican batteries on the right began to fire, followed by a stupendous outcrash from their entire artillery.

CHURCHILL, Ringgold and Duncan went into picturesque action. It was terrific; it was grand. Nobody was hit among us, but we could see how the great wave of Mexican cavalry opened, sagged, closed up, opened again after each salvo from us where our shot and shell tore through them. We sat our horses spellbound. I did not hear Old Zack give any orders at all. He sat hunched up on his horse, his long-nosed, square, good-natured face of a country horse trader amiably interested.

Now that he had brought his army face to face with the Mexican army, he seemed to think he had done his job. Apparently the rest was no concern of his. It appeared to be a colonels' and captains' battle. He sat with his kindly face turned toward the distant Mexican cavalry, where our shells were tearing men and horses to pieces.

“They're steady,” he remarked. “They got pluck.”

Sam Walker came galloping up to report that Torrejon, with fifteen hundred lancers, was moving through the chaparral to attack our wagons.

“Do tell,” said Old Zack.

Walker began to laugh. He seemed to know what was to be done. He and his Texans galloped off to Ridgeley's smoking battery.

“Tell Ringgold and McIntosh to keep their eyes cocked,” said Old Zack to a boyish aide-de-camp, who spurred away into the smoke on his blooded horse.

Then I saw a heartrending sight. One thousand five hundred lancers, superbly mounted, rode out of the chaparral and, with a shrill cheer, spurred straight across the meadow toward Ridgeley's jumping, flashing guns.

Shell and solid shot swept them, whirled them about like brilliant autumn leaves in a tornado. We could hear the shrieks of the dying riders and the screams of mutilated horses above the cannonading. Entire files crashed earthward. Down went scarlet bonnets, scarlet plumes, scarlet lance pennons. Officers, trumpeters, lancers, horses fell sprawling in one horrible, bloody, kicking mess. Upon this sickening shambles opened Ringgold's battery in a roaring sheet of flame. Then, wheeling where they stood, the Fifth regulars poured into them a terrific storm of musketry, firing by wings.

The poor scorched, crippled, blood-drenched horsemen seemed bewildered. The terrible discharges seemed to stun men and horses, and they stood stupidly staring ahead while they were being shot down and blown to bits by dozens. At last, as though aroused from a nightmare, a bugler sounded the retreat, feebly, brokenly. Other bugles sobbed out the recall.

Suddenly the horror of it seized the dazed horsemen. They turned, broke, scattered, and galloped blindly away, some even running headlong into our wagons and into our dragoons, who sabered them as they pleased or dragged them from their saddles.

A gigantic wall of smoke fringed our front, through which red flames began to flicker and leap. The wadding of our guns had set the long grass afire.

A mile of blazing prairie blotted out the enemy's left flank, and we could see their cavalry and artillery riding hard to get out of its way.

"I guess," said Old Zack, "it's kinda hot over there. Maddox, just run across the street and tell May to charge. And tell McIntosh and Churchill to move up and wing 'em good. Looks as if their cavalry has a mind to try it again."

I spurred across the road and meadow to Churchill's and McIntosh's commands.

May's weird face brightened at the order, and his bugles rang out as the infantry began to run forward to occupy the shambles where the Mexican lancers went down.

As May charged, a whole brigade of enemy cavalry moved out toward him and a battery opened on him.

What with the smoke and flash of the guns, the crowding, stifling powder gloom, and the thick smoke of burning grass, it was difficult to make one's way about. There was much confusion. Somebody told me that Major Ringgold, of the Third artillery, had been killed among his guns by a round shot. Luther, of the Second, and Page, of the infantry, were carried past me, wounded.

MAY came galloping back. He had lost seriously. He told me he could do nothing against an entire cavalry brigade, and asked for orders.

There were no orders. Old Zack wasn't giving any. The regulars solved their own problems, fought their own battle in their own way.

An awful uproar announced a charge of lancers against our right. They were brave men; they came on again and again against squares formed by our infantry. Our gunners sent an unending stream of shot and shell into them, tearing entire squadrons to fragments.

And everywhere raged the vast prairie fire between these two fighting armies, glowing redder as the sun set, angry, scarlet, terrible in the gathering twilight.

Night came. There was nothing to see to shoot at any longer, only a sea of tossing flame and the chaparral, now afire. The roar of artillery and musketry slackened, died away, ended with a few dropping shots.

Old Zack squatted on his saddle, his benign features ruddy in the flickering light of the flames.

"I kinda guess," said he to the silent ring of horsemen about him, "that it's all over for today. Just about all over. Yes, I guess so."

And that was the Battle of Palo Alto, fought almost entirely by our field artillery—a battle which began and left us standing on the defensive before a vastly superior army which had lost nearly ten times as many men as we had lost, and which still retained its position astride the bloody road to Matamoras.

II

ABOUT sunrise a lieutenant of Indiana dragoons, named Pleasanton, rode up with orders from headquarters sending me forward with the mixed command of Captain McCall to scout the chaparral through which the Mexican army had been retreating since dawn. Their withdrawal was voluntary, leisurely, and in good order.

My men and I had enjoyed refreshing baths. I requisitioned fresh horses and new clothing for them. We had breakfasted. So we were in high spirits when the uniforms of Smith's light companies began to appear, advancing on the right side of the Matamoras road, while McCall, with infantry and flying artillery, moved out to the left.

Pleasanton's Indiana dragoons trotted in the rear, their strangely shaped helmets, with great arched crests, reminding one of the Grecian headgear of Homer's heroes.

As we were saddling, cinching, and mounting our horses, Sam Walker's reckless Texans galloped up and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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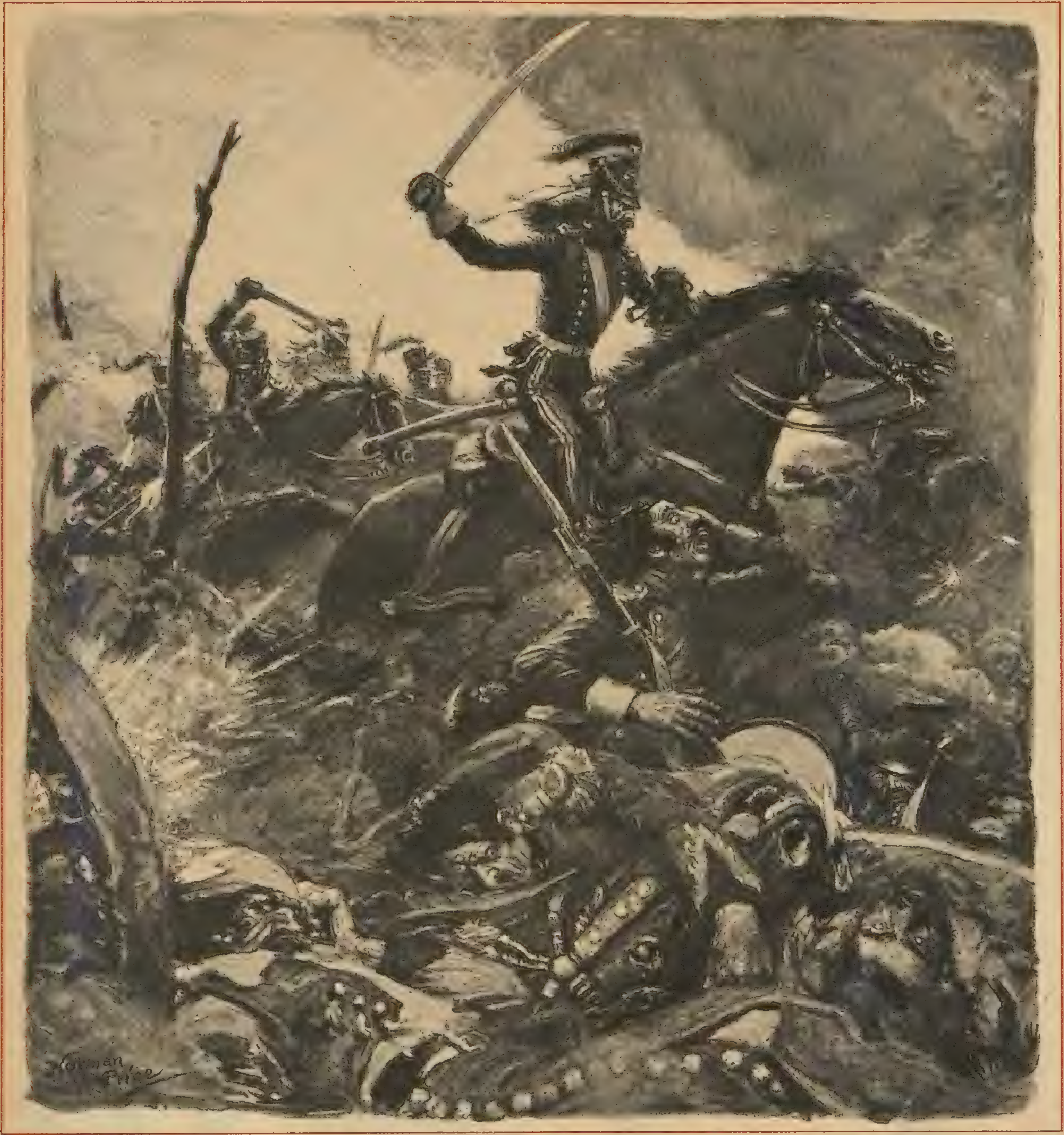


The Mexican regulars, marines, infantry, and cavalry fought like cornered wildcats; our men were falling everywhere.

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page sixty-one

began to file past us into the chaparral. They were singing their song of Goliad:

" When we rode down to Goliad,
To Goliad, to Goliad,
Three hundred Texans all alone,
A-riding down to Goliad
To wake the town
And take the town,
And hold it for our own.

" Their army marched to Goliad,
To Goliad, to Goliad;
A mighty host surprised the town,
Surrounding us in Goliad;
And then, alas,
It came to pass
We laid our rifles down.

" God help us all in Goliad,
In Goliad, in Goliad!
They bayoneted the sick-abed,
They slaughtered all in Goliad—
At evening bell
Their lances fell
A-dripping wet and red!

" We're going back to Goliad,
To Goliad, to Goliad.
We'll leave in Goliad no stone
To mark the town of Goliad.
The buzzards high
That sweep the sky
Shall know the spot alone.

CHORUS *(with trumpets)*:

" By Jesus Christ, won't we be glad
When we get back to Goliad! "

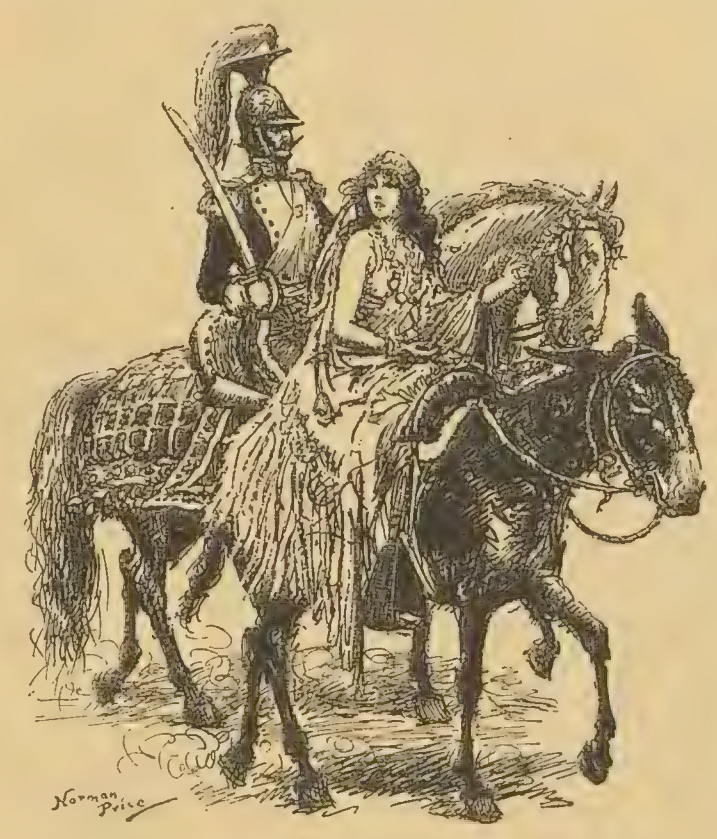
The ferocity of their shout and their strident trumpets sent a shiver over me. These Texans had had a frightful score to wipe out at Goliad and the Alamo; but I supposed it already had been wiped out at San Jacinto.

The land across which we rode was a sad country of salt wastes, muddy ditches, pools, ponds, swamps, and matted chaparral. In this melancholy wilderness we rode forward, starting a few lurking rancheros and lancers, who floundered up like wild creatures and fled frantically westward along cattle paths and game trails. The Texans laughed fiercely as they fired at them from their saddles.

Near one of the adobe-and-plank ranchos belonging to the Palma family we emerged abruptly into open prairie flanked by fresh-water ponds and thickets, and here, instantly, we made lively contact with the rear guard of the Mexican army, and whirled our horses to escape the hornets' nest.

Sam Walker's Texans, who had blundered headlong into this ambuscade, were suddenly peppered and stampeded by the grape shot from a masked battery. A private and two sergeants fell. Bandara, Peep, and I dismounted and brought in these desperately wounded men—the private already in a dying condition, his lower jaw entirely gone.

We had had, however, time to discover the real situation. And it was this: an old unmapped river channel crossed the Matamoras road at right angles just ahead of us; and Mexican infantry and artillery were occupying it as a breastwork. When I told this to McCall, he sent back three Indiana dragoons with the news; and we of the scouting column withdrew to a respectful distance to watch the enemy's movements and await our old dunderhead of a general, who was fussing somewhere in the rear with his cursed wagon train.



"She sat astride a mule. 'Love to my Señor Captain Don Juan!' she called out."

A few graceful enemy lancers moved gingerly about in the dense thickets of thorn and cactus, their red bonnets and red pennons visible. Now and then an escopeta went bang! in our direction; and we fired at the cloud of smoke at long range.

About noon we ate what was in our haversacks. Toward one o'clock a blue trooper of May's dragoons came loping along to say that General Taylor was on his way—with his damned wagons.

But it was four o'clock in the afternoon before Ridgeley's flying battery galloped up and unlimbered on the Matamoras road.

THIS outfit had been poor Ringgold's battery; and now Randolph Ridgeley took it into action with a gay abandon and dash that started us cheering the red cannoneers from our saddles.

Instantly, then, began that strange affair at Resaca de Guerrero which we call the Battle of Resaca de la Palma—though neither palms nor Palmas were present.

So dense was the growth of woods, mesquite, and chaparral ahead of us that, as our troops pushed on into the thickets, no two companies were in view of each other. Even platoons lost touch and wandered in circles.

Lost officers, commissioned or noncommissioned, led whatever troops they could come across. Volunteers became bewildered, demoralized—their officers seldom amounting to anything—but the old discipline and instinct of the regulars carried them on, hacking their way through the chaparral, floundering across swamps, beating a bloody path forward—the Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Eighth regulars—while Ridgeley's and Duncan's batteries flamed and banged away, and May's fiery dragoons rushed at the Mexican guns, sabering the gunners at their pieces, yelling and whooping like Comanches.

As May, leading the rush, galloped past me, he turned his lionlike head and called out: "I say, Maddox, please tell McIntosh to come on!"

The fighting for these guns instantly became terrific. I saw Lieutenant Inge go down; saw eighteen superb horses and eight yelling men blown into atoms in the blast of Mexican grape shot, as May's dragoons crashed into the battery and raged among the smoking guns, slashing at the gunners and Tampico marines, who put up a desperate and gallant defense.

I sent Bandara to find the general; sent Peep after him; and began to hunt for the colonel of the Fifth infantry, McIntosh, to support our cavalry.

Before I found him, however, an entire wing of his regiment, led by subalterns, had charged the battery among the guns of which May still slashed and raged. Finally I stumbled over McIntosh and Stanisford in the chaparral, chasing lancers like rabbits.

IN reply to my shout, McIntosh shouted back that he knew what to do. As he spurred forward with the remainder of his infantry, a whirlwind gallop of Mexican lancers enveloped him; and whether he was lanced or shot I never learned, but down he went, and another ferocious little fight began—bayonet against lance—until Major Stanisford galloped headlong into the mêlée with the remainder of the Third, Fourth, and Fifth infantry, stampeding the lancers into frantic flight, carrying the battery, and battering his way clean into the enemy's very center.

A terrific racket on our right, cheering, crack of rifle, bang of musket, and noisy explosion of Mexican escopetas, announced still another infantry charge. Our Fourth regulars had broken right into General Arista's headquarters, where were vast stores of baggage, private property, provisions, and ammunition.

Four hundred Mexican mules instantly stampeded; shrieks and screams filled the air where the poor Mexican camp women were running in every direction; shells arrived from Duncan's battery, blowing lancers, horses, mules, wagons, camp women into bloody fragments. And into this confusion Ker's dragoons came galloping and swinging their heavy sabers through the screeching horror of it all.

The Mexican regulars, marines, infantry, and cavalry fought like cornered wildcats; our men were falling everywhere. I encountered Kirby Smith, who told me that Lieutenants Chadbourne and Cochrane were killed. Lieutenant Colonel Payne, inspector general; Captains Hooe and Montgomery; Lieutenants Fowler, Jordan, Maclay, Burbank, Gates, Selden, Dobbins, Morris, were down, wounded or dead.

A Mexican artillery captain fell under my horse's feet, and, dying, tried to kill me with his pistol. The wild cheering of our men dominated the uproar of the guns. Mexican caissons began to explode, shaking the ground.

In a plazuelita I came upon General Taylor, riding slowly and calmly forward with his gorgeous, gold-embroidered staff—and why Mars was kind to this snuff-colored old gentleman in dusty linen and glazed cap the god of war only knows; for it was perfectly plain that he had had no more influence in directing this amazing and sanguinary row than the perplexed buzzard that circled above the smoke.

When Old Zack saw me he called out: "Say, Maddox, I'm a-going to drive 'em across the river tonight, and I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page sixty-three

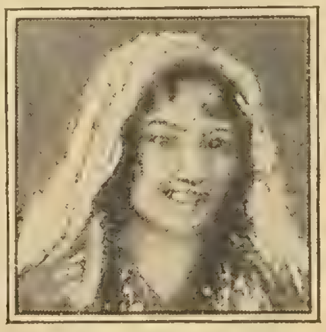
want you should ride forward and try to get some of your men to take a peek into Matamoras for me."

"Shall I go myself, General?"

"No. Send over a spy or two tonight. You better go in with me when we take the city. I guess you can be a lot of help to me."

As I spurred forward I encountered Peep and Bandara, who told me that the Mexican cavalry were now in headlong flight, and that their infantry was in a panic and running after them.

I told Bandara and Peep to ride on, mix with the fugitives, get across the river and into the city and bring me information at the fort. I sent Frank Haslett to care for their horses. They went off at a gay gallop toward the tremendous cloud of dust ahead where the Mexican retreat was becoming a complete rout. For all cadres were now broken and demoralized—artillery, cavalry went thundering on toward the river where their boats lay—their only hope of safety.



And here, under the high banks of the Great River of the North, the spectacle already had become terrible. The Mexican infantry, arriving first, had swarmed and tumbled into the flatboats, barges, and skiffs; and down upon these thundered their cavalry and artillery—crushing, mangling everything, driving their horses aboard the barges packed with shrieking men and women, and hurling them into the river.

The river was covered with swimming and drowning men and horses and mules; through these masses of agonizing creatures, barges and boats forced and fought their way, beating off the desperate hands that clutched at oar, pole, and gunwale. Then horror piled on horror as American shells began to explode over the crowded boats and amid masses of plunging horses ashore.

Mounted volunteer riflemen—but of what state and regiment I knew not—galloped along the crests of the forty-foot river bank, firing at loaded boat and splashing swimmer; from our fort the eighteen-pounders hurled shells; the frantic counter-cannonade, from the city opposite, swelled to an earth-rocking roar.

. . . . .

IF you call that a battle, there it is—the Battle of the Resaca.

I counted more than four hundred dead lancers along the shore. A thousand, it was said, died in the Great River of the North. Near our fort I came up with Captain May and his dragoons. They had with them the regimental colors of the Mexican marines and a sheaf of enemy cavalry standards and guidons.

May told me very seriously and simply that never in his life had he experienced such heavenly pleasure as in that charge upon the Mexican artillery. I thought of the hot, nauseating stink of disemboweled horses, and of a dragoon I saw who sat screeching with his belly blown to pieces. And of a Mexican woman, her face completely gone and only a red hole there, and still crawling blindly across the grass—

May, with his haunting zealot's eyes and his gaunt, symmetrical visage of John the Baptist, rode on straight ahead of him, his stained saber in his reddened hand.

Into the flaming sunset he rode—the pale, enraptured, inexorable type of a fanatic nation born to march as long as there remains a world to march across, and whose doomed progress no ocean can ever bar.

I turned in my saddle. Everywhere the sunset world was covered with marching blue; its bedded sands shook in the diapason of American guns; above the ramparts of our fort, dark against the setting sun, rippled the flag of the United States. Just ahead of us, leading his gorgeous blue-and-gold staff, rode Old Zack in glazed cap and linen duster. Beside him rode a magnificently uniformed Mexican prisoner—General la Vega—taken fighting among his guns by May's dragoons.

I heard our general say to his interpreter in his kindly, simple way: "You tell General la Vega I want he should eat supper with me and my aides; and tell him he'll find us pleasant and friendly, like he was one o' the family come to Sunday dinner."

III

THEIR General Requina came over from Matamoras to ask politely for an armistice. But Old Zack shook his head; for Peep and Bandara had come in from the city with news that four-fifths of the Mexican army had been destroyed—thousands dead and wounded—and the Matamoras hospitals crammed with bleeding creatures unattended and starving.

That being the decision, Torrejon's cavalry rode out of Matamoras at one o'clock; and at twilight the Mexican retreat began toward the plains of Doña Rita—brigade after brigade of dusty infantry, dragoons, lancers; battery after battery of artillery; the park, the trains, baggage of officers, clerks, staffs; corps chests, ox carts, soldiers' women, wagons full of sick and wounded.

Kirby Smith told me that mail from the east had arrived and was being distributed. But Old Zack wanted me to go across to the city, so I told Peep to get any mail for me and fetch it to me at the Restaurant Zayas.

I went across the river with Bandara. We saw half a thousand wounded left behind; saw cannon being spiked, wagons run into the river, ammunition, provisions dumped over the bank, horseless dragoons marching afoot with the infantry, wretched, barefoot soldiers limping off, laden with their heavy equipment, and vast strings of mules piled high with officers' baggage.

The mounted staffs of seven generals rode out of the gloomy city across the fine esplanade, where a huge fire burned in front of the unfinished cathedral, throwing a sinister light across silent façades of beautiful buildings facing the plaza.

I left Bandara and went back across the river to our fort and told Old Rough and Ready—as some admirers called Old Zack—that the moment had come to make prisoner the beaten Mexican army of General Arista, and spare us all another and bloody battle.

I do not know to this day why he didn't cross and do it. He didn't. It was said that want of means of transportation delayed Old Rough and Unready. It may have been his cursed wagons; they had already delayed him often enough.

So I went back to the city and, under my proper and disgusted nose, I saw this decimated and demoralized Mexican army and seven discouraged generals escape toward the rancho of Medraneno on their way to the plain of Esperanza, Encadenado, the Hacienda of Conception, and the lovely city of Monterey.

IV

SO utterly defeated and cowed were all Mexicans, military and civilian alike, that, although dressed as a ranchero, I took no precautions at all and went about the wretched city as I pleased.

In the beautiful plaza, lurid with the shaking light of great bonfires, an ominous silence reigned, broken only by the clank of retreating artillery and trample of jaded lancers.

In remoter quarters there was some rioting fomented by sagebrush bandits and other dregs of the desert—robberies, fights, brutal violence toward women; but the soldiers of St. Patrick's renegade battalion—the last to leave the city—did their patrol duty admirably, driving slinking desperadoes from their victims, protecting women, guarding property as well as they could.

As for the sick and wounded, the city was in a dreadful condition. I saw little huts, not fifteen feet square, where nearly a hundred wounded lay packed together, festering, bleeding, helpless. The stench was terrible; the arms or legs of some were gone, many had been shot in the eye or the mouth. A few frightened Mexican women were trying to help them a little.

Peep found me at the deserted Restaurant Zayas, eating an omelette. He fetched me a letter from New York—the mail having come in to Commodore Conner's squadron by a gunboat, and had been sent on from Point Isabel.

The letter was from the sanctimonious old gander who had employed me in New York. He wanted me to drum up a trade in Bibles for him whenever off duty.

> The Lord God Almighty and General Zachary Taylor are about to smite the Mexican heathen hip and thigh [he wrote] and I do not doubt that these idolaters shall be utterly cast down before the terrible vengeance of the Lord of Battles.
>
> Now is the time, Mr. Maddox, to do a little profitable and godly business. It is God's own business, not mine, I bid you do. Your status as an officer of the army should not prevent you from engaging in a Christian business affair.
>
> As soon as General Taylor takes the city, I suggest that, on a commission of 10 per cent, you point out to the Mayor of Matamoras that his gilded wooden Virgins and bedizzened Saints and Christs have not protected his idol-worshipping, degraded, and superstitious people from our civilized, God-fearing, and educated army; and that the surest comfort and hope of these defeated and wretched heathen lies in a bountiful consignment of Protestant Bibles and of Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Congregationalist hymn books, all lovingly translated for Mexican use and published by Lemuel P. Loveday and Son—

Tearing the letter into small shreds, I looked at Peep, who was one of the idolaters referred to.

"What news have you?"

"United States cavalry have crossed the river below and are at Burrita, your honor."

"They are too late," I said dryly. "What is that blood on your shirt?"

"Nothing, your honor."

BUT it turned out that this degraded heathen worshiper of gilded Madonnas had been shot by desert rats and, though painfully wounded, had continued on faithfully to fetch to me this business letter from one of those peculiar creatures parasitic upon the God that made it. I took Peep into the kitchen and washed and dressed his wound. The bullet had passed out. He smiled during the painful process, but he knew as well as I what was to be feared from a Mexican bullet sheathed in poisonous copper. I told him to go back and report at our flying hospital behind the fort, which was now called Fort Brown, in honor of the officer who had died there. Perhaps if Old Zack had fussed less about his damned wagon train and a little more about his abandoned garrison, Major Brown might have seen his native Vermont again.

As there seemed to be no point in my remaining in the city, I went along with Peep to where he had left his little boat concealed.

"It was very bad in Matamoras, your honor," he said. "Some desert rats raped and murdered a poor girl in that alley behind the baile flamenco—your honor remembers?"

"I went there," I said somberly, "but the Bear Folk had gone."

"Ei, prala, the Gypsies went to Monterey. I saw them departing."

"Did you see our little Silver Knees?"

"Ei, seño'."

"Well?" I asked impatiently.

"She sat astride a mule, seño'. When she beheld me —'Love to my Señor Captain Don Juan!' she called out to me—her face white with terror—and the rancheros with their lances slinking along the cavalcade like lobos, and only held aloof by the dragoons of Torrejon, riding with escopeta on thigh."

"Do you suppose the Bear Folk are safe?" I asked, deeply worried.

"Ei, seño'. Torrejon has long had an amorous eye upon the little Silver Knees. His dragoons and lancers answer for the Bear Folki."

This was sufficiently disturbing, too.

I TOOK the oars and sent the frail boat out into the current, not permitting Peep to row with a wounded arm. He watched me in silence for a while. As we were landing he said:

"Prala—your honor—Don John, my captain, why, if you desire her, do you not take our little Silver Knees for your honor's diversion, and to cook and wash and mend for your honor?"

"Because," said I, "we don't do such things in the United States."

"And yet you desire her?"

"I do not," said I. "Also, it is none of your damned business."

"Pardon, señor," he said dejectedly. "I spoke only from my heart, because I love your honor. That is all that occupies my mind, seño'—my loyalty and love for my Señor Captain Don John."

As we got out of the boat he seemed very weak and I passed my arm about him to sustain him up the slope.

"I hope," said I kindly, "that your little sweetheart, Lilias Quintana, is safe."

"Ei, prala," said he in a whisper, "safe with God."

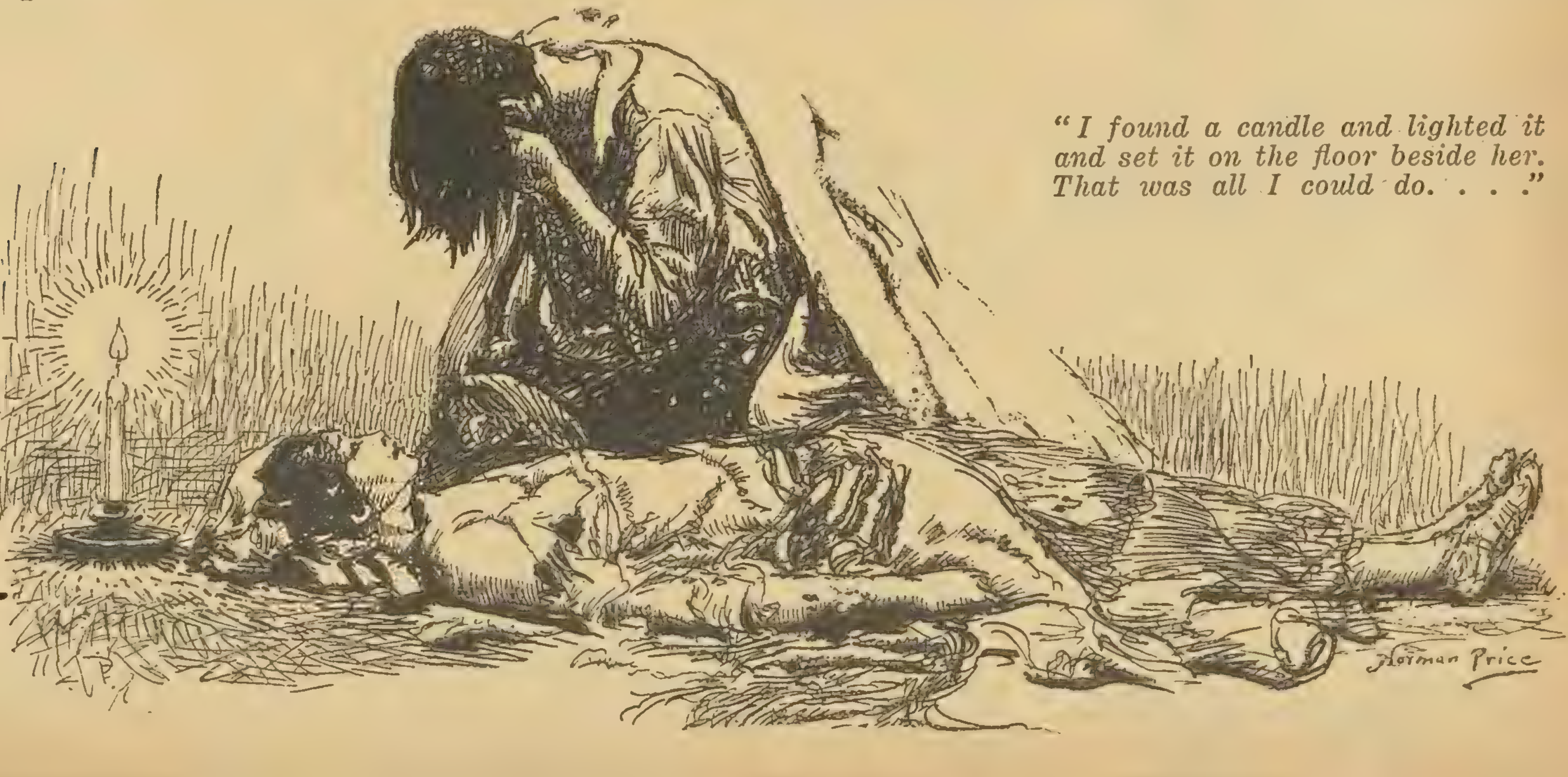
"What!" I exclaimed, dismayed.

"It was she whom those desert rats raped and murdered in the Perdido Alley, prala."

"Good God—and you came to find me all the same—with this horror on your mind—and wounded, too—"

"I stabbed the big one till he squeaked and bubbled up blood. The little fellow shot me; but I got my pistol into his mouth and fired it; and both his eyes spurted out of his head. . . . As for Lilias, they had cut her throat. I found a candle and lighted it and set it on the floor beside her. That was all I could do. . . . And your honor was waiting for his mail. . . ."

In Part Five of the story, next week, you'll see Captain Maddox plan and execute a bold stroke, and see him and Silver Knees reunited.



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To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

for Toothache

Use JIFFY and the ache STOPS. Be prepared for toothache at night when you can't reach a dentist. JIFFY saves your nerves so you can sleep. Your druggist can tell you that JIFFY stops the pain at once. Insist that you get the original.

JIFFY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Toothache Drops

CONSTIPATED?

Take NR—NATURE'S REMEDY—tonight. Your eliminative organs will be functioning properly by morning and your constipation will end with a bowel action as free and easy as nature at her best—no pain, no griping. Try it.

Mild, safe, purely vegetable. At Druggists—only 25c.

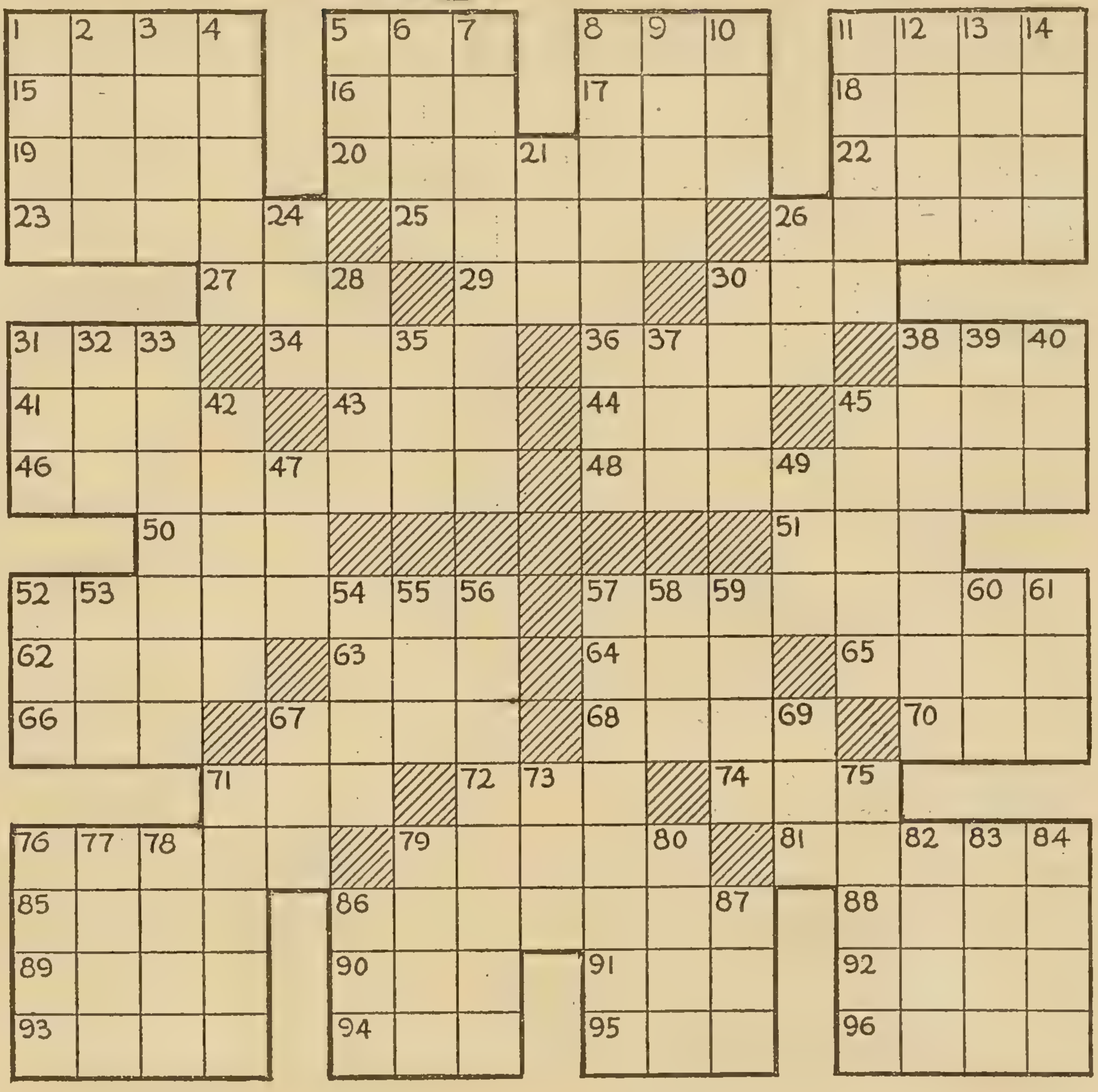
FREE Write for sample of NR and beautifully colored 1931 calendar.

A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. 68 M, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Feel like a million, take

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Two New Puzzles



HORIZONTAL

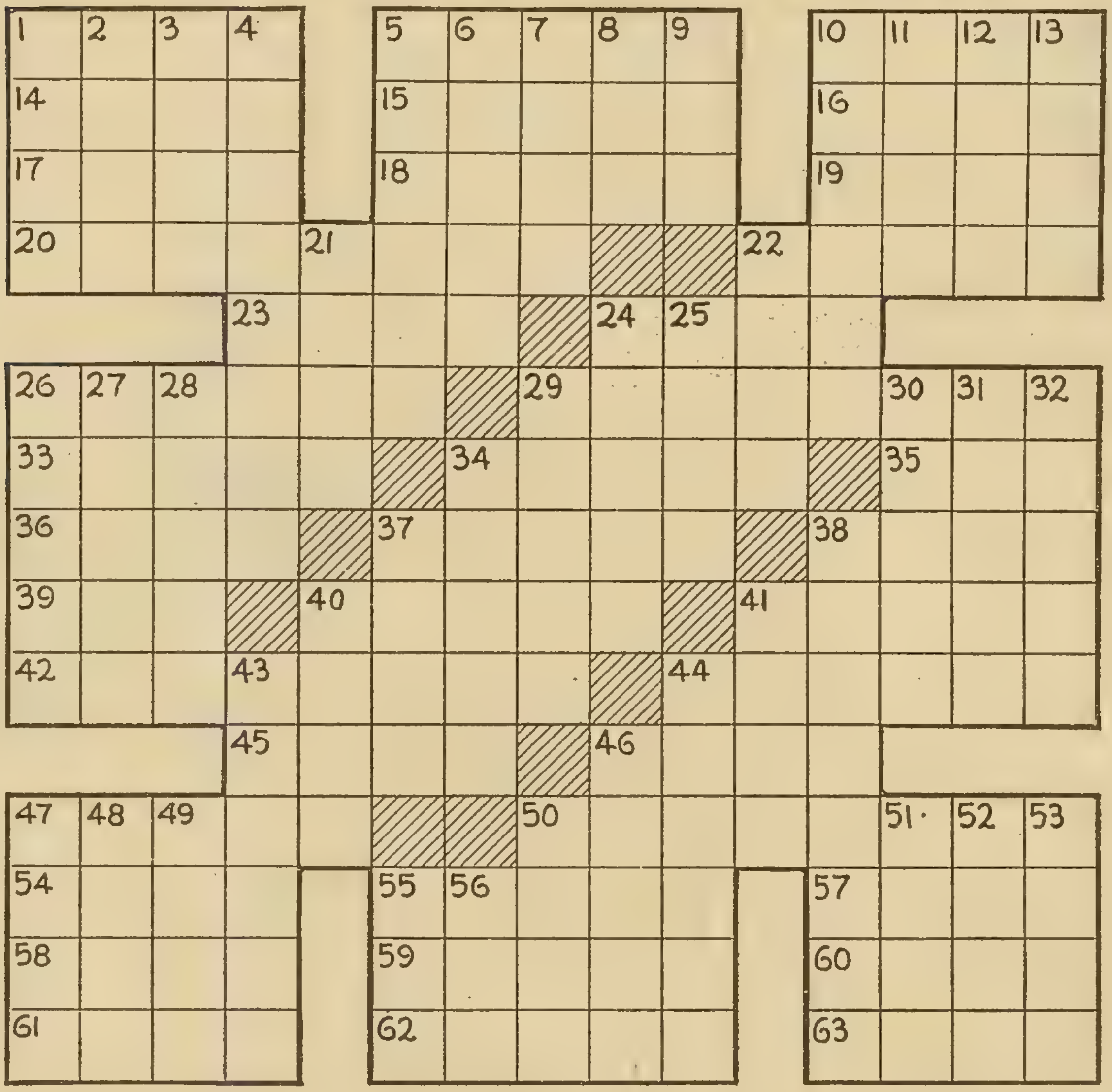
1 Hurl
5 Footlike part
8 Moisture
11 Letter of the Greek alphabet
15 Prefix: opposed to
16 Form of to be
17 Compass point
18 An Arabian military commander
19 Separate particular in an enumeration
20 A king of Israel
22 To provide with an inner covering
23 Post at the foot of a stairway
25 Becomes withered
26 Part of a sword (plural)
27 Turf
29 A container
30 A digit
31 Male swan
34 A fuel
36 Snare
38 Garden implement
41 Simians
43 Sheep
44 Lamprey
45 Sodium carbonate
46 Prevented
48 A month
50 Bond
51 Prate; chatter
52 Spendthrifts
57 Petals of a flower collectively (plural)
62 At this point
63 By way of
64 Period
65 River in Siberia
66 Printer's measures
67 Made crooked
68 Repair
70 Period of time
71 A Japanese measure of area
72 American Indian
74 Plaything
76 Wanderer
79 Magnificent
81 Belief
85 A former czar of Russia
86 Sloped
88 Combining form meaning air
89 Allows
90 Corrode
91 A note in the scale of Guido
92 Grit
93 Gaelic
94 American author
95 Lair
96 A plant

VERTICAL

1 A son of Adam
2 Stake in poker
3 Boil
4 Ascertains the duration of
5 Dance step
6 Greek equivalent of the Roman Cupid
7 Chose
8 Insane
9 A son of Seth
10 A cyst
11 Misrepresent
12 Man's name
13 Color lightly
14 Measures of area
21 Anglo-Saxon money of account
24 Cut off
26 Jump over
28 A ruminant
30 A mineral
31 Vulgar fellow
32 Open
33 Improves
35 Reverential fear
37 Sandpiper
38 Walked lame
39 Poem
40 Attention
42 River in France
45 Diminutive
47 A color
49 Self
52 Pronoun
53 Write
54 Level
55 Japanese money of account
56 Soak
57 Firmly united
58 Unrefined metal
59 Act irrationally
60 Collection of facts
61 Speak
67 Exclude
69 Small mark
71 Taut
73 Color shade
75 Leavening agent
76 Stir up
77 Above
78 Large tubs
79 Pleased; happy
80 To mark for omission (printing)
82 Close by
83 An eagle
84 A rude sled for hauling logs
86 Billow
87 Man's nickname

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy

for Agile Minds



HORIZONTAL

1 A kind of two-wheeled vehicle
5 To bend, as steel for testing
10 The central part of anything
14 Imitator
15 The crest of a mountain range
16 That property of a substance which affects the sense of smell
17 A minute object or person
18 One of the five senses
19 Political radicals
20 Writer of an analytical or interpretative literary composition
22 A commencement or start
23 High, pointed hill (plural)
24 Possessing a rational mind
26 Withdraw
29 Cap worn by Roman Catholic priests (plural)
33 To range or form in a line
34 Takes a bait
35 Constellation called the Altar
36 A circle
37 Loads
38 Long, narrow shoal extending from a shore
39 Compass point
40 Fops
41 Elevate
42 Made restitution of
44 Placed or held in equilibrium
45 Part of a stove
46 Exterior covering of some seeds
47 A thin crimped material
50 A kind of nut candy (plural)
54 A fruit
55 A mark used by proof readers
57 Part of a church
58 Hebrew measure of capacity
59 Single
60 A broad smile showing the teeth
61 Places of low resort
62 A king of Phrygia
63 Preserve in brine

VERTICAL

1 Arrived in time, sequence, or order
2 Genus which includes honeybees
3 Steeps
4 Ministering to, as in illness
5 Trenchant wit; sarcasm
6 Gross; crude
7 Silence in music or in one of its parts
8 Coin of an Asiatic kingdom
9 Word of command used by teamsters
10 Wind instrument
11 Poems
12 Went horseback
13 Formerly
21 In old time
22 Cardinal number (plural)
24 Local position (plural)
25 Greek god of war
26 More unusual
27 Feminine personal name
28 Prongs
29 Remained firm under hardship
30 Tapestry
31 Ascend
32 Satisfied to repletion
34 State in Germany
37 Entice
38 Act of beginning a water voyage (plural)
40 A bird of the pigeon kind
41 Rouse passion or resentment in
43 Inebriates
44 Talks much and to little purpose
46 A region in an amphitheater
47 A lump of earth
48 Congealed dew or vapor
49 A word of solemn ratification
50 Goad or incite, as to activity
51 City in Japan
52 Wickedness
53 Dispatched
55 A rotating piece in machinery
56 The adopted son of Mohammed

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy

Try the Finger-tip Test

Don't trust your mirror! It can't tell you about the invisible dandruff cap clogging the pores of your scalp and stifling the growth of your hair. Find out *now! Gently scratch your scalp—then look at your finger tips.*

Dandruff is no mystery—it's just as natural as perspiration. Ordinary washing doesn't remove it. The only way to remove dandruff is to *dissolve it*, then wash it out. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves and removes every particle of dandruff instantly under a money-back guarantee. Rinses thoroughly in hard or soft water.

Fitch's has never failed in 37 years of increasing sales. Applications at barber shops and beauty parlors. Retail sizes at drug and department stores. Use Fitch's tonight and enjoy the sensation of a really clean scalp.

Send 10c for trial size and booklet.

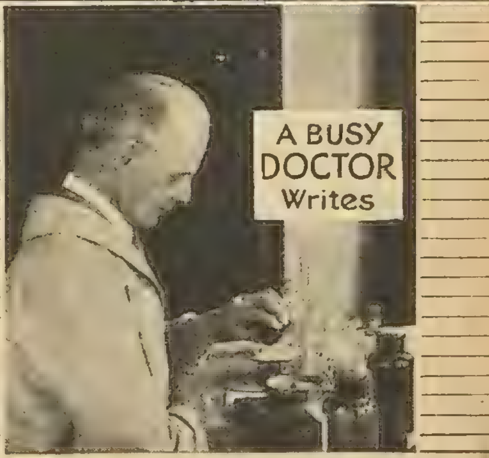
F. W. FITCH CO., Des Moines, Iowa (L-1)

For 10c enclosed send generous trial package and 32 page educational booklet "Your Hair and Scalp."

Name......................................

Address......................................

FOR COUGHS MILLIONS PREFER GENUINE FOLEYS HONEY AND TAR COMPOUND



A Busy Doctor Writes—"Have been investigating different cough syrups and consider yours one of the best. Will you sell to me in gallon lots?"—Dr. W. H. M.

30¢ 60¢ $1.20
AT ALL DRUG STORES
OVER 100 MILLION BOTTLES FOLEY'S USED

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

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WRIGLEY'S
THE FLAVOR
SPEARMINT
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THE PERFECT GUM
MINT LEAF FLAVOR

When you stop to think—
WRIGLEY'S will help you
—A real aid to digestion
—Good for the teeth
—Sweeten the breath

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ROUT
STUBBORN
COLDS
WITH
NYAL
COLD CAPSULES

HERE is a powerful enemy of that cold which "just won't clear up." Headache, neuralgia, grippy pains everywhere also disappear with the cold. Buy a 50c box from your NYAL Druggist the next time a cold threatens you.

Look for this emblem
Service NYAL Drug Store

Sold only at
NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORES
Fair price, fine quality where you see the NYAL Emblem

Baby for Sale

A New For the Love o' Lil

"HELP me button my pumps!" Mrs. Smithers called from her room. "I've got on a new dress and I can't bend over. Hurry up! That party starts at four o'clock and it's quarter to now."

"I'm hurryin'," Gwendolyn panted from the red stair runner. "Five more steps an' I'll be with you." She took ostrich strides and appeared at her mother's bedroom door. "Where's a buttonhook?"

"How do I know?" Mrs. S. asked, polishing her nails. "I've got too many club meetings and card parties on my mind. I can't remember about toothpicks and hairpins and buttonhooks. Look in my handkerchief box."

Gwen looked. She found elastic bands, an air-mail stamp, two lipsticks, theater stubs, a piece of licorice, and some safety pins. They were parked there with her mother's handkerchiefs, but she didn't see a buttonhook. "It's not here," she said.

This week's cover picture.

"Look behind the clock," Mrs. S. told her.

Gwen looked behind the clock and there the buttonhook was hiding under an unpaid fur coat bill. Mrs. S. held on to a bedpost and rested one fat foot on the seat of a rocker. Gwen knelt like a bootblack.

"Ouch!" Mrs. S. screamed. "Let me button the other. I'd rather have a split dress than a wrecked foot."

The velvet didn't split, but it groaned in its seams as its fleshy inmate bent over. Mrs. S. tossed the buttonhook on the bureau where it upset a tray of pins.

"Call a taxi," she ordered, picking up her coat.

As soon as she'd gone, Gwen stole the licorice from her handkerchief box and hurried outdoors. Nothing much was happening. A man was tightening a rusty nut on a hydrant and a horse harnessed to an ash wagon was licking the bark of a tree. Gwen ran across to the Jenkins house and vaulted the gate. Then she tried to yodel.

"Keep still!" little Ulysses shouted, appearing on the side porch. "I'm mad an' I hate—"

"I'll yodel all I want to!" she flared, sitting on the top step. "An' while I yodel you can dig some worms to eat 'em. Who spoiled your fun?"

"My mother," U. whined, "an' my father, an' my cook, an' everybody who comes to see the baby. I have to watch him so he won't fall out of his bed."

"Why don'tcha let him fall?" she giggled. "Then he'd be sent to a horsepital an' then people would pay attention to you. You'd get presents all year round an' be the only fly on the wall."

"I ain't a fly," he complained.

"Never mind the fly," she whispered. "Get rid of the baby. Come on, let's sell him!"

They ran down the steps, along the edge of the flower bed, across the back yard, and into the garage. Gwen found cardboard and a red crayon and practiced tongue gymnastics as she printed a For Sale sign. Then they ran to the baby carriage under the kitchen window.

"See?" she asked gleefully. "I'll tie it on an' we'll push him out front an' sell him like an old horse. He'll get a nice new home an' you'll have yours all to yourself. What else could you ask?"

U. was speechless at the idea of getting rid of his little brother so easily. They shoved the carriage to the sidewalk and watched the baby bounce up and down.

"Yell," Gwen giggled. "Tell everybody who goes by that you've got a baby brother for sale cheap!"

(Next week's cover adventure: The Dare)

Problems of Conduct

What Would You Do?

$100 Each Week for the Best Question

$200 Each Week for the Best Answers

Here Is This Week's Question

for which $100 has been paid to

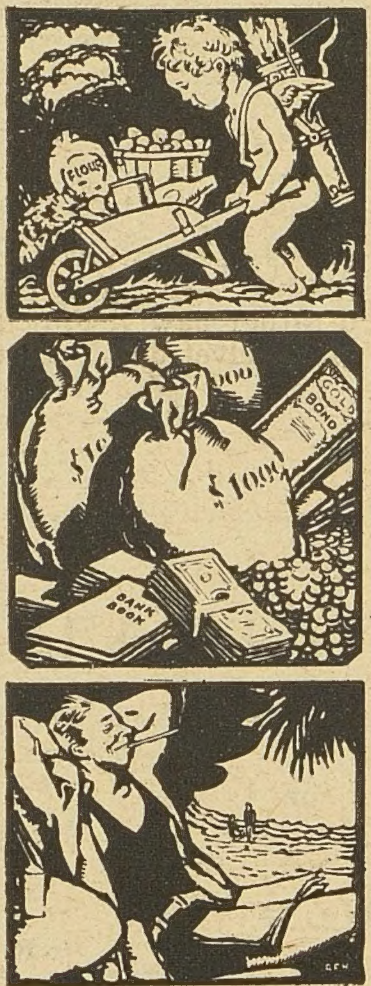
A. A. SCHENKEN
1001 Eighteenth Street
Marion, Iowa

If you were a young man of marrying age, which kind of life would appeal to you most—

1. Marriage for love, a happy home, and just making a living by practicing rigid economy and hard work,

2. Marriage for money, with leisure and travel, but living with your wife entirely for convenience and financial reasons, or

3. Remaining a bachelor, independent of others, with a good job and enough money to buy all the comforts of life, but never knowing the beauty and joy of having a loving companion of the opposite sex?



Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, February 7. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

THE RULES

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published $100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.

2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answers which, in the judgment of the editors, are the best submitted each week, $200 will be paid, the $200 to be divided among the senders, and these answers will be published.

3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only —typewritten if possible—and should be brief. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain more than 1,000 words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.

4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.

5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

HOW would you answer the question on this page? Can you suggest a better one, or one as good? Try your hand at either—or both. As indicated in the rules below, Liberty is paying $100 each week for a suggested problem of conduct, and offering $200 for answers to each of these problems.

* * *

This week we are publishing four answers to the problem which appeared in Liberty for December 27, and dividing $200 among the senders, whose names appear below. The problem was:

Your only living relative is a sister whom you love dearly and who has a little boy and girl whom you idolize and who love you, their only aunt, jealously in return. You delight in giving them luxuries and advantages their parents cannot afford.

You have the chance to adopt two sweet children about as old as your sister's children. Your sister is opposed to the adoption, and would be bitter toward you for doing more for strange children than for your own flesh and blood. It hurts you also to think that your beloved niece and nephew would then be deprived of all the things your time and money would otherwise make available for them.

You are thirty years old, unusually fond of children, and earning a good salary. The idea of marriage and children of your own seems rather remote, and your heart goes out to the two waifs. Would you adopt them or be loyal to your kin?

The Winning Answers

BY LEE HOPKINS

3615 Central Street, Kansas City, Missouri

I WOULD adopt the children. I do not believe that my sister's attitude would be justified or that it should act as a barrier to prevent my adoption of the two little waifs who need someone to care for them.

It would not be disloyal to my sister and her family to do this. In a few years her children would have other interests and would not care to give me any of their time. I would merely be considered as an indulgent relative and would be confronted with a lonesome old age. If my sister wanted me to live my life just so I could provide pleasures for her children, that would indicate she was looking at the situation from a very narrow and selfish viewpoint. I would feel that even though I cared a great deal for her and her children I would be perfectly justified in spending my money, which I had

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-NINE]

earned myself, where I thought it would do the most good and bring the greatest happiness.

By adopting the children I could provide them with a good home and opportunities which they might not otherwise have. Surely it would be better to do this than to devote all my time to petting my nephew and niece, who already have a home. They would likely grow up to be spoiled and selfish if given too many luxuries.

If my sister really cared for me, she would be glad that I had someone of my own to love and would want to help make my adopted children happy, even as I had tried to make her children happy. It would be up to me to prove to her that I still loved her and her family. If I did this, I believe she would get over her feeling of bitterness and that we would then be happier than ever before.

BY LISLE HOSFORD

103 West La Salle Avenue, South Bend, Indiana

A YOUNG woman in these circumstances should not adopt children. Even if her presentiment that she will never be married and have a family of her own turns out to be a sad reality, she would have no justification in adopting children. Children should be adopted by a husband and wife and plunged into the realities and vicissitudes of normal family life. The children are the first to be considered. Give them a home with parents, even if it be a home of humble means and hard knocks. The other would at best be a hothouse existence.

The young woman is no doubt benevolent; but sentimental. She should have no fear that the two " sweet children " will not find a home. Whatever it is which has prompted her to take an abnormal attitude toward marriage certainly will not qualify her for motherhood. Let her deny herself still farther for the sake of the children and keep away from them. Let her be " loyal to her kin " and help to strengthen the normal tenor of society.

BY VIRGINIA D. CORLETT

2110 Wood Avenue, Colorado Springs, Colorado

I SHOULD adopt the two children.

Oh, I know there are dozens of reasons against it. I might die, I might lose my position, I might marry, the children might disgrace me—all these in addition to " disloyalty " to my sister's children. But, when you come right down to it, how much is accomplished in this world without risk?

Suppose you take a set of scales—on one side place all of the above reasons, on the other side place the two waifs, homeless, outcasts, handicapped, hungry for love, entitled to love. Where does the balance lie?

Now, if my sister's children were starving, then my decision would be a different one. But they aren't. They are well fed and housed; they have love, care, and attention, and by my taking the two strangers into my home would lose only certain luxuries and possible advantages. As for my sister's attitude, it is a selfish one, brought on, naturally, by mother-love, but let her imagine her own two in the place of the waifs and perhaps she will see things differently. There is this in addition: if my help is removed, it is possible that my sister and her husband will buckle down and work until they are able to provide the advantages themselves for their children.

BY ELAINE EHRHARDT

Box 285, Middlebourne, West Virginia

IF I dearly loved children, I would not at the age of thirty adopt two strange children, and spoil my chances for marriage. Who would want to marry a woman who had adopted two waifs? Certainly a woman with a fine earning capacity and unusually fond of children would have chances for marriage at this age.

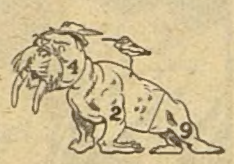
In the meantime I could bestow my love upon my sister's children, and keep on cultivating my love for children, learning the ideals that are essential for rearing my own. There would be pleasure in dreaming about the time when I could claim my own of blood relationship.

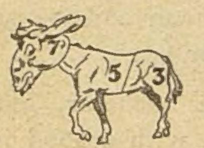
With a fine salary I could also bring comforts to the strange children; I would remain loyal to my kin, and yet render happiness to others, and also retain my independence for marriage. Why should I, by an act which my sister disapproves, destroy her happiness, the children's, and mine?

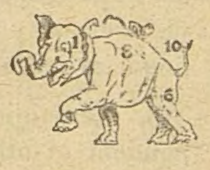
Answers to the question in Liberty for January 3 will be published next week.

$500 IN PRIZES for the Game of THE GREAT WHAT-IS-IT?

HERE is the group of winners who share in the awards for putting together, naming, and writing rhymes about the Walrus-Ass-Elephant pictures (shown herewith, correctly assembled) which appeared in our December 27 issue:







FIRST PRIZE—$100

to George B. Moynahan, 181 North Broadway, Lexington, Kentucky, who sent in the following rhyme:

WALRUS

Strange things are seen in your magazine
By the folks who read it for fun;
This walrus fat, with a quill in his hat,
Is a comical son of a gun.

SECOND PRIZE—$50

to Richard Rodney, Delmar, Delaware, whose rhyme was:

ASS

The ass he is a funny beast;
He's known for being " thick."
While much of him is head and ears,
The most of him is kick.

THIRD PRIZE—$25

to R. O. Wilson, Box 83, University Station, Grand Forks, North Dakota, whose rhyme was:

ELEPHANT

The elephant's large
Like a great big whale,
But Oh! My Gosh!
What a miserable tail.

Cross-Word Puzzle Answers

Page 66

C	A	S	T		P	E	S		D	E	W		B	E	T	A
A	N	T	I		A	R	E		E	N	E		E	M	I	R
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C	A	R	T		S	C	R	A	G		C	O	R	E
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M	I	T	E		T	A	S	T	E		R	E	D	S
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R	E	T	I	R	E	■	B	I	R	E	T	T	A	S
A	L	I	N	E	■	B	I	T	E	S	■	A	R	A
R	I	N	G	■	L	A	D	E	S	■	S	P	I	T
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D	E	N	S		M	I	D	A	S		S	A	L	T

$10 PRIZES to Mrs. H. G. Blakeney, Dallas, Tex.; Mabel Bretz, Springfield, Ill.; Elbert Golder, Paoli, Pa.; H. R. Grant, Philmont, N. Y.; Eugene W. Greenfield, Baltimore, Md.; Edward Jory, Denver, Colo.; Grace Kipp, Erie, Pa.; Mary E. Linn, New York, N. Y.; Henry R. Loosley, East St. Louis, Ill.; Charles G. Moffitt, South Boston, Mass.; Thomas M. O'Neill, Shillington, Pa.; A. Reall, Los Angeles, Calif.; William C. Rhodes, Baltimore, Md.; A. J. Richardson, Marquette, Mich.; Augusta Riley, Kingsport, Tenn.; Mrs. G. T. Springer, Minneapolis, Minn.; Florence K. Stogsdill, Warren, O.; Clara L. Tate, Salisbury, Mo.; Mrs. A. A. Ticknor, Plainfield, N. J.; Ralph L. Wells, New Brunswick, N. J.

$5 PRIZES to Mrs. R. W. Beatty, Brooklyn, N. Y.; K. F. Birchall, Vancouver, B. C.; Minnie Blickhohn, Chicago, Ill.; George H. Brown, Covington, Ky.; Conrad Brunner, Cayuga, N. Y.; Adelaide Conrad, Philadelphia, Pa.; Rebecca Dunaway, Albuquerque, N. M.; Anne L. Flanagan, Dallas, Tex.; Grace Groves, Washington, D. C.; Catherine E. Hayes, Washington, D. C.; John W. Johnson, Youngstown, O.; V. C. Jones, Twelve Mile, Ind.; Roy L. Nicholson, Milwaukee, Wis.; Oswald Pouble, Cleveland, O.; Anna I. Rawlinson, St. Paul, Minn.; Rudolph R. Ross, Arnold, Pa.; M. M. Sanford, St. Louis, Mo.; L. W. Sawtelle, McMinnville, Ore.; Thomas Short, Port Huron, Mich.; Clarence Stevens, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Frank Strickland, Lithonia, Ga.; Val Valentine, Fort Madison, Ia.; Edith R. Ward, Baltimore, Md.; John A. Wilson, Santa Barbara, Calif.; Leon H. Wilson, Luning, Nev.

HOUBIGANT Has No Off Years

BOIS DORMANT (Enchanted Woodland) . . . . mystery, emotional intensity and lingering appeal. Priced from $5 to $16 the flacon . . . Purse size $1. Face Powder, $1.

THE success of Houbigant is due to one sound, simple policy — create quality merchandise, advertise wisely and consistently and sell at prices that only an international business makes possible.

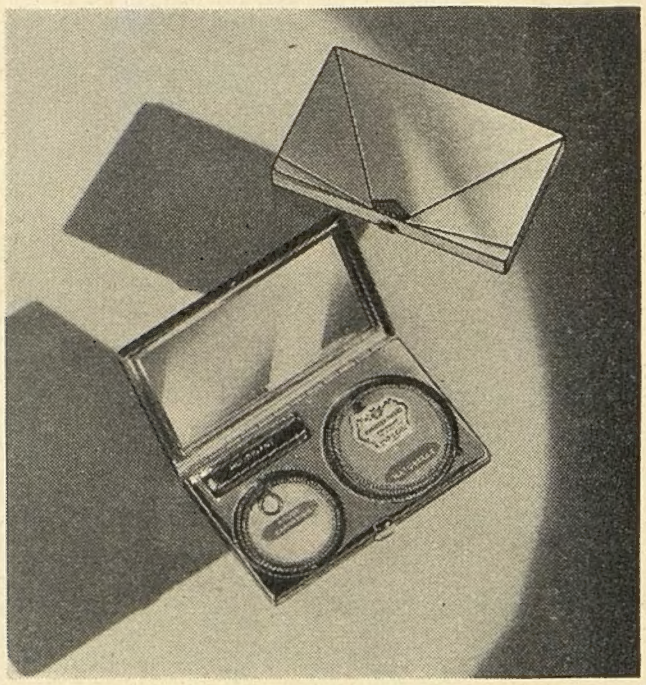
* * *

UNDETERRED by prevalent conditions, Houbigant has lately introduced three sensationally successful creations—two new perfumes, Parfum Bois Dormant—Parfum Fleur Bienaimee—and a new line of Compacts, which are perfect exemplifications of the Mode Moderne.

More money has been spent in both originating and advertising these new creations of Houbigant in magazines than in any previous year.

Houbigant not only used more space in Liberty than ever before, but also in dollars and cents, Liberty received more of the large Houbigant appropriation than any other magazine.

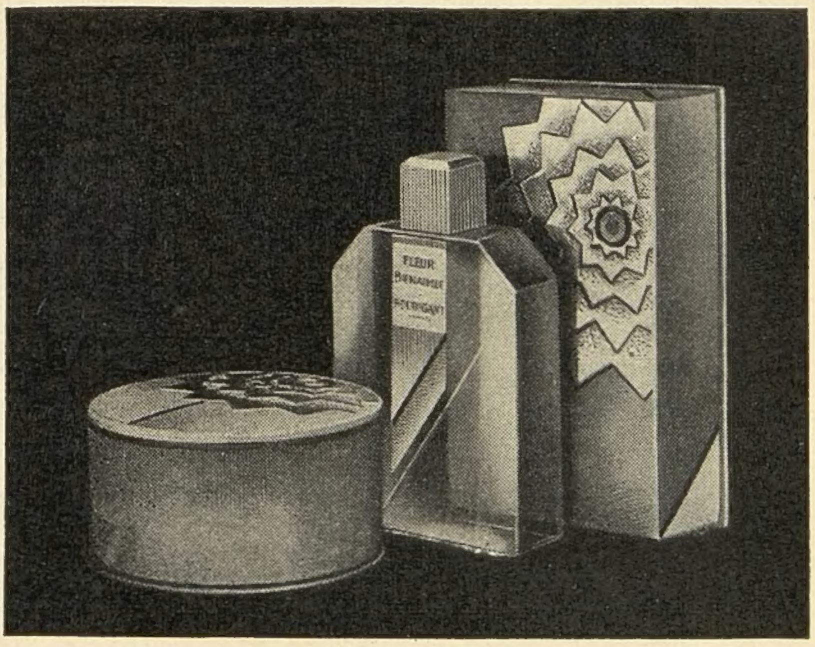
The retail trade, in consequence, are selling Houbigant products in greater volume—for there never was a time when intelligent creative effort backed by sound, widespread advertising, has paid as it is now paying.



TRIPLE VANITY "MODERNE" . . . its gold-toned modernistic case containing Compact Powder, Rouge and Lipstick . . . $2.50.

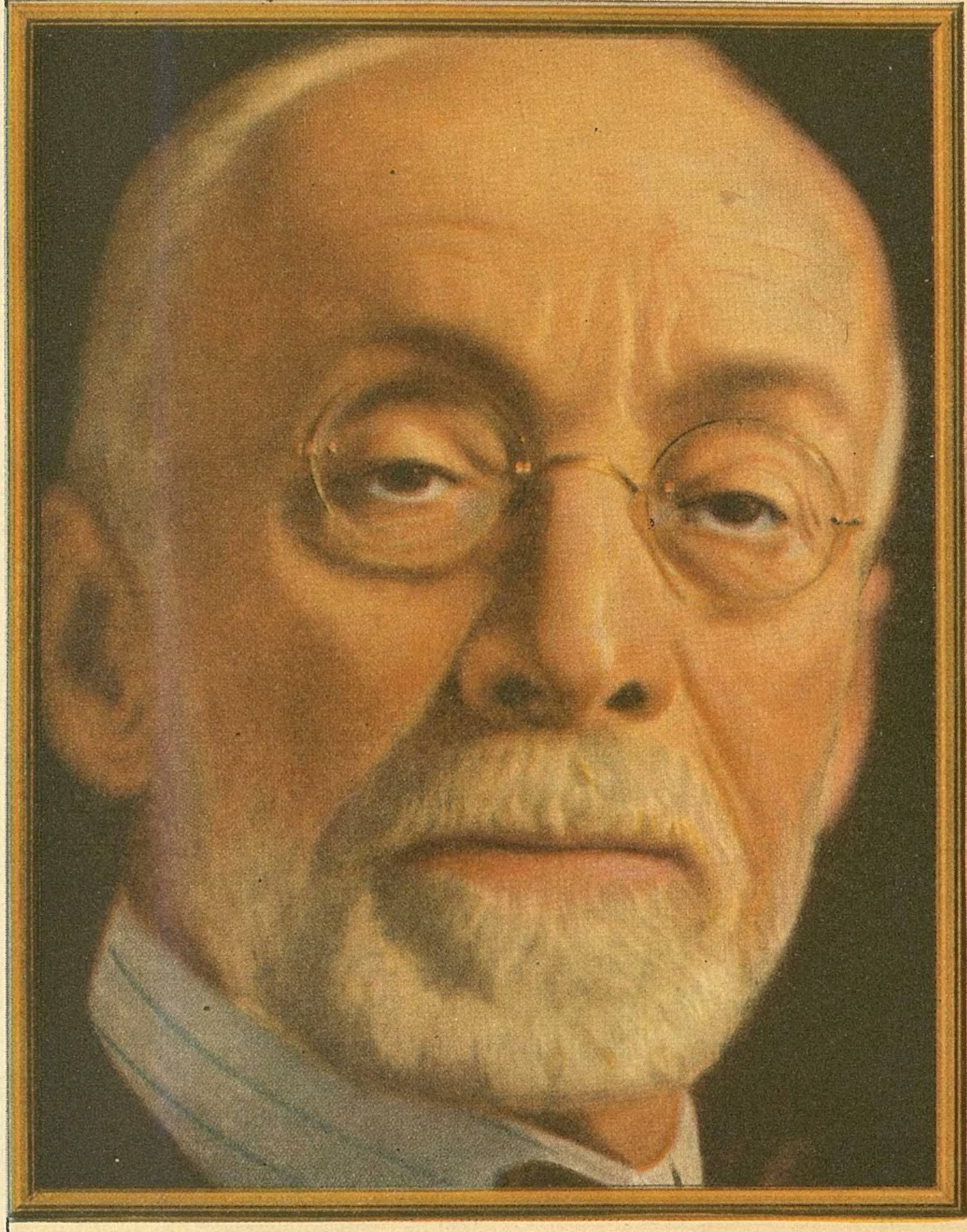
TO QUOTE MR. PIERRE AMOUROUX,
GENERAL SALES MANAGER:

"We use Liberty because we have very definite proof of its unusual pulling power."



FLEUR BIENAIMEE (Beloved Flower) . . . the most modern of perfumes, charmingly presented by Houbigant at $6, $10 and $18 the flacon . . . Purse size $1. Face Powder, $1.

"A DISTINCT CONTRIBUTION"



Says

AUGUST HECKSCHER

Noted Philanthropist

Chairman of the Heckscher Foundation for Children; President Child Welfare Committee of America

Director:
Empire Trust Company
Crucible Steel Company

"The most laudable service that any industry can render is the attempt to benefit its patrons. That is the cardinal principle of philanthropy. And so, interested as I always am in modern developments, I consider that your use of the Ultra Violet Ray in your Toasting of LUCKY STRIKE is a distinct contribution of which the public will whole-heartedly approve."

A Heckscher

Everyone knows that sunshine mellows—that's why TOASTING includes the use of the Ultra Violet Ray. LUCKY STRIKE—the finest cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—THEN—"IT'S TOASTED." Everyone knows that heat purifies and so TOASTING removes harmful irritants that cause throat irritation and coughing. No wonder 20,679 physicians have stated LUCKIES to be less irritating!

LUCKY STRIKE
TWENTY
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

Consistent with its policy of laying the facts before the public, The American Tobacco Company has invited Mr. August Heckscher to review the reports of the distinguished men who have witnessed LUCKY STRIKE'S famous Toasting Process. The statement of Mr. Heckscher appears on this page.

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